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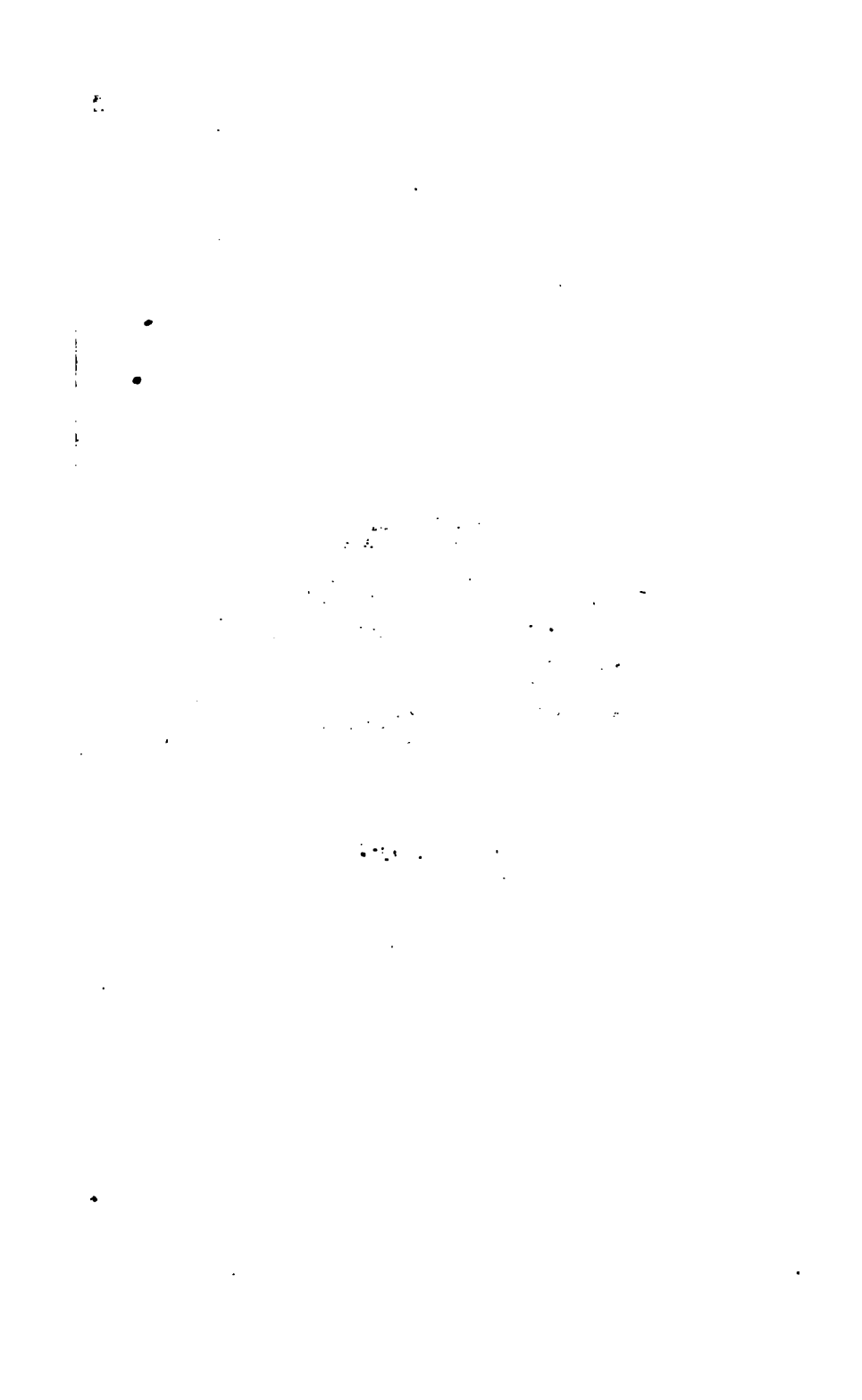
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THE
POWERS OF EUROPE

AND
FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

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**BY A BRITISH OFFICER.**  
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PREFACE.

THIS work makes no pretensions to absolute originality being partially a compilation, with incidents in the life of the Author, who was an actor in many of the scenes narrated. He has striven to be judicious in selecting, from the most authentic sources, only that which would be interesting, at this crisis, to the general reader.

Some extracts are given entire; in other cases, long passages have been abridged and condensed.

Information from a vast variety of sources has, in many instances, been put together, and presented in a new and more graphic form.

Minute details, as far as practicable, have been avoided; whilst the whole ground has been, more or less, completely surveyed. The Author has sought to make a popular volume, which might be read with pleasure, and be permanently serviceable as a book of reference.

The bloody sieges of Saragossa, Gerona, and Badajoz, have been referred to more in detail to afford the opportunity of comparison with that of Sebastopol; while the battles of Austerlitz and Waterloo have been described for comparison with those of Alma and Inkermann. The origin and progress of the present war are detailed. The biographies of the principal characters now engaged in the East will be found entertaining; and the Author confidently hopes it may prove a volume of interest and permanent value.

H. F. G.

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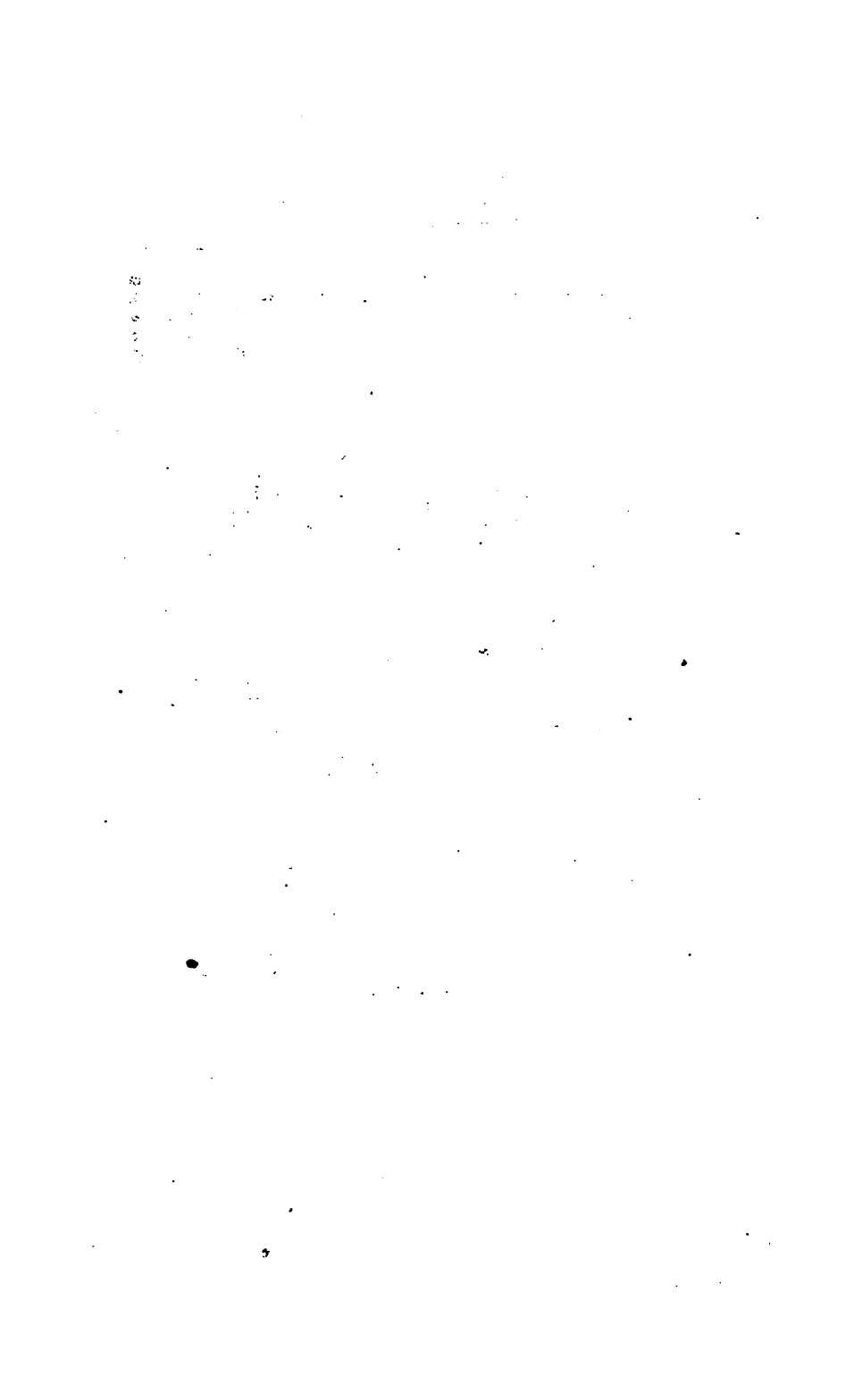
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“THE fate of the East depends upon yon petty town,” was the exclamation of Bonaparte to Murat, as he pointed towards Acre, which even his military genius was unable to subdue. Repeated and desperate assaults proved that the consequence which he attached to the taking of it was as great as the words expressed. The imagination reverts from the position of the army of Egypt before that oriental city, and rapidly traversing the events of succeeding history, runs down to the position of the army of the successor of Bonaparte, and of his English and Turkish allies, who, on nearly the precise parallel of longitude, are unitedly engaged in besieging one of the first strongholds of Europe.

In recounting some of the great events of the times

which have filled the world with their grandeur, and whose present and future place in history overshadows the preceding ages, a rapid *resumé* of the situation of Europe, just previous to and at the commencement of the great drama, may be useful, and serve to recall facts and events which may to the general reader have been known but forgotten.

One who stands amid the gardens and grounds of Versailles, and contemplates the enormous luxury and expenditure of its builder, while he recalls his vast wars, his policy, and his intrigues, can better understand the declaration of Louis XIV. to his assembled parliament. "The State! I am the State!" And such an observer can also discover the truth of that statement, that it was that builder who laid the foundations of the French Revolution with the stones of Versailles. The keen sagacity of the polite Chesterfield could detect that approaching revolution a quarter of a century before it took place; and his remarkable prediction shows how rapidly the signs of the gathering storm must have accumulated in the years succeeding the Augustan age of France. The energies of the nation had been devoted to the service and pleasure of the monarch; they now began to be directed to their proper end, the examination of their own interests. From the theatre and the pulpit the genius of the French people hurried precipitately into morals and politics, a sudden revolution took place in the minds of all, and the conflict it produced lasted during a whole century.

The exclusive privileges of the aristocracy, who monopolised every official position, and who alone were eligible to rank in the army, choked the developement of the great

body of the people; and while they consumed the revenues of the State they were in a great measure exempt from taxation. Cradled in the luxury of courts, the aristocracy were sunk in vice and effeminacy. And they looked upon the great body of the people as only a necessary appendage to a government in which they had neither right nor control.

In the most martial nation of Europe the private soldier could not, by the greatest daring or genius, elevate himself, because only the aristocracy could obtain rank. The effects of the opposite system were afterwards seen with Napoleon, who boasted that he conquered Europe with the bivouac; with generals raised from the ranks.

The oppressions of the feudal tenure in France exceeded belief; the people were even obliged to grind corn at the landlord's mill, press their grapes at his press, and bake their bread at his oven on his own terms.

The fermentation which had long been going on in the public mind; "the revolt against eighteen centuries of oppression" began to develop itself rapidly. Yet the monopolizers of all the national rights continued to dispute for a worn out authority. The court, careless and tranquil in the midst of the struggle, were wasting the property of the people while surrounded by the most frightful disorders. When it was told to the effeminate and dissolute Louis XV. that the nation could not suffer much longer, he characteristically said, "Never mind, if it last my time it is sufficient for me!" Such was the eighteenth century.

It was during the years 1787 and '88, that the French nation first conceived the idea of passing from theory to

practice. The weak and vacillating Louis XVI., the least fitted of all men to guide the destinies of a nation in the throes of political convulsion, had successively tried ministry after ministry, and one expedient after the other ; yet the ship of state was swiftly approaching the vortex of the whirlpool in which it had entered.

“Upon what trivial events often depend the most important affairs. The mistake of a captain, who bore away instead of forcing his passage to the place of his destination, has prevented the face of the world from being totally changed,” said Napoleon. “Acre,” continued he, “would otherwise have fallen : I would have flown to Damascus and Aleppo ; and in the twinkling of an eye, would have been at the Euphrates. I would have reached Constantinople and the Indies, and would have changed the face of the world.” It was thus in the assembly of the Notables, called by the intelligent, brilliant, and careless Calonne, then minister of state, that a member, complaining of the prodigality of the court, demanded a statement of the expenses. Another member, punning on the word, exclaimed, “It is not statements, but States General that we want.” This single random expression struck every one with astonishment, and seized by the people was immediately acted upon ; the States General were called, and the public mind was filled with the wildest fermentation : France and Europe were to be immediately regenerated ; visionary schemes without number were formed ; and that general unhinging of opinions took place, which is the surest prelude of revolution. That revolution now came, and in its tumults and convulsions the Ancient French Monarchy rapidly approached its extinction.

Amid frightful disorders, famine appeared; the elements seemed to partake of the savagery of the times; and the severity of the tempests of summer which destroyed the harvests, was succeeded by a winter, 1788-9, of unparalleled rigor. Soon began that vast emigration of the nobility, which was afterwards succeeded by the attempted flight of the king; while all authority but that of the Sans Culottes seemed abolished. Foreign affairs became daily more menacing; the young Emperor, Francis II. of Austria, was gathering his armies, and soon demanded the re-establishment of the monarchy on its ancient footing. All classes in France now anxiously desired war; the aristocracy hoped to regain their lost privileges with the assistance of Germany; the democracy hoped, amid the tumult of victorious campaigns, to establish their principles.

At length, on the 20th of April, 1792, oppressed with the solemnity and grandeur of the occasion, the declaration of war against Austria was received by the National Assembly of France in solemn silence. Thus commenced the greatest, the most bloody, and the most interesting war which has agitated mankind since the fall of the Roman Empire. Rising from feeble beginnings, it at length involved the world in its conflagration; rousing the passions of every class, it brought unheard of armies into the field; and it was carried on with a degree of exasperation unknown in modern times. "A revolution in France," says Napoleon, "is always followed, sooner or later, by a revolution in Europe." Situated in the centre of modern civilization, it has in every age communicated the impulse of its own changes to the adjoining states.

Thus, the great changes which had taken place in France had excited all Europe, and spread the utmost alarm in all her monarchies.

Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England were at that period, as now, the great powers of Europe, and they were the principal actors in the desperate struggle which ensued. They were in a situation capable of great exertion ; years of repose had fitted them to enter upon a gigantic war. England, although she had lost one empire in the west, had gained another in the east ; and the wealth of India began to pour into her bosom. The public funds had risen from 57, at the close of the American War, to 99. Her army consisted of 32,000 men in the British Isles, besides an equal force in the East and West Indies ; but these forces were rapidly augmented after the commencement of the war, and before 1796, the regular force amounted to 206,000 men, including 42,000 militia. Yet experience proves that Britain could never collect above 40,000 men upon any one point of the continent of Europe. But her real strength consisted in her great wealth, in the public spirit and energy of her people, and in a fleet of 150 ships of the line, which commanded the seas.

England, like other monarchies, had slumbered on contented and prosperous, and for the most part inglorious, during the eighteenth century. A great writer observed, that while America was doubling her population every twenty-five years, Europe was lumbering on with an increase, which would hardly arrive at the same result in five hundred ; and Gibbon lamented that the age of interesting incidents was past, and that the modern historian would never again have to record the moving events,

and dismal catastrophes of ancient story. Such were the anticipations of the greatest men on the verge of a period that was to usher in a new Cæsar, and to be illustrated by an Austerlitz and a Trafalgar, a Wellington and a Waterloo; and the human race, mowed down by unparalleled wars, was to spring up again with an elasticity before unknown. William Pitt was the great Prime Minister of England at this time, and modern history cannot exhibit a statesman more fertile in resources, and whose expedients seemed as exhaustless as his great abilities. Fox and Burke, each distinguished by a high order of intellect, filled the British Parliament with their reasoning and eloquence.

The great Austrian empire contained at that time nearly 25,000,000 of inhabitants, with a revenue of 95,000,000 florins, and numbered the richest and most fertile districts of Europe among its provinces. The wealth of Flanders, the riches of Lombardy, and the valor of the Hungarians added to the strength of the Empire. Her armies had acquired immortal renown in the wars of Maria Theresa. At the commencement of the war, her force amounted to 240,000 infantry, 35,000 cavalry, and 100,000 artillery. Her court, the most aristocratic in Europe, was strongly attached to old institutions, and the marriage of Maria Antoinette to Louis XVI. gave the Austrian court a family interest in the affairs which preceded and followed the French Revolution.

The military strength of Prussia, raised to the highest pitch by the genius of Frederic the Great, had rendered her one of the first powers of Europe; her army of 165,000 strong was in the highest state of discipline and equip-

ment, and by a system of organization the whole youth of the kingdom were compelled to serve a limited number of years in the army, so that she had within herself an inexhaustible reserve of men trained to arms. Her cavalry was the finest in Europe.

The majesty and power of Russia was beginning to fill the north with its greatness, and in her struggles and battles from the time of Peter the Great, through her wars with Sweden, with Frederic and with the Turks, she had constantly advanced with gigantic strides towards the Orient and the West. Her immense dominions comprehended nearly the half of Europe and Asia; while she was secure from invasion by her position, and by the severity of her climate. The Empress Catharine, endowed with masculine energy and ambition, had waged a bloody war with Turkey, in which the zeal of a religious crusade was directed by motives of policy and desire for the acquisition of new territory which should pave the way for that future expected conquest of the whole of European Turkey, and which should give Russia the shores of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora as her southern boundary, and should make Constantinople, the seat of her commerce and her power over the Mediterranean and the East, the centre through which she might command the world. The infantry of Russia has long been celebrated for its invincible firmness, and the cavalry, though greatly inferior to its present state of discipline and equipment, was formidable. The artillery, now so splendid, was then only remarkable for its cumbrous carriages and the obstinate valor of its men. Inured to hardship from infancy, the Russian soldier is better able to bear

the fatigues of war than any in Europe ; he knows no duty so sacred as obedience to his officers. Submissive to his discipline as to his religion, no privation or fatigue makes him forget his obligations. The whole of the energies of the Empire are turned to the army. Commerce, the law, and civil employment are held in no esteem. Immense military schools, in different parts of the Empire, annually send forth the flower of the population to this dazzling career. Precedence depends entirely upon military rank, and the heirs of the greatest families are compelled to enter the army at the lowest grade. Promotion is open equally to all, and the greater part of the officers have risen from inferior stations of society.

The military strength of France, which was destined to oppose and triumph over these immense forces, consisted at the commencement of the struggle of 165,000 infantry, 35,000, cavalry and 10,000 artillery. But her troops had relaxed their discipline during the revolution, and her soldiers had been so accustomed to political discussion, that it had introduced a license unfavorable to discipline. At first they lacked steadiness and organization, but these defects were speedily remedied by the pressure of necessity, and by the talent which emerged from the lower classes of society.

Such was the state of the principal European powers at the commencement of the war. The celebrated 10th of August, 1792, came, and the throne was overturned, the royal family put in captivity, while the massacres of September drenched Paris with blood. The victories of Dumourier rolled back the tide off oreign invasion to the Rhine. War was declared against Sardinia, 15th Sep

tember, and Savoy and Nice were seized and united to the French Republic.

"The die is thrown, we have rushed into the career ; all governments are our enemies, all people are our friends ; we must be destroyed or they shall be free," exclaimed the orator of the convention. Geneva surrendered to the French without a blow, and the Convention declared it would grant its assistance to all people who wished to recover their liberty. Flanders was overrun by the French in a fortnight, and they committed an aggression on the Dutch by opening the Scheldt, and by pursuing the fugitive Austrians into Dutch territory.

While the tide of Austrian and Prussian invasion was rolled back to the Rhine, the great frontier city of Germany was wrested from Austria almost under the eyes of the imperial armies ; and although the campaign commenced only in August, under the greatest apparent disadvantage to the French, yet before the close of December all this had been accomplished. The execution of Louis XVI. on the 21st Jan., 1793, completed the destruction of the French monarchy, accelerated the Reign of Terror, and brought the accession of England to the league of the *Allied Sovereigns* ; Chauvelin, the French Ambassador, received orders immediately to quit London ; and this was succeeded in a few days by a declaration of war, 1st February, 1793, by France against England, Spain, and Holland. The audacity of the Convention, which thus threw down the gauntlet to nearly all of Europe, excited universal astonishment. The feeling of national honor, in all ages so powerful among the French, was awakened to its highest pitch. Every species of

requisition was cheerfully furnished under the pressure of impending calamity; and in the dread of foreign subjugation the loss of fortune and employment was forgotten, only one path, that of honor, was open to the brave. The Jacobins, the ruling power in France, were no longer despised but feared by the European powers, and terror prompts more vigorous efforts than contempt. No sooner did the news of the execution of Louis reach St. Petersburg than the Empress Catharine took the most decisive measures, and all Frenchmen who did not renounce the principles of the revolution were ordered to quit her territory; the most intimate relations were established between the courts of London and St. Petersburg; and a treaty between them, which laid the basis of the Grand Alliance, was signed, 25th March, in which they engaged to carry on the war against France, and not to lay down their arms without restitution of all the conquests which France had made from either of them, or such states and allies to whom the benefit of the treaty should extend. Treaties of the same nature were made with Sardinia and Portugal, and thus all Europe was arrayed against France. A congress of the allies assembled at Antwerp, which came to the resolution of totally altering the objects of the war; and it was openly announced there that the object was to provide *indemnities* and *securities* for the allied powers by partitioning the frontier territories of France among the invading states. Soon after, when Valenciennes and Condé were taken, the Austrian flag, and not that of the Allies, was hoisted on the walls. The Prussians and Austrians, numbering 100,000, were on the Rhine early in the spring, and the King of Prussia crossed in

great force. The French army, inferior in numbers and discipline, retreated. Mentz capitulated to the Allies after a long and dreadful siege, and the French continued to retreat in disorder. But the Allies wasted their splendid opportunity. The French retreated to their entrenched camp before Arras, after which there was no place capable of defence on the road to Paris. The Republican authorities took to flight, the utmost consternation prevailed, and a rapid advance of the Allies would have changed the history of Europe. But from this time dissension began among them; and from this period may be dated a series of disasters to them, which went on constantly increasing until the French arms were planted on the Kremlin, and all Europe, from Gibraltar to the North Cape, had yielded to their arms.

The mighty genius of Carnot, who, in the energetic language of Napoleon, "*organized victory*," soon appeared at the head of the military department of France. Austere in character, unbending in discipline, and of indefatigable energy, he resembled the great patriots of antiquity more than any other statesman of modern times, and in the midst of peril and disaster he infused his unparalleled vigor into his department, and France became one vast workshop of arms, resounding with the note of military preparation. The roads were covered with conscripts hastening to their destination; and fourteen armies, and 1,200,000 men, were soon under arms. The siege of Dunkirk, undertaken by the English, was raised, and the Austrian and Prussian armies were driven back to the Rhine.

The siege of Toulon, whose inhabitants had revolted from the horrors of the Reign of Terror, was remarkable

for the horrible carnage with which it was accompanied, as well as for the appearance of a young officer of artillery, then chief of battalion, *Napoleon Bonaparte*. Its capture, which was owing to his genius, was accompanied by the destruction of nearly the whole French fleet in its harbor by the retreating English. At eight in the evening a fire-ship was towed into the harbor; soon the flames arose in every quarter, and fifteen ships of the line and eight frigates were consumed. The volume of smoke which filled the sky, the flames which burst as it were out of the sea, the red light which illuminated the most distant mountains, and the awful explosions of the magazines formed, says Napoleon, "a grand and terrible spectacle." The arms of France, on the frontiers of Flanders and elsewhere, now began to be successful, while the dubious conduct or evident defection of Prussia paralysed all operations on the Rhine; and before the close of 1794 the Republican armies, in a winter campaign, invaded Holland and subdued almost the whole of that rich country without a battle. Amsterdam, which had defied the whole power of Louis XIV., was conquered; these successes were followed by others still more marvellous. On the same day on which General Dandels entered Amsterdam, the left wing of the army made themselves masters of Dordrecht, containing six hundred pieces of cannon, ten thousand muskets, and immense stores of ammunition. The same division passed through Rotterdam and took possession of the Hague, where the States General were assembled; and to complete the wonders of the campaign, a body of cavalry and flying artillery crossed the Zuyder Zee on the ice, and summoned the fleet lying frozen up at the Texel;

and the commander, confounded at the hardihood of the enterprise, surrendered his ships to this novel species of assailant; and at the conclusion of the campaign, the Spaniards, defeated, were suing for peace. The Piedmontese were driven over the Alps; the Allies had everywhere crossed the Rhine; Flanders and Holland were subjugated; La Vendée pacificated; and the English fled for refuge to Hanover; 1,700,000 men had combated under the banners of France; and peace was concluded soon after between France, Spain, and Prussia.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, on the 15th of August, 1769. Corsica is essentially Italian, and to this day a state of society prevails which differs from that of any other part of Europe. The wildest and most deadly feuds are common among its principal families. The people are turbulent and excitable. Napoleon was too great a man to derive distinction from any adventitious advantages, and when the Emperor of Austria, after he became his son-in-law, endeavored to trace his connexion with the obscure Dukes of Treviso, he answered that he was the Rudolph of Hapsburg of his family, and that his patent of nobility dated from the battle of Montenotte. His mother, a woman of no common beauty, being at the festival of the Assumption on the day of his birth, was seized with her pains during high mass. She was brought home and hastily laid upon a couch covered with tapestry representing the heroes of the Iliad, and there the future conqueror was brought into the world. The winter residence of his father was usually at Ajaccio; but in summer the family retired to a villa near the isle of Sanguinere, once the residence of a rela-

tion of his mother's, situated on a romantic spot near the sea shore. The house is approached by an avenue overhung by the cactus, acacia, and other shrubs, which grow luxuriantly in a southern climate. It has a garden and lawn showing vestiges of neglected beauty, and surrounded by a shrubbery permitted to run to a wilderness. There, enclosed by the cactus, the clematis, and the wild olive, is a singular and isolated granite rock, beneath which the remains of a small summer-house are still visible. This was the favorite retreat of young Napoleon, who early showed a love of solitary meditation, during the period when his school vacations permitted him to return home. And it may be supposed, perhaps, that here the magnificence of his oriental imagination formed those visions of ambition and high resolves, for which the limits of the world were, ere long, felt to be insufficient. At an early age he was sent to the military school at Brienne; his character there underwent a rapid alteration; he became thoughtful, studious, and diligent in the extreme.

On one occasion, while the youths were playing the death of Cæsar in their theatre, the wife of the porter, well known to the boys, presented herself at the door, and being refused admittance made some disturbance; the matter was referred to the young Napoleon, who was the officer in command on the occasion. "Remove that woman who brings here the license of camps!" said the future ruler of the revolution. At the age of fourteen he was sent to the military school at Paris, and at *sixteen* he received a commission in a regiment of artillery. When the revolution broke out he adhered to the popular side. After the

siege of Toulon, Dugommier, the general in command, wrote to the Convention, "Reward and promote that young man, for if you are ungrateful to him he will raise himself alone." He commanded the artillery in 1794 during the campaign in Italy. Dumbion, in command of the army, who was old, submitted the direction of affairs principally to Bonaparte. His intimacy with the younger Robespierre, and his refusal of a command in La Vendée in the civil insurrection, led to his being deprived of his rank as a general officer, and he was reduced to private life. But his talents being known led to his being called to the command of the forces in Paris, which triumphed over the sections; his decision saved the Convention. The story of his introduction to and marriage of Josephine is too well known to need repetition.

In 1796 Bonaparte took command of the forces destined to operate against Italy. With an army destitute of almost every thing, he, in a short time, overran Piedmont, conquered a peace with Sardinia, passed the Po and crossed the Adda at the Bridge of Lodi. The nervous eloquence of Napoleon, in his address to his soldiers, and the splendor of his success, intoxicated Paris with joy. The first day, they heard that the gates of the Alps were opened; the next, that the Austrians were separated from the Piedmontese army; the third that the Piedmontese army was destroyed and the fortresses surrendered. The rapidity of this success, the number of prisoners, exceeded all that had yet been witnessed. Every one asked, who was this young conqueror whose fame had burst forth so suddenly, and whose proclamations breathed the spirit of ancient glory?

"The 13th of Vendemiaire and the victory of Montenotte," said Napoleon, "did not induce me to think myself a superior character. It was after the passage of Lodi that the idea shot across my mind that I might become a decisive actor on the political theatre; then arose for the first time the spark of great ambition."

With pomp and splendor Napoleon made his triumphal entry into Milan, to the sound of military music and the acclamations of an immense concourse of spectators. The rapidity of the French victories in Italy, and the destruction of the Austrian armies, sent to oppose them, crowned Napoleon as the greatest chieftain of his time. The marshes of Arcola, the heights of Montebello, and the plain of Rivoli witnessed his successive glories. But while the arms of Republican France were conquering in Italy, they suffered reverse and defeat under Moreau on the frontiers and the Rhine; and the Archduke Charles drove back the French legions who had dared to penetrate Germany. At the close of the year the death of the great Empress, Catharine of Russia, and the accession of Paul to the throne, changed, in many important respects, the fate of the war.

In the midst of threatened invasion from France, a general panic seized England, and while the public funds had fallen from 99 to 51, a run commenced on the Bank of England, which was on the verge of bankruptcy. This caused those orders in Council in February, 1797—suspending specie payments, which, although only considered temporary at the time, continued a quarter of a century. The defeat of the Spanish fleet at St. Vincent, by Nelson and Collingwood, soon quelled the fear of invasion in England.

The army of Napoleon in Italy opened the campaign of 1797 by attacking, early in March, the Archduke Charles before he had received his reinforcements. Napoleon arrived by rapid marches, with his army in front of the Austrians, who had chosen, on the line of the Julian Alps, the river Tagliamento on which to oppose the French. By a feint, Napoleon deceived the Austrians, crossed the river, charged them with fury, and drove them back with considerable loss. They retreated by the blue and glittering waters of the Isonza, and in twenty days the army of Charles was driven over the Julian Alps, and the French were within sixty leagues of Vienna; pushing forward, they came within sight of its steeples. But unsupported, and with Italy in insurrection behind his back, Napoleon proposed peace to Austria. Delay after delay occurring in the negotiation, Napoleon declared if the ultimatum of the Directory was not accepted in twelve hours, he would commence hostilities. The time having expired, he entered the presence of the Austrian ambassador, and taking up a porcelain vase of great value, and which had been presented by the Empress Catharine to the ambassador, he declared energetically, "The die is cast, the truce is broken, war is declared. But mark my words, before the end of autumn I will break in pieces your monarchy, as I now destroy this porcelain;" and with that he dashed it in pieces on the ground. Bowing, he retired, mounted his carriage, and despatched a courier to the Archduke, to announce that hostilities would commence in twenty-four hours. The Austrian plenipotentiary, thunderstruck, forthwith agreed to the ultimatum, and the celebrated treaty of Campo

Formio was signed the next day; and thus terminated the Italian campaign of Napoleon, the most memorable in his military career.

Returning to Paris, Napoleon was soon anxious to resume those schemes of ambition which continually occupied his mind. The expedition for the conquest of Egypt sailed with pomp from Toulon, and after occupying Malta, and narrowly escaping the English fleet under Nelson, the French army landed at Alexandria. Victory after victory soon completed the subjugation of the Land of the Pharaohs, while at the battle of the Nile the French fleet was almost entirely destroyed by Nelson.

Cut off by this disaster from Europe, Napoleon projected that expedition to Syria, which, unsuccessful at Acre, returned to Egypt in time to destroy the Turkish army, which had landed at Aboukir. Reverses in the Alps; the loss of Italy, the retreat of the French to Zurich, and the capture of Corfu by the Russians and English, determined Napoleon to return to France, which he accomplished in a small frigate, which escaped the English cruisers. Arrived in Paris, he found the government in disorder, and without a head, and, while disaster surrounded the country, its armies had been beaten, and its finances were in hopeless confusion.

On the celebrated 18th Brumaire (8th November), Napoleon having command of the troops in Paris, accomplished that sudden revolution which placed him at the head of affairs. His schemes of ambition began now to ripen, and France soon felt in all her departments the energy of his mighty genius. One of his first acts was to propose peace with England. Disregarding the ordinary

rules of negotiation, Napoleon addressed a letter personally to George III., proposing peace. This letter was replied to by Lord Grenville, the Prime Minister, who declined the proposition.

Disappointed in his hopes of negotiating peace, Napoleon prepared with renewed vigor for war. The campaign was the most important of his life. Its daring and success are almost unparalleled in history.

Crossing the Alps, the highest chain of mountains in Europe, without roads, his artillery had to be dragged over narrow foot-paths, up the rugged sides of frowning mountains, and on the brink of awful precipices covered with snow; while provisions and stores for a whole army had to be carried by sheep-paths on the backs of men. Arrived at Geneva, having deceived the Austrians as to his intentions, he asked General Marescot, whom he had despatched to survey Mont St. Bernard, "Is the route practicable?" "It is barely possible," replied the engineer. "Let us press forward then," said Napoleon. Arrived at the little village of St. Pierre, everything resembling a road ended. An immense and apparently inaccessible mountain reared its head amidst general desolation and eternal frost, while precipices, glaciers, and ravines appeared to forbid access to all living things. Yet, surmounting every obstacle, the passage was accomplished; and a French army of 30,000 men precipitated themselves, apparently from the clouds, on the plains of Italy, and appeared to the thunderstruck Austrians, cutting off their retreat from Genoa, and completely dividing their forces; speedily marching upon Milan, leaving the Austrian army under Melas, behind him, he returned to attack them,

and at the battle of Marengo gained the most important of his victories. By the close of 1801 the continental states had all concluded peace with France, leaving her with the most enormous aggrandizements of territory. A short interval of peace occurred with England in 1802, which was broken by a declaration of war in June, 1803, and all the English residents between the ages of eighteen and sixty were detained as hostages. Hanover was seized by the French, and the English retaliated by blockading the Elbe and the Weser.

The war with Great Britain, and a conspiracy to overthrow the authority of the First Consul, which was discovered, served as a ladder for Napoleon to mount from the Consulate to the Imperial Dignity; and on the 3d May, 1804, the senate communicated to Napoleon this address: "We think it of the last importance to the French people to confide the government of the Republic to Napoleon Bonaparte—HEREDITARY EMPEROR."

The Empire was proclaimed at St. Cloud, 18th May, 1804; and Napoleon was crowned by Pope Pius VII., on the 2d December, in the church of Notre Dame. War was declared by Spain against England, after she had unwarrantably attacked and seized four large Spanish frigates filled with cargoes of immense value. The rising hostility of Russia and Sweden at this moment incensed the French government still more against England, to whose influence she attributed their conduct. All appearances foretold the beginning of another general eruption.

On the 11th of April, 1805, a treaty offensive and defensive was formed between Russia and England, the object of which was to put a stop to what they considered

the encroachments of the French government, and to form a general league of the states of Europe.

The accession of Austria was finally obtained to the alliance, after great difficulty and delay : the deplorable state of her finances, and the vacillating policy of her government, being (then as now) stumbling-blocks in the way of negotiation. On the 31st of August, Sweden was also included. But notwithstanding all the efforts of England and Russia, it was found impossible to overcome the scruples of Prussia, who inclined towards the French in hopes of obtaining Hanover, promised her by France as a reward for her neutrality. For ten years Prussia had flattered herself that by keeping aloof she would avoid the storm, that she would succeed in turning the desperate strife between France and Austria to her own benefit by enlarging her territory, and augmenting her consideration in the North of Germany ; but at once all her prospects vanished, and it became apparent, even to her own ministers, that this vacillating policy was ultimately to be as dangerous as it had already been discreditable. On the 25th of Oct., the Emperor Alexander arrived at Berlin, and employed the whole weight of his great authority, and all the charms of his captivating manners, to induce the King to embrace a more manly and courageous policy ; and on the 3rd of November a secret convention was signed between the two monarchs for the regulation of the affairs of Europe, and the erection of a barrier against the ambition of the French Emperor. The conclusion of the Convention was followed by a scene as remarkable as it was romantic. Inspired with a full sense of the dangers of the war, the ardent and chivalrous mind of the Queen

conceived the idea of uniting the two sovereigns by a bond more likely to be durable than the mere alliances of cabinets with each other. This was, to bring them together at the tomb of the great Frederick. The Emperor who was desirous of visiting the mausoleum of that illustrious hero, accordingly repaired to the church at Potsdam, where his remains are deposited.

And at midnight the two monarchs proceeded together by torchlight to the hallowed grave. Uncovering when he approached the spot, the Emperor kissed the pall, and taking the hand of the King of Prussia, as it lay on the tomb, they swore an eternal friendship to each other, and bound themselves by the most solemn oaths to maintain their engagements inviolate in the great contest for European independence in which they were engaged.

It would have been well for the Allies, if, when Prussia had thus taken her part, her cabinet had possessed sufficient resolution to have taken the field instead of continuing in her old habit of temporizing, and thus permitting Napoleon to continue without interruption his advance on Vienna. But her long indecision had been her ruin. Her territory had been violated by France, who, while apparently her ally, was reserving for her only the melancholy privilege of being last destroyed.

In the meantime, a combined force of English, Russians, and Swedes, thirty thousand strong, had been landed in Hanover, and the Prussian troops occupying that Electorate had offered no resistance—a sure proof to Napoleon of a secret understanding between the Cabinet of Berlin and that of London.

While she was thus giving daily proofs of her indecision

and treachery, the ever-vigilant Bonaparte was pouring his armies through Bavaria into Austria and concentrating his divisions for the sweeping victory which was so soon afterwards destined to scatter to the winds the opposing allies.

We now come to the campaign of Austerlitz; the most remarkable, in a military point of view, which the history of the war afforded.

In the beginning of August the French army was cantoned on the heights of Boulogne; and by the first week of December, Vienna was taken, and the strength of Austria and Russia prostrated.

The allied armies presented a total of 80,000 men, including a division of the imperial guard under the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Emperor of Russia.

The forces which Napoleon had to resist this great array hardly amounted to 70,000 combatants.

On the 30th November, 1805, the light troops of the Allies were seen from the French outposts marching across their position towards the right of the army. Napoleon spent the whole of both days on horseback at the advanced posts watching their movements. At length on the morning of the 1st Dec. the intentions of the enemy were clearly manifested, and Napoleon beheld with "inexpressible delight" their whole columns dark, and massy, moving across his position at so short a distance as rendered it apparent a general action was at hand. Carefully avoiding the slightest interruption to their movement, he merely watched with intense anxiety their march, and when it became evident that the resolution to turn the right flank of the French army had been

decided upon, he exclaimed, prophetically—"To-morrow, before night-fall, that army is mine."

At four in the morning the Emperor was on horseback. All was still among the immense multitude concentrated in the French lines. Buried in sleep the soldiers forgot alike their triumphs and the dangers they were about to undergo. Gradually, however, a confused murmur arose from the Russian host, and all the reports from the outposts announced that the advance had already commenced along the whole line.

Gradually the stars which throughout the night had shone clear and bright began to disappear, and the ruddy glow of the east announced the approach of day. At last, the "Sun of Austerlitz" rose in unclouded brilliancy on that field of blood.

The French army occupied an interior position, from whence their columns started like rays from a centre, while the allies were toiling in a wide semicircle round their outer extremity.

His marshals, burning with impatience, stood around Napoleon, awaiting the signal for attack. At last the word was given, and on they rushed to the onslaught.

The results of the conflict in different sections of the battle-field were various, the Russians and French alternately being victorious, till Napoleon, seeing there was not a moment to be lost, ordered Marshal Bessières with the cavalry of the guard to arrest a terrible onslaught of Russian cuirassiers of the guard, two thousand strong, which had already trampled under foot three battalions of the French. Instantly spurring their chargers, the French precipitated themselves upon the enemy.

The Russians were broken and driven back over the dead bodies of the square they had destroyed.

Rallying, however, they returned to the charge, and both imperial guards met in full career! The shock was terrible! and the most desperate cavalry action that had taken place during the war ensued. The infantry on both sides advanced to support their comrades. The resolution and vigor of the combatants were equal. Squadron to squadron, company to company, man to man, fought with invincible firmness. At length, however, the stern obstinacy of the Russian yielded to the enthusiastic valor of the French. The cavalry and infantry of the guard gave way, and after losing their artillery and standards, were driven back in confusion almost to the walls of Austerlitz, while from a neighboring eminence the Emperors of Russia and Germany beheld the irretrievable rout of the flower of their army.

This desperate encounter was decisive of the fate of the day. The Russians no longer fought for victory, but for existence. Great numbers sought to save themselves by crossing with their artillery and cavalry a frozen lake adjoining their line of march. The ice was already beginning to yield under the enormous weight, when the shells from the French batteries bursting below the surface, caused it to crack with a loud explosion. A frightful yell arose from the perishing multitude, and above two thousand brave men were swallowed up in the waves. At noon the allies gave way, and commenced their retreat in the direction of Austerlitz.

Those who escaped being made prisoners succeeded before nightfall in reaching Austerlitz, already filled with

the wounded, the fugitives and the stragglers from every part of the army.

Thus terminated the battle of Austerlitz.

The loss of the allies was immense. Thirty thousand (30,000) men were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. Of the latter were 19,000 Russians, and 6,000 Austrians, most of whom were wounded. Almost the whole of their baggage fell into the hands of the victors. One hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, four hundred covered wagons, and forty-five standards, were taken, and the disorganization of the combined forces was complete.

Twelve thousand French had been killed and wounded, making the frightful sum total of that dreadful day's carnage, 42,000 men.

On the 6th of Dec. an armistice was concluded at Austerlitz, and Alexander sent to Berlin the Grand Duke Constantine to ascertain if the Prussian King was prepared to join with him, according to the principles which he had sworn to adhere to at the tomb of the great Frederick, in the vigorous prosecution of the war. But the disaster of Austerlitz had wrought a perfidious change in the policy of the Prussian Cabinet.

An ambassador was sent to Napoleon to congratulate him upon his success, and to propose a treaty. Napoleon broke out into a vehement declamation against the policy of the Prussian Cabinet, and expressed his determination now to turn his whole forces against them; but at last yielding, the treaty was concluded, and a new alliance entered into between Prussia and France, the former receiving as a reward Hanover, with all the other continental dominions of his Britannic Majesty.

During the year 1807, disagreements sprang up between France and Prussia, which resulted at the battle of Jena, (Oct. 14th) in the total discomfiture of the latter, and triumph of Napoleon, who now became master of the whole country from the Rhine to the Vistula. Passing the sanguinary contests of Eylau and Friedland, we come to the treaty of Tilsit, the arrangement of which took place under circumstances eminently calculated to impress the imagination of mankind.

Certain misunderstandings having arisen between England and Russia, and the latter power being somewhat crippled for the moment by numerous defeats, an armistice was proposed by Alexander, and accepted by Napoleon, on the 22d of June, which ended in the treaty of Tilsit.

There was little difficulty in coming to an understanding, for France had nothing to demand of Russia, except that she should close her ports against England! Russia nothing to ask of France but that she should withdraw her armies from Poland, and permit the Emperor to pursue his long cherished projects of conquest in Turkey.

The armistice having been concluded, it was agreed that the two Emperors should meet, to arrange, in a private conference, the destinies of the world.

It took place accordingly on the 25th June. On the river Niemen, which separated the two armies, a raft of great dimensions was constructed. It was moored in the centre of the stream, and on its surface a wooden apartment surmounted by the eagles of France and Russia, was framed with all the magnificence which the time and circumstances would admit.

This was destined for the reception of the Emperors alone ; at a little distance was stationed another raft less sumptuously adorned, for their respective suites.

The shore on either side was covered with the Imperial Guard of the two monarchs, drawn up in triple lines. At one o'clock precisely, amid the thunder of artillery, each Emperor stepped into a boat on his own side of the river, accompanied by a few of his principal officers. The splendid suite of each monarch followed in another boat immediately after.

The bark of Napoleon advanced with greater rapidity than that of Alexander. He arrived first at the raft, entered the apartment, and himself opened the door on the opposite side to receive the Czar ; while the shouts of the soldiers drowned even the roar of the artillery.

In a few seconds Alexander arrived, and was received by the Conqueror at the door on his own side. Their meeting was friendly, and Alexander expressed his dissatisfaction with his ally, the Government of *Great Britain*.

"I hate the English," said he, "as much as you do, and am ready to second you in all your enterprises against them." "In that case," replied Napoleon, "everything will be easily arranged, and peace is already made." And peace was made. A treaty was concluded between France and Russia, also between France and Prussia, by which the latter ceded to Napoleon about half her dominions, and Alexander and Napoleon, deeply impressed with the genius of each other, became, for the time being, intimate friends. By the provisions of this celebrated treaty, Russia was assigned the Empire of the East, while France acquired absolute sway in the Kingdoms of the

West, and both united in cordial hostility against Great Britain.

France being the ally of Turkey, Napoleon could do no less than arrange for the evacuation of Moldavia and Wallachia (at that time occupied by Russian troops); but it is supposed there was a secret understanding between the two Emperors, that ultimately, Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bulgaria were to fall into the possession of Russia, while France was to arrange to her liking, the affairs of Greece and the Spanish Peninsula.

But the sagacity of Napoleon would not permit him to agree to the cession of Constantinople and Roumelia, and rivalry for the possession of that Capitol was one of the principal causes which afterwards brought about the disastrous campaign of Moscow.

As a consequence of the downfall of Prussia, the neutrality of Austria, and the accession to the confederacy of Alexander at Tilsit, Napoleon was emboldened to attempt the carrying out of his long cherished "*Continental System*" of combining all the Continental States into one great alliance against England, and to compel them to exclude the British Flag and British merchandise from their harbors.

It was at this time that he promulgated the famous *Berlin Decree*, which declared the British Islands in a state of blockade, and subjected all goods of British produce or manufacture, to confiscation within his dominions, or those of the countries subject to his control, and prohibited all vessels from entering any harbor, which had touched at any British port.

As a retaliatory measure the celebrated *Orders in*

Council were issued by the British Government (on the 11th Nov. 1807), which proclaimed France and all the Continental States in a state of blockade, and declared all vessels good prize, which should be bound for any of their harbors, excepting such as had previously cleared out *from* or touched *at* a British harbor.

This was followed on the 17th December, by the *Milan Decree*, which declared that any vessel, of whatever nation, which shall have submitted to be searched by British cruisers, shall be considered and dealt with as English vessels, and every vessel of whatever nation, coming *from* or bound *to* any British harbor, shall be declared good prize.

England, being mistress of the seas, enforced with unfeeling rigor her orders in council, entailing immense losses upon the commerce of neutral States, but more particularly upon America, which ultimately brought about the war between herself and the great Republic; while France, comparatively powerless on the ocean, invoked the aid of privateers and seized upon all British persons and property within her grasp.

Since the defeat of Austria at Austerlitz, in 1805, the Cabinet of Vienna had adhered with cautious prudence to a system of neutrality. Still the Imperial Government had been successfully at work to fill up the ranks of their decimated armies, and to place themselves again in a position of strength.

Napoleon was no sooner informed of these military preparations than he demanded an explanation of their import.

Austria made professions of pacific intentions, but still

continued to arm herself; the war in Spain, which Napoleon had at this time on his hands, leading her to suppose that he would not for so slight a cause undertake another contest.

In the meantime, the wily Metternich, Austrian Ambassador at Paris, was endeavoring to maintain apparently amicable relations with the French government, while every effort was made to induce Alexander to join with Austria; but the Czar had pledged his word to Napoleon, and was not inclined to break a personal engagement of such importance.

The French ambassador left Vienna finally, on the 28th Feb., 1809, and in April active hostilities broke out thus kindling again the flames of war.

Warsaw, garrisoned by the French, was taken by the Austrians, at which time occurred an event of significant importance.

In pursuing the Austrians, a courier was taken with despatches from the Russian General Gortchakoff to the Austrian Arch-Duke, congratulating him on the capture of Warsaw, and breathing a wish that he might soon join his armies to the Austrian Eagles.

This letter was immediately forwarded to Napoleon, who remarked, "I see, after all, I must make war upon Alexander."

The Czar disavowed the letter, and attempted explanations, but a breach was opened which was never again healed.

Austria endeavored to win Prussia to her side after the battle of Aspern (unfavorable to Napoleon), and secret negotiations were carried on. But the Prussian govern-

ment replied to Austria's overtures, that they had every disposition to assist her, but could not take part in the contest till the views of Russia in regard to it were known.

In the meantime the struggle continued, and after a great number of contests, in some of which Napoleon's chances were desperate, finally, on the 5th of July, 1809, was fought the celebrated battle of Wagram, under the walls of Vienna, which resulted in victory to Napoleon, though at so dear a price as almost to equal a defeat. 50,000 men were killed and wounded.

The peace of Vienna followed on the 14th of October, and was of so humiliating a nature that it was received with marked disapprobation by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, and was attended with a most important effect in widening the breach which was already formed between the two Emperors.

The Turkish empire at this time was in a state of decay, and the people, from the inefficiency of the government, and the constantly recurring insurrections, in a state of misery.

But amid the general decay, the matchless situation of Constantinople still attracted a vast concourse of inhabitants, and veiled under a robe of beauty the decline of the Queen of the East.

This celebrated capital, the incomparable excellence of whose situation attracted the eagle eye of Alexander, had long formed the real object of discord between the Courts of Paris and St. Petersburg.

War had been formally declared by Russia against Turkey, in Jan., 1807, in consequence of a dispute about

the hospodars, or governors, of Wallachia and Moldavia. Soon after, the conspiracy of the Janizaries broke out against the reforms of the Sultan, assisting materially Russia's designs.

In the beginning of the year 1810 an *Imperial Ukase* appeared, annexing Moldavia and Wallachia, which for three years had been occupied by their troops, to the Russian Empire, and declaring the Danube, from the Austrian frontier to the Black Sea, the southern European boundary of their mighty dominion.

A bloody war was the consequence, in which both parties made prodigious efforts, and neither gained decisive success, until the peace of Bucharest was concluded on the 28th of May, 1812.

Russia was as anxious as Turkey for the cessation of hostilities, being desirous of withdrawing her armies from the Danube to engage in the formidable contest which was impending over them with Napoleon.

ANNEXATION OF FINLAND.

Sweden was summoned to join in the alliance against Great Britain, to which the Swedish monarch did not accede. Alexander consequently declared war, and on the 28th of March, 1808, the following Imperial Ukase appeared at St. Petersburg:

"We unite Finland, conquered by our arms, for ever to our Empire, and command its inhabitants forthwith to take the oath of allegiance to our throne."

The Swedish Monarch, however, not being willing to surrender so important a portion of his dominions, was forced to abdicate; and his successor endeavored to conclude a peace with Russia, and to retain Finland through appeals to Napoleon.

The latter was, however, bound to Alexander by the treaty of Tilsit, and refused to interfere. The Czar, determined to retain his conquest, marched an army across the gulf of Bothnia, on the ice, in March, 1809, and arrived by the middle of that month on the Swedish side, en route for Stockholm.

This had the effect to intimidate the court of Stockholm, who therefore ceded Finland, and peace was concluded Sept. 17, 1809.

On the 13th Dec., 1810, Napoleon formally annexed to the French Empire the Hanse towns and the Duchy of Oldenburg. This measure irritated Alexander, who now grew apprehensive lest some of his ill-gotten gains should be wrested from him, and that the restoration of Poland might next be thought of.

A convention was drawn up at St. Petersburg, and signed by the representatives of France and Russia, by which it was stipulated, that "*The kingdom of Poland shall never be reëstablished; and the name of Poland and Poles shall never in future be applied to any of the districts, or inhabitants; and shall be effaced for ever from every public and official act.*"

Napoleon, however, refused to ratify it, and thus again exasperated the Czar, who commenced to place Poland in a state of defence, which, in its turn, excited the jealousy of the French Emperor.

Alexander, therefore, published, on the 31st of Dec., 1810, an order, containing a material relaxation of the rigour of the decrees hitherto in force in the Russian Empire against English commerce.

On the 24th Feb., 1812, the Cabinet of Prussia concluded a treaty offensive and defensive with France; and a royal edict appeared prohibiting the introduction of colonial produce, on any pretence, from the Russian into the Prussian territory. Austria being at this time in close alliance with France, another treaty was concluded March 14, 1812, between them, placing a considerable part of her resources at Napoleon's command.

In consequence of the overbearing demands of Napoleon, the Swedish Government allied itself with Russia on the 5th of April (1812), and with Great Britain on the 12th of July following.

The differences between Alexander and Napoleon had now become so serious, that war was inevitable. But Napoleon knew the foe he had to grapple with, and proposed terms of peace to Great Britain on the 17th of April, hoping to be left to meet the Russians single-handed, and thus humble the overweening pride of the Czar. His proposals were, however, rejected.

Down to the very commencement of hostilities, notes continued to be interchanged between the representatives of the two Emperors, which did little more than recapitulate the mutual grounds of complaint of the two cabinets against each other. Finally, on the 24th of April, Alexander sent to Napoleon his ultimatum, offering an accommodation on condition that France would evacuate Prussia, and come to an arrangement with the king of Sweden.

which remained without any answer, on the part of the French Government.

Both prepared for the worst, and on the 23d of June, Napoleon arrived on the banks of the Niemen, with his countless hosts, for the invasion of Russia.

The armies at his command, at this time, amounted in the aggregate, to the enormous sum of 1,250,000 men; and the force which entered Russia, during the year 1812, was 647,158 men—187,111 horses, and 1372 cannon.

The regular forces of the Russians amounted, at the close of 1811, to 517,000 men, 70,000 of whom were in garrison, and the remainder dispersed over an immense surface.

To oppose the invasion of the French, the Russians had collected about 200,000 men, and upwards of 800 pieces of cannon. The forces of the French, therefore, exceeded those of the Russians, by nearly 300,000 men; but the former were at an immense distance from their resources, and had no means of recruiting their losses; whereas the latter were in their own country, and supported by the devotion of a fanatical and patriotic people.

The face of the country on the Western frontier of Russia is in general flat, and in many places marshy; vast woods of pine cover the plains, and the rivers flow in some places through steep banks, in others stagnate over extensive swamps, which often present the most serious obstacles to military operations. The villages are few and miserable.

The wants of such a prodigious accumulation of troops speedily exhausted all the means of subsistence which the country afforded, and the stores they could ~~convert~~ with them. Forced requisitions from the peasantry became, therefore, necessary, and so great was the subsequent misery

that the richest families in Warsaw were literally in danger of starving, and the interest of money rose to 80 per cent.

Napoleon reached Wilna on the 28th of June, the Russians receding as he advanced, and destroying everything before them. On the 15th of August, the starving army reached the city of Smolensko, which was burned by the Russians, and abandoned on the 18th.

The losses in the meantime by battle, exposure, want, and sickness, were fast decimating the French ranks. The soldiers were seized with disquietude as they contrasted their miserable quarters amid the ruins of Smolensko, with the smiling villages they had abandoned in their native land; but amid the universal gloom, their Emperor was ever present, and by words and deeds of kindness, sustained their drooping spirits.

Leaving Smolensko, Napoleon pressed forward, and on the 5th of September, arrived at Borodino where the Russians had made a stand to oppose their march upon Moscow.

On the 7th, two days subsequently, was fought the bloody battle of Borodino, the most murderous and obstinately contested, of which history has preserved a record.

The Russian force was 132,000 men, with 640 pieces of artillery.

The French consisted of 133,000 men, with 590 pieces of cannon.

There were killed 15,000 Russians and 12,000 French, besides upwards of 70,000 wounded on both sides, making a total loss of 100,000 men in this one battle.

The French were, however, victorious, and reached Moscow on the 14th. The Holy City was found to be

evacuated, not only by the Russian army, but by the inhabitants, and as the French hosts defiled through the silent streets, it was like entering a city of the dead.

Not a sound was to be heard in its vast circumference ! the dwellings of three hundred thousand persons seemed as silent as the wilderness.

Evening came on ! With increasing wonder the French troops traversed the central parts of the city, recently so crowded with passengers, but not a living creature was to be seen to explain the universal desolation. Night approached ! an unclouded moon illuminated those beautiful palaces, those vast hotels, those deserted streets—all was still !

The officers broke open the doors of some of the principal mansions in search of sleeping quarters. They found every thing in perfect order ; the bedrooms were fully furnished as if guests were expected ; the drawing-rooms bore the marks of having been recently inhabited ; even the work of the ladies was on the tables, the keys in the wardrobes—but still not an inmate was to be seen. By degrees a few of the lowest slaves emerged pale and trembling from the cellars, and showed the way to the sleeping apartments, and laid open every thing which these sumptuous mansions contained ; but the only account they could give was that the whole of the inhabitants had fled, and that they alone were left. The persons intrusted with the duty of setting fire to the city, only awaited the retreat of their countrymen to commence the work of destruction. The terrible catastrophe soon commenced. On the night of the 13th a fire broke out in the bourse, and spread to the streets in the vicinity. At midnight, on

the 15th, a bright light was seen to illuminate the northern and western parts of the city ; fresh fires were then seen breaking out every instant in all directions, and Moscow soon exhibited the spectacle of a sea of flame agitated by the wind. But it was chiefly during the nights of the 18th and 19th that the conflagration attained its greatest violence. At that time the whole city was wrapped in flames, and volumes of fire of various colors ascended to the heavens in many places, diffusing a prodigious light on all sides, and attended by an intolerable heat. These balloons of flame were accompanied in their ascent by a frightful hissing noise, and loud explosions, the result of the vast stores of oil, tar, rosin, spirits, and other combustible materials, with which the greater part of the shops were filled. The wind, naturally high, was raised by the sudden rarefaction of the air to a perfect hurricane. The howling of the tempest drowned even the roar of the conflagration ; the whole heavens were filled with the whirl of the burning volumes of smoke, which rose on all sides, and made midnight as bright as day, while even the bravest hearts, subdued by the sublimity of the scene, and the feeling of human impotence in the midst of such elemental strife, sank and trembled in silence. Imagination cannot conceive the horrors into which the remnant of the people who could not abandon their homes were plunged. Bereft of every thing, they wandered amid the ruins eagerly searching for a parent or a child : pillage became universal, and the wrecks of former magnificence were ransacked alike by the licentious soldiery and the suffering multitude.

In addition to the whole French army, numbers flocked

in from the country to share in the general license ; furniture of the most precious description, splendid jewellery, Indian and Turkish stuffs, stores of wine and brandy, gold and silver plate, rich furs, gorgeous trappings of silk and satin were spread about in promiscuous confusion, and became the prey of the least intoxicated among the multitude. A frightful tumult succeeded to the stillness which had reigned in the city when the troops first entered. The French soldiers, tormented by hunger and thirst, and loosened from all discipline by the horrors which surrounded them, often rushed headlong into the burning edifices to ransack their cellars for wines and spirits, and beneath the ruins great numbers miserably perished, the victims of intemperance and the surrounding fire. Napoleon abandoned the Kremlin on the evening of the 16th. Early on the following morning, casting a melancholy look to the burning city, which now filled half the heavens with its flames, he exclaimed after a long silence, " This sad event is the presage of a long train of disasters."

Thus vanished the hopes of those indefatigable soldiers who had endured so much, and fought so well. To reach the fabulous city whose domes and minarets were now fallen—had been the dream of their ambition—the goal which once attained, would give rest and food to their weariness and hunger.

Thus Napoleon found himself possessed of a heap of burning ruins without food for his famishing soldiers and horses.

All negotiations with the Russian authorities having failed, a retreat was decided upon, and the Emperor left

Moscow on the 19th of October, at the head of 105,000 combatants. The disasters of that retreat are too well known to require recapitulation.

Suffice it to say that the survivors of the French army, who entered Russia 500,000 strong, were but 20,000. The total loss of the campaign, in killed, prisoners, died from cold, fatigue, and famine, was over 450,000. And on the 13th of December, the wretched remnant of the French army passed the bridge of the Niemen. The losses of the Russians were also so great that at the end of the campaign not above 30,000 men could be assembled around the head-quarters of the Emperor Alexander.

On the 10th Dec., early in the morning, a travelling carriage in great haste drove into the Hotel d'Angleterre, at Warsaw. It was a small travelling britschka placed without wheels on a coarse sledge, made of four pieces of rough fir-wood, which had been almost dashed to pieces in entering the gateway. The travellers were ushered into a small dark apartment, with the windows half-shut, and in a corner of which a servant girl strove in vain to light a fire with green damp billets of wood, which, after kindling for a moment, gradually went out, leaving those in the apartment to shiver with cold during three hours of earnest conversation.

The travellers were Napoleon and his friend Caulaincourt, who five days previously had bidden the remnant of his retreating army, in Russia, an affectionate farewell, and started for Paris.

At length, it being announced that the carriage was ready, they mounted the sledge, and were soon lost in the gloom of a Polish winter. Outstripping his couriers

in speed, on the 18th Dec., at 11 at night, the Emperor arrived at the Tuileries, before the Imperial government was even aware that he had quitted the army. And early next morning, while the streets of Paris were yet vacant, he was buried in state papers, investigating and arranging the disorganized affairs of the empire.

THE GRAND ALLIANCE.

Napoleon's power being no longer dreaded, Prussia became disaffected, and on the 28th of February, 1813, entered into an alliance offensive and defensive with Russia, called, *the treaty of Kalisch*, which was the foundation stone of that grand alliance which finally overthrew the French Emperor. Great efforts were made to induce Saxony to join the league; but she remained permanently attached to the fortunes of Napoleon.

Meanwhile Alexander despatched a confidential agent to Vienna, in order to sound the Imperial Cabinet on the prospect of a European alliance against France, and it was soon after discovered that, notwithstanding Austria's professed friendship for Napoleon, there was a secret understanding existing between the Cabinets of St. Petersburg and Vienna, as also with the King of Prussia.

The accession of Sweden was received on the 3d of March.

During the month of April a convention took place between Great Britain, Russia, and Prussia, when England, in addition to the immense supplies of arms and military

stores which she was furnishing, agreed to advance two millions sterling (\$10,000,000) to sustain the operations of the Prince Royal of Sweden in the north of Germany, and a like sum to enable Russia and Prussia to keep up their vast armaments in Saxony.

On the 14th of June another treaty was signed stipulating that England should pay to Prussia, for the six remaining months of the year, about £700,000, in consideration of which, the latter was to keep in the field an army of 80,000 men.

By another treaty, signed the day after, between Russia and Great Britain, it was stipulated that Great Britain should pay to its Emperor, till January, 1814, £1,333,334 in monthly instalments, by which he was to maintain 160,000 men in the field, independent of the garrisons of strong places. On the 27th of July Austria joined the alliance (against their Emperor's son-in-law), England agreeing to pay her equal to one million sterling, in the event of her taking part in the war; thus completing the formidable alliance of Great Britain, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Sweden.

While the accession of new and formidable powers to the league was taking place, the energy of Napoleon seemed to rise with the difficulties against which he had to contend, and to acquire an almost supernatural degree of vigor.

His shattered armies were reinforced, and, undiscouraged by the recollection of Moscow, he prepared again to make his power felt against the formidable odds which the energies of five empires were concentrating for his destruction.

Already again in the month of April was he in the field, and in May occupied Dresden, driving his enemies before him.

In August, however, the allies having been strongly reinforced, made their first attack upon that city. Through August and September there were constantly recurring battles, by which the French were so harassed that Napoleon at length resolved to retreat in the direction of Leipsic, and on the 15th of October his army, consisting of 175,000 men and 720 pieces of cannon, occupied that city, and encamped around it. The allies followed with 290,000 men and above 1300 guns. The 18th dawned, and the last hour of the French Empire began to toll. The celebrated battle of Leipsic was fought. The conflict of such masses was terrible, and was so disastrous to the French, that a retreat was resolved upon, which commenced the next morning, the allies entering the city as the French retired across the river.

The battle of Leipsic was, perhaps, the most unfortunate in its results which Napoleon ever experienced; and the subsequent retreat of his army to the Rhine partook, in a measure, of the horrors of that from Moscow.

While the discomfited French were retiring across the Rhine at Mayence, the allied troops followed closely on their footsteps, and Alexander entered Frankfort on the 5th of November. Napoleon had left on the 1st, remaining six days with his army on the opposite shores of the river, and reached Paris on the 9th.

The day after, in the council of state, he unfolded the danger of his situation with manly sincerity, and with nervous eloquence referred to the invasion by Wellington

of his southern frontiers, while the allies menaced the north. A levy by conscription was made of 600,000 men, and preparations to resist the invasion were immediately ordered.

On the 1st of Dec. the allied sovereigns published a declaration from Frankfort, offering peace to France on condition that she would confine her limits between the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees.

But the negotiation was protracted by Napoleon to gain time, until the impatient allies crossed the Rhine, and Denmark, Naples, and the Rhenish Confederation, joined the alliance.

The allies had now accumulated forces so prodigious, for the invasion of France, that nothing in ancient or modern times had ever approached to their magnitude.

Including 80,000 Austrians, destined to act in the north of Italy, and a hundred and forty thousand British, Portuguese, and Spaniards, who, under the guidance of Wellington, were assailing the south, the whole force of the allies formed a mass of *a million and twenty-eight thousand men*, which was prepared to act against the French empire.

The French army was so reduced, that the Emperor could not, with the utmost exertion, reckon upon more than 350,000 men to defend the frontiers of his widespread dominions. Of these, 100,000 were blockaded in Hamburg and on the Oder, 50,000 were maintaining a painful defensive against the Austrians in the north of Italy, and 100,000 were struggling against the superior armies of Wellington on the Spanish frontiers. So that the real army which the Emperor had at his disposal to resist the invasion on the Rhine did not exceed 110,000.

On the 31st of Dec., 1813, the united and victorious allies crossed that river. Numerous battles ensued. At length a conference was held, and the allied sovereigns offered to conclude peace, and recognize Napoleon as Emperor of France, on certain conditions, which would have left him an empire greater than that over which his nephew now reigns. This did not, however, satisfy his ambition. The overtures were refused, and on the 30th of March, 1814, after numerous sanguinary engagements, and the storming of the city, the allies entered Paris, which had been forced to capitulate.

On the 11th of April Napoleon signed his abdication at Fontainebleau, and on the 28th of the same month, at eight at night, set sail from Frejus for the island of Elba, on board the English frigate "*The Undaunted*."

On the 1st of March, 1815, having escaped from Elba, he again entered France, with a few hundred men, and was everywhere received with acclamation and shouts of joy, which resounding throughout the land, were echoed to the Tuileries, and caused such consternation, that the court became alarmed, and at midnight, on the 19th, Louis XVIII. and the royal family, left Paris, and escaped into Belgium, while at nine o'clock in the evening of the next day Napoleon entered the vacated palace.

The allies became alarmed, and on the 25th of March, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Great Britain, concluded a treaty, engaging to unite their forces against Bonaparte, with a secret stipulation that the high contracting parties should not lay down their arms till the complete destruction of Napoleon had been effected. Such, however, was the poverty at this time of the Continental powers, that

they were unable to put their armies in motion without pecuniary assistance. And a treaty was entered into at Vienna on the 30th of April, by which England agreed to furnish Austria, Russia, and Prussia, the necessary means for the prosecution of the war, and actually paid to foreign powers during the year above £11,000,000 (\$55,000,000).

Napoleon left Paris on the morning of the 12th of June, and joined his army, which had been concentrated near the frontiers of Belgium, on the 13th. The returns on the evening of the 14th, gave 122,400 men under arms, and at day-break on the 15th his army crossed the frontier.

Various conflicts ensued between different portions of his forces, directed to different points, and those of the allies, who, under Wellington, were in occupation of Brussels.

At length, the morning of the 18th dawned upon the battle field of Waterloo, and its evening witnessed the annihilation of the French army, and flight of Napoleon.

On the 17th of July, the victorious allies, headed by Wellington, a second time entered Paris; and on the following day, Louis XVIII. made his public entry into that gay capital, escorted by the national guard.

On the 29th of June, Napoleon had left Malmaison (the home of his lost Josephine) for Rochefort, arriving at that harbor on the 3d of July, from whence he was anxious to embark for America.

But the blockade of English cruisers was so vigilant that there was no possible chance of avoiding them.

Under these circumstances, he at length adopted the



NAPOLÉON AND JOSÉPHINE

resolution of throwing himself upon the generosity of the British government; and on the 14th of July embarked on board the "Bellerophon," which set sail immediately for England,—and Napoleon looked for the last time upon the receding shores of that land which had been the home of his greatness.

CHAPTER II.

Origin of the War in the Peninsula. — Siege of Saragossa. — Murderous Character of the War. — Success of the French in Portugal. — Battle of Rolica. — Battle of Vimiero. — Convention of Cintra. — The French evacuate Portugal. — Preparations of Napoleon for another Campaign. — He subdues the Country, and enters Madrid. — Address to the Spanish People. — Napoleon recalled by the War with Austria. — Soult and Ney intrusted with the Command of the French Army in Spain. — Retreat of Sir John Moore. — Battle of Corunna. — Death of Sir John Moore. — The British Army sail for England.

BEFORE entering into a particular account of the battles in which I was myself an actor, it might not be uninteresting to my readers to take a hasty survey of the war which was now raging in the Peninsula, and the causes which led to British intervention. In doing this, I can, of course, in so small a work, only allude to its principal events, and relate some anecdotes, interesting, as well from their authenticity, as from the patriotism of which they were such bright examples

Charles IV., a descendant of the Spanish Bourbons, in 1807, occupied the throne of Spain. He was feeble in mind, impotent in action, and extremely dissolute in his habits. Writing to Napoleon, he gives an account of himself which must have filled with contempt the mind of the hard-working emperor for the imbecile king who thus disgraced a throne. "Every day," says he, "winter as well as summer, I go out to shoot, from morning till noon. I then dine, and return to the chase, which I continue till

sunset. Manuel Godoy then gives me a brief account of what is going on, and I go to bed, to recommence the same life on the morrow." His wife, Louisa, was a shameless profligate. She had selected, from the body-guard of the king, a young soldier, named Godoy, as her principal favorite; and had freely lavished on him both wealth and honors. He was known as the Prince of Peace. A favorite of the king, as well as queen, the realm was, in reality, governed by him. Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, and heir to the throne, hated this favorite. Weak, unprincipled, and ambitious, unwilling to wait until the crown should become his by inheritance, it is said that he concerted a scheme to remove both his parents by poison. He was arrested, and imprisoned. Natural affection was entirely extinct in the bosoms of his parents. Louisa, speaking of her son, said that "he had a mule's head and a tiger's heart;" and history informs us that if injustice is done here, it is only to the tiger and mule. Both king and queen did all they could to cover his name with obloquy, and prepare the nation for his execution. But the popular voice was with Ferdinand. The rule of the base-born favorite could not be tolerated by the Spanish hidalgos; and the nation, groaning under the burdens that the vices and misrule of Charles had brought upon them, looked with hope to the youth, whose very abandonment had excited an interest in his favor. From the depths of his prison he wrote to Napoleon, imploring his aid, and requesting an alli-

ance with his family. Charles, too, invoked the assistance "of the hero destined by Providence to save Europe and support thrones." A secret treaty was concluded between the emperor and Charles, whose object was nominally the conquest of Portugal; and thus French troops were brought to Madrid. A judicial investigation was held on the charge against Ferdinand, which ended in the submission of that prince to his parents. But the intrigues of the two parties still continued. In March, 1808, hatred of Godoy, and contempt of the king, had increased to such a degree, that the populace of Madrid could no longer be controlled. The palace of the Prince of Peace was broken open and sacked. The miserable favorite, allowed scarcely a moment's warning of the coming storm, had barely time to conceal himself beneath a pile of old mats, in his garret. Here, for thirty-six hours, he lay, shivering with terror and suffering. Unable longer to endure the pangs of thirst, he crept down from his hiding-place, was seen, and dragged out by the mob. A few select troops of the king rushed to his rescue; and, half dead with fright and bruises, he was thrown into prison. The populace, enraged by the loss of their victim, now threatened to attack the palace. Charles, alarmed for his own safety, abdicated in favor of Ferdinand, and that prince was proclaimed king, amid the greatest rejoicings. But Charles wrote to Napoleon that his abdication was a forced one, and again implored his aid. Soon after, determined to advo-

cate his cause in person, he went to Bayonne to meet the emperor, accompanied by Louisa and Godoy, and, with them, his two younger sons. Ferdinand, jealous of his father's influence with Napoleon, determined to confront him there. His people everywhere declared against this measure. They cut the traces of his carriage; they threw themselves before the horses, imploring him, with prayers and tears, not to desert his people. But Ferdinand went on. The emperor received them all with kindness. In a private interview with him, Charles, Louisa, and Godoy, willingly exchanged their rights to the uneasy crown of Spain for a luxurious home in Italy, where money for the gratification of all their voluptuous desires should be at their command. Ferdinand and his two brothers, Carlos and Francisco, were not so easily persuaded to surrender the crown of their ancestors. But Napoleon's iron will at length prevailed, and the three brothers remained not unwilling prisoners in the castle of Valencey. The throne of Spain was now vacant. The right to fill it was assumed by the emperor, in virtue of the cession to him, by Charles, of his rights. The council of Castile, the municipality of Madrid, and the governing junta, in obedience to Napoleon's dictate, declared that their choice had fallen upon Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples. He was already on his way to Bayonne. On the 20th of July he entered Madrid; and, on the 24th, he was proclaimed King of Spain and the Indies.

But, if the rulers of Spain, and a few of her pusil-

lanimous nobles, had agreed to accept a king of Napoleon's choice, not so decided the great body of the people. They everywhere flew to arms. To acknowledge the authority of the self-constituted government, was to declare one's self an enemy to the nation. Assassinations at Cadiz and Seville were imitated in every part of Spain. Grenada had its murders ; Carthagená rivalled Cadiz in ruthless cruelty ; and Valencia reeked with blood. In Galicia, the people assembled and endeavored to oblige their governor to declare war against France. Prompted by prudence, he advised them to delay. Enraged at this, the ferocious soldiers seized him, and, planting their weapons in the earth, tossed him on their points, and left him to die. In Asturias, two noblemen were selected, and sent to implore the assistance of England. In England, the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The universal rising of the Spanish nation was regarded as a pledge of their patriotism, and aid and assistance was immediately promised and given. Napoleon, with his usual promptness, poured his troops into Spain. They were successful in many places ; but the enemy, always forming in small numbers, if easily defeated, soon appeared in another place. The first permanent stand was made at Saragossa. Palafox had, with some hastily gathered followers, disputed the passage of the Ebro, and, routed by superior force, had fallen back upon this city, whose heroic defence presents acts of daring courage of which the world's history scarcely furnishes a par-

allel. It was regularly invested by the French, under Lefebvre Desnouttes. The city had no regular defences, but the houses were very strong, being vaulted so as to be nearly fire-proof, and the massy walls of the convents afforded security to the riflemen who filled them. The French troops had at one time nearly gained possession of the town, but, for some unknown reasons, they fell back. This gave confidence to the besieged. They redoubled their exertions. All shared the labor,—women, children, priests and friars, labored for the common cause,—and in twenty-four hours the defences were so strengthened that the place was prepared to stand a siege. But the next morning Palafox imprudently left the city, and offered battle to the French. He was, of course, quickly beaten; but succeeded in escaping, with a few of his troops, into the city. A small hill rises close to the convent of St. Joseph's, called Monte Torrero. Some stone houses on this hill were strongly fortified, and occupied by twelve hundred men. This place was attacked by Lefebvre, and taken by assault, on the 27th of June, 1808. The convents of St. Joseph's and the Capuchins were next attacked by the French, and, after a long resistance, taken by storm. The command of the besiegers was now transferred to General Verdier. He continued the siege during the whole of July, making several assaults on the gates, from which he was repulsed, with great loss. The Spaniards, having received a reinforcement, made a sortie to retake Monte Torrero; but were defeated,

their commander killed, and most of their number left dead. On the 2d of August, the enemy opened a dreadful fire on the town. One of their shells lighted upon the powder magazine, which was in the most secure part of the city, and blew it up, destroying many houses and killing numbers of the besieged. The carnage, during this siege, was truly terrible. Six hundred women and children perished, and above forty thousand men were killed.

It was at this place that the act of female heroism so beautifully celebrated by Byron was performed. An assault had been made upon one of the gates, which was withstood with great courage by the besieged. At the battery of the Portillo, their fire had been so fatal, that but one artillery-man remained able to serve the gun. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Though shot and shell fell thick and fast around him, he still stood unharmed, and rapidly loaded and discharged his gun. At length, worn out by his own exertions, his strength seemed about to fail. There was little time, in a contest like this, to watch for the safety of others; but there was one eye near which not for a moment lost sight of him. Augustina, a girl twenty-two years of age, had followed her darling lover to his post. She would not leave him there alone, although every moment exposed her to share his death. When she saw his strength begin to fail, she seized a cordial, and held it to his lips. In the very act of receiving it, the fatal death-stroke came, and he fell dead at her feet. Not for a mo-

ment paused the daring maid. No tear fell for the slain. She lived to do what he had done. Snatching a match from the hand of a dead artillery-man, she fired off the gun, and swore never to quit it alive, during the siege. The soldiers and citizens, who had begun to retire, stimulated by so heroic an example, rushed to the battery a second time, and again opened a tremendous fire upon the enemy. For this daring act, Augustina received a small shield of honor, and had the word "Saragossa" embroidered on the sleeve of her dress, with the pay of an artillery-man. Byron thus commemorates this heroism, in his own transcendent manner :

"The Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsexed, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deeds of war.
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appalled, an owl's 'larum filled with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bayonet jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step, where Mars might quake to tread.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
O ! had you known her in the softer hour, —
Marked her black eye, that mocks her coal-black veil, —
Heard her light, lively tones in lady's bower, —
Seen her long locks, that foil the painter's power, —
Her fairy form, with more than female grace, —
Scarce would you deem that Saragossa's tower
Beheld her smile in danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in glory's fearful chase !

Her lover sinks — she sheds no ill-timed tear ;
Her chief is slain — she fills his fatal post ;
Her fellows flee — she checks their base career ;
The foe retires — she heads the sallying host.

Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?

Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?

What maid retrieve, when man's flushed hope is lost?

Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,

Foiled by a woman's hand, before the battered wall!

On the 4th of August, the French stormed the city, and penetrated as far as the Corso, or public square. Here a terrible conflict was maintained. Every inch of ground was manfully contested; but the enemy's cavalry was irresistible, and the besieged began to give way. All appeared lost. The French, thinking the victory gained, began to plunder. Seeing this, the besieged rallied, and attacked them. They succeeded in driving the enemy back to the Corso. They also set fire to the convent of Francisco, and many perished in its conflagration. Night now came, to add its horrors to the scene. The fierce contest still raged on. The lunatic asylum was invaded, and soon the dread cry of "Fire" mingled with the incoherent ravings of its inmates. "Here," says one writer, "were to be seen grinning maniacs, shouting with hideous joy, and mocking the cries of the wounded; there, others, with seeming delight, were dabbling in the crimson fluid of many a brave heart, which had scarcely ceased to beat. On one side, young and lovely women, dressed in the fantastic rigging of a mind diseased, were bearing away headless trunks and mutilated limbs, which lay scattered around them, while the unearthly cries of the idiot kept up a hideous concert with the shouts of the infuriated combatants. In short, it was a

scene of unmingled horror, too fearful for the mind to dwell upon." After a severe contest and dreadful carnage, the French forced their way into the Corso, in the very centre of the city, and before night were in possession of one-half of it. Lefebvre now believed that he had effected his purpose, and required Palafox to surrender, in a note containing only these words: "Headquarters, St. Engrucia,—Capitulation." Equally laconic the brave Spaniard's answer was: "Headquarters, Saragossa,—War to the knife's point."

The contest which was now carried on stands unparalleled. One side of the Corso was held by the French soldiery; the opposite was in possession of the Arragonese, who erected batteries at the end of the cross-streets, within a few paces of those the French had thrown up. The space between these was covered with the dead. Next day, the powder of the besieged began to fail; but even this dismayed them not. One cry broke from the people, whenever Palafox came among them, "War to the knife!—no capitulation." The night was coming on, and still the French continued their impetuous onsets. But now the brother of Palafox entered the city with a convoy of arms and ammunition, and a reinforcement of three thousand men. This succor was as unexpected as it was welcome, and raised the desperate courage of the citizens to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The war was now carried on from street to street, and even from room to room. A

priest, by the name of Santiago Suss, displayed the most undaunted bravery, fighting at the head of the besieged, and cheering and consoling the wounded and the dying. At the head of forty chosen men, he succeeded in procuring a supply of powder for the town, and, by united stratagem and courage, effected its entrance, even through the French lines. This murderous contest was continued for eleven successive days and nights,—more, indeed, by night than by day, for it was almost certain death to appear by daylight within reach of houses occupied by the other party. But, concealed by the darkness of the night, they frequently dashed across the street, to attack each other's batteries; and the battle, commenced there, was often carried into the houses beyond, from room to room, and from floor to floor. As if not enough of suffering had accompanied this memorable siege, a new scourge came to add its horrors to the scene. Pestilence, with all its accumulated terrors, burst upon the doomed city. Numbers of putrescent bodies, in various stages of decomposition, were strewn thickly around the spot where the death-struggle was still going on. The air was impregnated with the pestiferous miasm of festering mortality; and this, too, in a climate like Spain, and in the month of August! This evil must be removed,—but how? Certain death would have been the penalty of any Arragonese who should attempt it. The only remedy was to tie ropes to the French prisoners, and, pushing them forward amid the dead and dying

compel them to remove the bodies, and bring them away for interment. Even for this office, as necessary to one party as the other, there was no truce ; only the prisoners were better secured, by the compassion of their countrymen, from the fire.

From day to day, this heroic defence was kept up, with unremitting obstinacy. In vain breaches were made and stormed ; the besiegers were constantly repulsed. At last Verdier received orders to retire ; and the French, after reducing the city almost to ashes, were compelled to abandon their attacks, and retreat.

Meanwhile, all over Spain the contest was continued, and everywhere with the most unsparing cruelty. Her purest and noblest sons often fell victims to private malice. " No one's life," says one author, " was worth a week's purchase." One anecdote may serve as an example to illustrate the spirit of the times.

It was night. The rays of the full moon shed their beautiful light on the hills of the Sierra Morena. On one of these hills lay a small division of the patriotic army. Its chief was a dark, fierce-looking man, in whose bosom the spirit of human kindness seemed extinct forever. A brigand, who had long dealt in deeds of death, he had placed himself without the pale even of the laws of Spain. But, when the war commenced, he had offered his own services and that of his men against the French, and had been accepted. On this night he sat, wrapped in his huge

cloak, beside the decaying watch-fire, seemingly deep in thought. Near him lay a prisoner on the grass, with the knotted cords so firmly bound around his limbs that the black blood seemed every moment ready to burst from its enclosure. He might have groaned aloud in his agony, had not the pride of his nation, — for he, too, was a Spaniard, — and his own deep courage, prevented. His crime was, that, yielding to the promptings of humanity, he had shown kindness to a wounded French officer, and had thus drawn upon himself suspicion of favoring their cause. Short trial was needed, in those days, to doom a man to death; and, with the morning's dawn, the brave Murillo was informed that he must die.

With closed eyes and a calm countenance, his heart was yet filled with agony, as he remembered his desolated home and his defenceless little ones. Suddenly, a light footstep was heard in the wood adjoining. The sentinel sprang to his feet, and demanded, "Who goes there?" A boy, over whose youthful brow scarce twelve summers could have passed, answered the summons. "I would speak with your chief," he said. The ruthless man raised his head as the boy spoke this; and, not waiting for an answer, he sprang forward and stood before him. "What is your errand here, boy?" asked the brigand. "I come a suppliant for my father's life," he said, pointing to the prisoner on the grass. "He dies with the morrow's sun," was the unmoved reply. "Nay, chieftain, spare him, for my mother's sake,

and for her children. Let *him* live, and, if you must have blood, I will die for him ;” and the noble boy threw himself at the feet of the chief, and looked up imploringly in his face. “He is so good!— You smile : you will save his life !” “You speak lightly of life,” said the stern man, “and you know little of death. Are you willing to lose one of your ears, for your father’s sake ?” “I am,” said the boy, and he removed his cap, and fixed his eyes on his father’s face. Not a single tear fell, as the severed member, struck off by the chief’s hand, lay at his feet. ‘ You bear it bravely, boy ; are you willing to lose the other ?’ “If it will save my father’s life,” was the unfaltering response. A moment more, and the second one lay beside its fellow, while yet not a groan, or word expressive of suffering, passed the lips of the noble child. “Will you now release my father ?” he asked, as he turned to the prostrate man, whose tears, which his own pain had no power to bring forth, fell thick and fast, as he witnessed the bravery of his unoffending son. For a moment it seemed that a feeling of compassion had penetrated the flinty soul of the man of blood. But, if the spark had fallen, it glimmered but a moment on the cold iron of that heart, and then went out forever. “Before I release him, tell me who taught you thus to endure suffering.” “My father,” answered the boy. “Then that father must die ; for Spain is not safe while he lives to rear such children.” And

before the morning dawned father and son slept their last sleep.

While Lefebre and Verdier were prosecuting the fatal siege of Saragossa, Marshal Bessières was pursuing his victorious course in Castile, compelling one force after another to acknowledge the authority of Joseph. General Duhesme and Marshal Moncey, in Catalonia, met with varied success ;—repulsed at Valencia and at Gerona, they yet met with enough good fortune to maintain their reputation as generals. In Andalusia, the French army, under Dupont, met with serious reverses. At Baylen, eighteen thousand men laid down their arms, only stipulating that they should be sent to France. This capitulation, disgraceful in itself to the French, was shamefully broken. Eighty of the officers were murdered, at Lebrixa, in cold blood ; armed only with their swords, they kept their assassins some time at bay, and succeeded in retreating into an open space in the town, where they endeavored to defend themselves ; but, a fire being opened upon them from the surrounding houses, the last of these unfortunate men were destroyed. The rest of the troops were marched to Cadiz, and many died on the road. Those who survived the march were treated with the greatest indignity, and cast into the hulks, at that port. Two years afterwards, a few hundreds of them escaped, by cutting the cables of their prison-ship, and drifting in a storm upon a lee shore. The remainder were sent to the desert island of Cabrera, without

clothing, without provisions, with scarcely any water, and there died by hundreds. It is related that some of them dug several feet into the solid stone with a single knife, in search of water. They had no shelter, nor was there any means of providing it. At the close of the war, when returning peace caused an exchange of prisoners, only a few hundred of all those thousands remained alive. This victory at Baylen greatly encouraged the Spanish troops, whose ardor was beginning to fail, before the conquering career of Bessières, and the disgust and terror occasioned by the murders and excesses of the populace. When the news of the capitulation reached Madrid, Joseph called a council of war, and it was decided that the French should abandon Madrid, and retire behind the Ebro.

But if the French arms had met with a reverse in Spain, it was compensated by their success in Portugal. Junôt, at the head of twenty-five thousand men, marched from Alcantara to Lisbon. At an unfavorable season of the year, and encountering fatigue, and want, and tempests, that daily thinned his ranks, until of his whole force only two thousand remained, he yet entered Lisbon victorious. This city contained three hundred thousand inhabitants, and fourteen thousand regular troops were collected there. A powerful British fleet was at the mouth of the harbor, and its commander, Sir Sidney Smith, offered his powerful aid, in resisting the French; yet such was the terror that Napoleon's name excited,

and such the hatred of their rulers, that the people of Lisbon yielded, almost without a struggle. When Napoleon, in his *Moniteur*, made the startling announcement that "the house of Braganza had ceased to reign," the feeble prince-regent, alarmed for his own safety, embarked, with his whole court, and sailed for the Brazils. Junôt himself was created Duke of Abrantes, and made governor-general of the kingdom. He exerted himself to give an efficient government to Portugal; and met with such success, that a strong French interest was created, and steps were actually taken to have Prince Eugene declared King of Portugal. The people themselves, and the literary men, were in favor of this step; but it met with the strongest opposition from the priests, and this was nurtured and fanned into a flame by persons in the pay of the English, whose whole influence was exerted in making Napoleon's name and nation as odious to the people as possible. Among a people so superstitious as the Portuguese, the monks would, of course, exert great influence; and many were the prodigies which appeared, to prove that their cause was under the protection of Heaven. Among others, was that of an egg, marked by some chemical process, with certain letters, which were interpreted to indicate the coming of Don Sebastian, King of Portugal. This adventurous monarch, years before, earnestly desirous of promoting the interests of his country, and of the Christian religion, had raised a large army, consisting of the flower of his

nobility, and the choicest troops of his kingdom, and crossed the Straits into Africa, for the purpose of waging war with the Moorish king. Young, ardent and inexperienced, he violated every dictate of prudence, by marching into the enemy's country to meet an army compared with which his own was a mere handful. The whole of his army perished, and his own fate was never known. But, as his body was not found among the dead, the peasantry of Portugal, ardently attached to their king, believed that he would some time return, and deliver his country from all their woes. He was supposed to be concealed in a secret island, waiting the destined period, in immortal youth. The prophecy of the egg was, therefore, believed; and people, even of the higher classes, were often seen on the highest points of the hills, looking towards the sea with earnest gaze, for the appearance of the island where their long-lost hero was detained.

The constant efforts of the English and the priests at length had their effect, in arousing the Portuguese peasantry into action; and the news of the insurrection in Spain added new fuel to the flame. The Spaniards in Portugal immediately rose against the French; and their situation would have become dangerous in the extreme, had not the promptness and dexterity of Junôt succeeded in averting the danger for the present. Such was the state of affairs in the Peninsula, when the English troops made their descent into Spain. It has often been said that

England was moved by pure patriotism, or by a strong desire to relieve the Spanish nation, in being thus prodigal of her soldiers and treasures ; but her hatred to Napoleon, and her determination, at all hazards, to put a stop to his growing power, was, in all probability, the real motive that influenced her to bestow aid upon that people.

The English collected their army of nine thousand in Cork, in June, 1808. Sir Hugh Dalrymple had, nominally the chief command of the army, and Sir Harry Burrard the second ; but the really acting officers were, Sir Arthur Wellesley and Sir John Moore. These troops disembarked at the Mondego river on the first of August, and marching along the coast, proceeded to Rolica, where they determined to give battle to the French. Junôt, having left in Lisbon a sufficient force to hold the revolutionary movement in check, placed himself at the head of his army, and advanced to the contest. He was not, however, present at the battle of Rolico. The French troops were under the command of Generals Loison and Laborde. Nearly in the centre of the heights of Rolica stands an old Moorish castle. This, and every favorable post on the high ground, was occupied by detachments of the French army. It was a strong position ; but Sir Arthur, anxious to give battle before the two divisions of the French army should effect a junction, decided upon an immediate attack.

It was morning, and a calm and quiet beauty

seemed to linger on the scene of the impending conflict. The heights of Rolica, though steep and difficult of access, possess few of the sterner and more imposing features of mountain scenery. The heat of summer had deprived them of much of that brightness of verdure common in a colder climate. Here and there the face of the heights was indented by deep ravines, worn by the winter torrents, the precipitous banks of which were occasionally covered with wood, and below extended groves of the cork-tree and olive; while Obidas, with its ancient walls and fortress, and stupendous aqueduct, rose in the middle distance. In the east Mount Junto reared its lofty summit, while on the west lay the broad Atlantic. And this was the battle-ground that was to witness the first outpouring of that blood which flowed so profusely, on both sides, during the progress of this long and desolating war. Sir Arthur had divided his army into three columns, of which he himself commanded the centre, Colonel Trant the right, while the left, directed against Loison, was under General Ferguson. The centre marched against Laborde, who was posted on the elevated plain. This general, perceiving, at a glance, that his position was an unfavorable one, evaded the danger by falling rapidly back to the heights of Zambugeria, where he could only be approached by narrow paths, leading through deep ravines. A swarm of skirmishers, starting forward, soon plunged into the passes; and, spreading to the right and left, won their way among

the rocks and tangled evergreens that overspread the steep ascent, and impeded their progress.

With still greater difficulty the supporting column followed, their formation being disordered in the confined and rugged passes, while the hollows echoed with the continual roar of musketry, and the shouts of the advancing troops were loudly answered by the enemy, while the curling smoke, breaking out from the side of the mountain, marked the progress of the assailants, and showed how stoutly the defence was maintained. The right of the 29th arrived first at the top; and, ere it could form, Col. Lake was killed, and a French company, falling on their flanks, broke through, carrying with them fifty or sixty prisoners. Thus pressed, this regiment fell back, and, re-forming under the hill, again advanced to the charge. At the same time, General Ferguson poured his troops upon the other side of the devoted army. Laborde, seeing it impossible to effect a junction with Loison, or to maintain his present position, fell back, — commencing his retreat by alternate masses, and protecting his movements by vigorous charges of cavalry, — and halted at the Quinta de Bugagleira, where his scattered detachments rejoined him. From this place he marched all night, to gain the position of Montechique, leaving three guns on the field of battle, and the road to Torres Vedras open to the victors. The French lost six hundred men, killed and wounded, among the latter of which was the gallant Laborde himself. Although the English were

victors in this strife, the heroic defence of the French served to show them that they had no mean enemy to contend with. The personal enmity to Napoleon, and the violent party prejudices in England, were so great, that the most absurd stories as to the want of order and valor in his troops gained immediate credence there; and many of the English army believed that they had but to show themselves, and the French would fly. The bravery with which their attack was met was, of course, a matter of great surprise, and served as an efficient check to that rashness which this erroneous belief had engendered.

Instead of pursuing this victory, as Wellesley would have done, he was obliged to go to the seashore, to protect the landing of General Anstruthers and his troops. After having effected a junction with this general, he marched to Vimiero, where the French, under Junôt, arrived on the 21st of August. The following brief and vivid sketch of this combat is taken from Alexander's *Life of Wellington* :

“Vimiero is a village, pleasantly situated in a gentle and quiet valley, through which flows the small river of Maceria. Beyond, and to the westward and northward of this village, rises a mountain, of which the western point reaches the sea; the eastern is separated by a deep ravine from the height, over which passes the road that leads from Lourinha and the northward to Vimiero. On this mountain were posted the chief part of the infantry, with eight pieces of artillery. General Hill's brigade

was on the right, and Ferguson's on the left, having one battalion on the heights, separated from them by the mountain. Towards the east and south of the town lay a mill, wholly commanded by the mountain on the west side, and commanding, also, the surrounding ground to the south and east, on which General Fane was posted, with his riflemen, and the 50th regiment, and General Anstruthers' brigade, with the artillery, which had been ordered to that position during the night. ~

“About eight o'clock a picket of the enemy's horse was first seen on the heights, toward Lourinha; and, after pushing forward his scouts, soon appeared in full force, with the evident object of attacking the British.

“Immediately four brigades, from the mountains on the east, moved across the ravine to the heights on the road to Lourinha, with three pieces of cannon. They were formed with their right resting upon these heights, and their left upon a ravine which separates the heights from a range at Maceria. On these heights were the Portuguese troops, and they were supported by General Crawford's brigade.

“The enemy opened his attack, in strong columns, against the entire body of troops on this height. On the left they advanced, through the fire of the riflemen, close up to the 50th regiment, until they were checked and driven back by that regiment, at the point of the bayonet. The French infantry, in these divisions, was commanded by Laborde, Loison, and

Kellerman, and the horse by General Margaron. Their attack was simultaneous, and like that of a man determined to conquer or to perish. Besides the conflict on the heights, the battle raged with equal fury on every part of the field. The possession of the road leading into Vimiero was disputed with persevering resolution, and especially where a strong body had been posted in the church-yard, to prevent the enemy forcing an entrance into the town. Up to this period of the battle the British had received and repulsed the attacks of the enemy, acting altogether on the defensive. But now they were attacked in flank by General Ackland's brigade, as it advanced to its position on the height to the left, while a brisk cannonade was kept up by the artillery on those heights.

“The brunt of the attack was continued on the brigade of General Fane, but was bravely repulsed at all points. Once, as the French retired in confusion, a regiment of light dragoons pursued them with so little precaution, that they were suddenly set upon by the heavy cavalry of Margaron, and cut to pieces, with their gallant colonel at their head.

“No less desperate was the encounter between Kellerman's column of reserve and the gallant 43d, in their conflict for the vineyard adjoining the church. The advanced companies were at first driven back, with great slaughter; but, again rallying upon the next ranks, they threw themselves upon the head of a French column in a ravine, and, charging with the

bayonet, put them to the rout. At length the vigor of the enemy's attack ceased. They, pressed on all sides by the British, had lost thirteen cannons and a great number of prisoners; but were still enabled to retire without confusion, owing to the protection of their numerous cavalry. An incident occurred in this battle, so highly characteristic of Highland courage, that I cannot refrain from quoting it. It is very common for the wounded to cheer their more fortunate comrades, as they pass on to the attack. A man named Stewart, the piper of the 71st regiment, was wounded in the thigh, very severely, at an early period of the action, and refused to be removed. He sat upon a bank, playing martial airs, during the remainder of the battle. As a party of his comrades were passing, he addressed them thus: 'Weel, my brave lads, I can gang na langer wi' ye a fightin', but ye shall na want music.' On his return home, the Highland Society voted him a handsome set of pipes, with a flattering inscription engraved on them."

The total loss of the French was estimated at three thousand. Soon after the battle, General Kellerman presented himself, with a strong body of cavalry, at the outposts, and demanded an interview with the English general. The result of this interview was the famous convention of Cintra. By it, it was stipulated that Portugal should be delivered up to the British army, and the French should evacuate it, with arms and baggage, but not as prisoners of war; that the French should be transported, by the

British, into their own country; that the army should carry with it all its artillery, cavalry, arms, and ammunition, and the soldiers all their private property. It also provided that the Portuguese who had favored the French party should not be punished.

According to the terms of this convention, Junôt, on the 2d of September, yielded the government of the capital. This suspension of military rule was followed by a wild scene of anarchy and confusion. The police disbanded of their own accord, and crime stalked abroad on every side. Lisbon was illuminated with thousands of little lamps, at their departure; and such was the state of the public mind, that Sir John Hope was obliged to make many and severe examples, before he succeeded in restoring order.

On the 13th, the Duke of Abrantes embarked, with his staff; and by the 30th of September only the garrisons of Elvas and Almeida remained in Portugal. This convention was very unpopular in England. The whole voice of the press was against it; and such was the state of feeling, that Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hugh Dalrymple were both recalled, to present themselves before a court of inquiry, instituted for the occasion. After a minute investigation, these generals were declared innocent, but it was judged best to detain them at home.

Having seen Portugal under the control of the English, let us return to the affairs of Spain. Immediately after the battle of Baylen, which induced the retreat of Joseph from Madrid, Ferdinand was

again declared king, and the pomp and rejoicings attendant on this event put an end to all business, except that of intrigue. The French were everywhere looked upon by the Spanish as a conquered foe, and they spent their time in the pageant of military triumphs and rejoicings, as though the enemy had already fled. From this dream of fancied security Palafox was at length awakened by the appearance of a French corps, which retook Tudela, and pushed on almost to Saragossa. He appealed to the governing junta for aid and assistance. Much time was lost in intrigue and disputes, but at length the army was organized by appointing La Pena and Llamas to the charge. To supply the place usually occupied by the commander-in-chief, a board of general officers was projected, of which Castanos should be chief; but when some difficulty arose as to who the other members should be, this plan was deferred, with the remark, that "when the enemy was driven across the frontier, Castanos would have leisure to take his seat." Of the state of the Spanish forces at this time, Napier says, "The idea of a defeat, the possibility of a failure, had never entered their minds. The government, evincing neither apprehension, nor activity, nor foresight, were contented if the people believed the daily falsehoods propagated relative to the enemy; and the people were content to be so deceived. The armies were neglected, even to nakedness; the soldier's constancy under privations cruelly abused; disunion, cupidity,

incapacity, prevailed in the higher orders ; patriotic ardor was visibly abating among the lower classes ; the rulers were grasping, improvident, and boasting ; the enemy powerful, the people insubordinate. Such were the allies whom the British found on their arrival in Spain." Sir Arthur Wellesley had returned to Ireland, and the chief command was now given to Sir John Moore. This general, with the greatest celerity, marched his troops to the Spanish frontier, by the way of Almieda, having overcome almost insurmountable obstacles, arising from the state of affairs in Spain. Sir David Baird, with a force of ten thousand men, landed at Corunna, and also advanced to the contest ; but they soon found that they were to meet an enemy with whom they were little able to cope.

Napoleon, with that energy so often displayed by him, when the greatness of the occasion required its exercise, collected, in an incredibly short space of time, an immense army of two hundred thousand men, most of them veterans who had partaken of the glories of Jena, Austerlitz, and Friedland. These were divided by the emperor into eight parts, called "*corps d'armée*." At the head of each of them was placed one of his old and tried generals,—veterans on whom he could rely. The very names of Victor, Bessières, Moncey, Lefebvre, Mortier, Ney, St. Cyr, and Junôt, speak volumes for the character of the army.

These troops were excited to the highest pitch of

enthusiasm, by the emperor's address, as he passed through Paris, promising that he would head them in person, to drive the hideous leopard into the sea. What were the scattered and divided troops of the Spaniards, to contend with such a force? The grand French army reached Vittoria almost without an interruption. Blake was in position at Villarcayo, the Asturians were close at hand, Romana at Bilboa, and the Estremadurans at Butgos. With more valor than discretion, Blake made an attack upon Tornosa. The enemy pretended to retreat. Blake, flushed with his apparent success, pursued them with avidity, when he suddenly came before twenty-five thousand men, under the Duke of Dantzic, and was furiously assailed. Blake, after a gallant defence, was obliged to retreat, in great confusion, upon Bilboa. He rallied, however, and was again in the field in a few days, fought a brave action with Villate, and was this time successful. With the vain-glory of his nation, he next attacked the strong city of Bilboa. Here, Marshal Victor gained a signal success, Blake losing two of his generals, and many of his men. Romana, who had joined Blake, renewed the action, with his veterans. They were made prisoners, but their brave chief escaped to the mountains. Napoleon himself now left Bayonne, and directed his course into Spain. Only one day sufficed for his arrival into Vittoria. At the gates of the city, a large procession, headed by the civil and military chiefs, met him, and wished to escort him to a splen

did house prepared for his reception ; but they were destined to a disappointment. Napoleon was there, not for pomp or show, but to direct, with his genius, the march of that army which he had raised. Jumping from his horse, he entered the first small inn he observed, and calling for his maps, and a report of the situation of the armies on both sides, proceeded to arrange the plan of his campaign. By daylight the next morning, his forces were in motion. The hastily levied troops of the Conde de Belvidere, himself a youth of only twenty years, were opposed to him. These were routed, with great slaughter,—one whole battalion, composed of the students of Salamanca and Leon, fell to a man.

The army of the centre, under the command of Castanos, which was composed of fifty thousand men, with forty pieces of cannon, was totally routed at Tudela, by the French, under Lasnes and Ney ; and now but one stronghold remained to the Spaniards, between the enemy and Madrid. This was the pass of the Somosierra. Here the Spanish army, under St. Juan, had posted their force. Sixteen pieces of artillery, planted in the neck of the pass, swept the road along the whole ascent, which was exceedingly steep and favorable for the defence. The Spanish troops were disposed in lines, one above another ; and when the French came on to the contest, they warmly returned their fire, and stood their ground. As yet, the grand battery had not opened its fire. This was waiting for the approach of the centre, under

Napoleon himself. And now Napoleon, seeing that his troops were not advancing, rode slowly into the foot of the pass. The lofty mountain towered above him. Around its top hung a heavy fog, mingled with the curling smoke that was ascending from the mouth of all those cannon, rendering every object indistinct in the distance. Silently he gazed up the mountain. A sudden thought strikes him. His practised eye has discerned, in a moment, what course to pursue. Turning to his brave Polish lancers, he orders them to charge up the causeway, and take the battery. They dashed onward. As they did so, the guns were turned full upon them, and their front ranks were levelled to the earth; but, ere they could reload, the Poles, nothing daunted, sprang over their dying comrades, and before the thick smoke, which enveloped them as a cloud, had dispersed, they rushed, sword in hand, upon the soldiers, and, cutting down the gunners, possessed themselves of the whole Spanish battery. The panic became general. The Spaniards fled, leaving arms, ammunition, and baggage, to the enemy, and the road open to Madrid. Meanwhile, this city was in a state of anarchy seldom equalled. A multitude of peasants had entered the place. The pavements were taken up, the streets barricaded, and the houses pierced. They demanded arms and ammunition. These were supplied them. Then they pretended that sand had been mixed with the powder furnished. The Marquis of Perales, an old and worthy gentle-

man, was accused of the deed. The mob rushed to his house. They had no regard for age. They seized him by his silvery hair, and, dragging him down the steps, drew him through the streets until life was extinct. For eight days the mob held possession of the city. No man was safe ; none dared assume authority, or even offer advice. Murder, and lust, and rapine, and cruelty, stalked fearlessly through the streets. On the morning of the ninth, far away on the hills to the north-west, appeared a large body of cavalry, like a dark cloud overhanging the troubled city. At noon, the resistless emperor sat down before the gates of Madrid, and summoned the city to surrender. Calmness and quiet reigned in the French camp, but Madrid was struggling like a wild beast in the toils. Napoleon had no wish to destroy the capital of his brother's kingdom, but he was not to be trifled with. At midnight, a second summons was sent. It was answered by an equivocal reply, and responded to by the roar of cannon and the onset of the soldiery. This was an appeal not to be resisted. Madrid was in no state to stand a siege. At noon, two officers, in Spanish uniform, and bearing a flag of truce, were observed approaching the French headquarters. They came to demand a suspension of arms, necessary, they said, to persuade the people to surrender. It was granted, and they returned to the city, with Napoleon's message. Before six o'clock in the morning, Madrid must surrender, or perish. Dissensions arose, but the voice

of prudence prevailed, and the capital yielded. Napoleon was wise ; he had no wish to goad a people already incensed to fury. The strictest discipline was maintained, and a soldier of his own guard was shot for having stolen a watch. Shops were reopened, public amusements recommenced, and all was quiet. In six short weeks every Spanish army was dissipated. From St. Sebastian to the Asturias, from the Asturias to Talavera, from Talavera to the gates of Saragossa, all was submission, and beyond that boundary all was apathy or dread.

An assemblage of the nobles, the clergy, the corporations, and the tribunals, of Madrid, now waited on Napoleon at his headquarters, and presented an address, in which they expressed their desire to have Joseph return among them. Napoleon's reply was an exposition of what he had done and intended doing for Spain. Could the people but have yielded their prejudices, and submitted to his wise plans, what seas of tears and blood, what degradation and confusion, might have been spared to poor, unhappy Spain !

“ I accept,” said he, “ the sentiments of the town of Madrid. I regret the misfortunes that have befallen it, and I hold it as a particular good fortune, that I am enabled to spare that city, and save it yet greater misfortunes. I have hastened to take measures to tranquillize all classes of citizens, knowing well that to all people and men uncertainty is intolerable.

“ I have preserved the religious orders, but I have

restrained the number of monks ; no sane person can doubt that they are too numerous. Those who are truly called to this vocation, by the grace of God, will remain in the convents ; those who have lightly, or for worldly motives, adopted it, will have their existence secured among the secular ecclesiastics, from the surplus of the convents.

“ I have provided for the wants of the most interesting and useful of the clergy, the parish priests. .

“ I have abolished that tribunal against which Europe and the age alike exclaimed. Priests ought to guide consciences, but they should not exercise any exterior or corporal jurisdiction over men.

“ I have taken the satisfaction which was due to myself and to my nation, and the part of vengeance is completed. Ten of the principal criminals bend their heads before her ; but for all others there is absolute and entire pardon.

“ I have suppressed the rights usurped by the nobles during civil wars, when the kings have been too often obliged to abandon their own rights, to purchase tranquillity and the repose of the people.

“ I have suppressed the feudal rights, and every person can now establish inns, mills, ovens, weirs, and fisheries, and give good play to their industry, only observing the laws and customs of the place. The self-love, the riches, and the prosperity, of a small number of men, were more hurtful to your agriculture than the heats of the dog-days.

“ As there is but one God, there should be in one

estate but one justice ; wherefore all the particular jurisdictions have been usurped, and, being contrary to the national rights, I have destroyed them. I have also made known to all persons that which each can have to fear, and that which they may hope for.

“ The English armies I will drive from the Peninsula. Saragossa, Valencia, Seville, shall be reduced, either by persuasion or by force of arms.

“ There is no obstacle capable of retarding, for any length of time, my will ; but that which is above my power is to constitute the Spaniards a nation, under the orders of a king, if they continue to be imbued with divisions, and hatred towards France, such as the English partisans and the enemies of the continent have instilled into them. I cannot establish a nation, a king, and Spanish independence, if that king is not sure of the affection and fidelity of his subjects.

“ The Bourbons can never reign again in Europe. The divisions in the royal family were concerted by the English. It was not either King Charles or his favorite, but the Duke of Infantado, the instrument of England, that was upon the point of overturning the throne. The papers recently found in his house prove this. It was the preponderance of England that they wished to establish in Spain. Insensate project ! which would have produced a long war without end, and caused torrents of blood to be shed.

“ No power influenced by England can exist upon this continent. If any desire it, their desire is folly

and sooner or later will ruin them. I shall be obliged to govern Spain ; and it will be easy for me to do it, by establishing a viceroy in each province. However, I will not refuse to concede my rights of conquest to the king, and to establish him in Madrid, when the thirty thousand citizens assemble in the churches, and on the holy sacrament take an oath, not with the mouth alone, but with the heart, and without any jesuitical restriction, ‘to be true to the king,—to love and support him.’ Let the priests from the pulpit and in the confessional, the tradesmen in their correspondence and in their discourses, inculcate these sentiments in the people ; then I will relinquish my rights of conquest, and I will place the king upon the throne, and I will take a pleasure in showing myself the faithful friend of the Spaniards.

“The present generation may differ in opinions. Too many passions have been excited ; but your descendants will bless me, as the regenerator of the nation. They will mark my sojourn among you as memorable days, and from those days they will date the prosperity of Spain. These are my sentiments. Go, consult your fellow-citizens ; choose your part, but do it frankly, and exhibit only true colors.”

The ten criminals were the Dukes of Infantado, of Hijah, of Mediceli, and Ossuna ; Marquis Santa Cruz, Counts Fernan, Minez, and Altamira ; Prince of Castello Franco, Pedro Cevallos, and the Bishop

of St. Ander, were proscribed, body and goods, as traitors to France and Spain.

Napoleon now made dispositions indicating a vast plan of operations. But, vast as his plan of campaign appears, it was not beyond the emperor's means, for, without taking into consideration his own genius, activity and vigor, there were upon his muster-rolls above three hundred and thirty thousand men and above sixty thousand horse; two hundred pieces of field artillery followed his corps to battle; and as many more remained in reserve. Of this great army, however, only two hundred and fifty thousand men and fifty thousand horses were actually under arms with the different regiments, while above thirty thousand were detached or in garrisons, preserving tranquillity in the rear, and guarding the communications of the active forces. The remainder were in hospitals. Of the whole host, two hundred and thirteen thousand were native Frenchmen, the residue were Poles, Germans and Italians; thirty-five thousand men and five thousand horses were available for fresh enterprise, without taking a single man from the lines of communication.

The fate of the Peninsula hung, at this moment, evidently upon a thread; and the deliverance of that country was due to other causes than the courage, the patriotism, or the constancy, of the Spaniards. The strength and spirit of Spain was broken; the enthusiasm was null, except in a few places, in consequence of the civil wars, and intestinal divisions.

incited by the monks and British hirelings ; and the emperor was, with respect to the Spaniards, perfectly master of operations. He was in the centre of the country ; he held the capital, the fortresses, the command of the great lines of communication between the provinces ; and on the wide military horizon no cloud interrupted his view, save the city of Saragossa on the one side, and the British army on the other. “ Sooner or later,” said the emperor, and with truth, “ Saragossa must fall.” The subjugation of Spain seemed inevitable, when, at this instant, the Austrian war broke out, and this master-spirit was suddenly withdrawn. England then put forth all her vast resources, and the genius and vigor of Sir John Moore, aided, most fortunately, by the absence of Napoleon, and the withdrawal of the strength of his army for the subjugation of the Peninsula ; and it was delivered from the French, after oceans of blood had been spilt and millions of treasure wasted, to fall into the hands of the not less tyrannical and oppressive English. “ But through what changes of fortune, by what unexpected helps, by what unlooked-for events,—under what difficulties, by whose perseverance, and in despite of whose errors,—let posterity judge ; for in that judgment,” says Napier, “ only will impartiality and justice be found.”

Tidings having reached the emperor that the Austrian army was about to invade France, he recalled a large portion of his army, and appointing

his brother Joseph to be his lieutenant-general, he allotted separate provinces to each corps d'armée, and directing the imperial guard to hasten to France, he returned to Valladolid, where he received the addresses of the nobles and deputies of Madrid, and other great towns; and after three days' delay, he departed himself, with scarcely any escort, but with such astonishing speed as to frustrate the designs which some Spaniards had, in some way, formed against his person.

The general command of the French army in Spain was left with Soult, assisted by Ney. This gallant general, bearing the title of the Duke of Dalmatia, commenced his pursuit of the English army with a vigor that marked his eager desire to finish the campaign in a manner suitable to its brilliant opening. Sir John Moore had arrived in Salamanca by the middle of November, and on the 23d the other divisions of the army had arrived at the stations assigned them. Sir David Baird had already reported himself at Astorga, when Moore received positive information that the French had entered Valladolid in great force. And this place was only three days' march distant from the British. At a glance, the great mind of Moore comprehended the full difficulty of his critical situation. In the heart of a foreign country, unsupported by the Spanish government, his army wanting the very necessaries of life, he found himself obliged to commence that retreat in winter, over mountains covered with snow,

which proved so fatal to the British army, or wait to meet the French troops, flushed with victory, and sustained by an overwhelming force. In vain he appealed to the junta of Salamanca for aid. In vain he endeavored to arouse the spirit of patriotism, which had shone forth so brightly in the first days of the insurrection. Instead of aiding him either to advance or retreat, they endeavored to direct him what course to pursue; and painted, with true Spanish pride and hyperbole, in glowing colors, what their armies had done, and what they could do. His camp was therefore struck, and he retreated through the rocks of Galicia, closely followed by the pursuing army. Whenever the advance guards of the enemy approached, the British rallied with vigor, and sustained their reputation for bravery; but they displayed a lamentable want of discipline in all other parts of their conduct. The weather was tempestuous; the roads miserable; the commissariat was utterly defective, and the very idea that they were retreating was sufficient to crush the spirits of the soldiery. At Bemibre, although the English well knew that the French were close behind, they broke into the immense wine-vaults of that city. All effort by their officers to control them was utterly useless. Hundreds became so inebriated as to be unable to proceed, and Sir John Moore was obliged to proceed without them. Scarcely had the reserve marched out of the village, when the French cavalry appeared. In a moment the road was filled with the miserable

stragglers, who came crowding after the troops, some with shrieks of distress and wild gestures, others with brutal exclamations; while many, overcome with fear, threw away their arms, and those who preserved them were too stupidly intoxicated to fire, and kept reeling to and fro, alike insensible to their danger and disgrace. The enemy's horsemen, perceiving this, bore at a gallop through the disorderly mob, cutting to the right and left as they passed, and riding so close to the columns that the infantry were forced to halt in order to protect them. At Villa Franca even greater excesses were committed; the magazines were plundered, the bakers driven away from the ovens, the wine-stores forced, the doors of the houses were broken, and the scandalous insubordination of the soldiers was, indeed, a disgrace to the army. Moore endeavored to arrest this disorder, and caused one man, taken in the act of plundering a magazine, to be hanged. He also endeavored to send despatches to Sir David Baird, directing him to Corunna, instead of Vigo; but his messenger became drunk and lost his despatches, and this act cost the lives of more than four hundred men, besides a vast amount of suffering to the rest of the army. An unusual number of women and children had been allowed to accompany the army, and their sufferings were, indeed, dreadful to witness. Clark, in his history of the war, gives a heart-rending account of the horrors of this retreat. "The mountains were now covered with snow; there was

neither provision to sustain nature nor shelter from the rain and snow, nor fuel for fire to keep the vital heat from total extinction, nor place where the weary and footsore could rest for a single hour in safety. The soldiers, barefooted, harassed and weakened by their excesses, were dropping to the rear by hundreds; while broken carts, dead animals, and the piteous appearance of women, with children, struggling or falling exhausted in the snow, completed the dreadful picture. It was still attempted to carry forward some of the sick and wounded;—the beasts that drew them failed at every step, and they were left to perish amid the snows.” “I looked around,” says an officer, “when we had hardly gained the highest point of those slippery precipices, and saw the rear of the army winding along the narrow road. I saw their way marked by the wretched people, who lay on all sides, expiring from fatigue and the severity of the cold, their bodies reddening in spots the white surface of the ground.” A Portuguese bullock-driver, who had served the English from the first day of their arrival, was seen on his knees amid the snow, dying, in the attitude and act of prayer. He had, at least, the consolations of religion, in his dying hour. But the English soldiers gave utterance to far different feelings, in their last moments. Shame and anger mingled with their groans and imprecations on the Spaniards, who had, as they said, betrayed them. Mothers found their babes sometimes frozen in their arms, and helpless infants were seen seeking for

nourishment from the empty breasts of their dead mothers. One woman was taken in labor upon the mountain. She lay down at the turning of an angle, rather more sheltered than the rest of the way from the icy sleet which drifted along ; there she was found dead, and two babes which she had brought forth struggling in the snow. A blanket was thrown over her, to hide her from sight,—the only burial that could be afforded ; and the infants were given in charge to a woman who came up in one of the carts, little likely, as it was, that they could survive such a journey.”

Soult hung close on the rear of this unfortunate army, and pursued them until they reached Corunna, on the 12th of January. As the morning dawned, the weary and unfortunate general, saddened by the dark scenes through which he had passed, sensible that the soldiers were murmuring at their retreat, unsupported by his Spanish allies, and well aware that rumor and envy and misunderstanding would be busy with his name in his own native land, appeared on the heights that overhung the town. With eager and anxious gaze, he turned to the harbor, hoping to perceive there his fleet, which he had ordered to sail from Vigo. But the same moody fortune which had followed him during his whole career pursued him here. The wintry sun looked down upon the foaming ocean, and only the vast expanse of water met his view. The fleet, detained by contrary winds, was nowhere visible ; and once more he was obliged

to halt with his forces, and take up quarters. The army was posted on a low ridge, and waited for the French to come up. The sadness of the scene was by no means passed. Here, stored in Corunna, was a large quantity of ammunition, sent over from England, and for the want of which both the Spanish and English forces had suffered, and which Spanish idleness and improvidence had suffered to remain here for months, unappropriated. This must now be destroyed, or fall into the possession of the enemy. Three miles from the town were piled four thousand barrels of powder on a hill, and a smaller quantity at some distance from it. On the morning of the 13th, the inferior magazine blew up, with a terrible noise, and shook the houses in the town ; but when the train reached the great store, there ensued a crash like the bursting forth of a volcano ;—the earth trembled for miles, the rocks were torn from their bases, and the agitated waters rolled the vessels, as in a storm ; a vast column of smoke and dust, shooting out fiery sparks from its sides, arose perpendicularly and slowly to a great height, and then a shower of stones and fragments of all kinds, bursting out of it with a roaring sound, killed many persons who remained too near the spot. Stillness, slightly interrupted by the lashing of the waves on the shore, succeeded, and then the business of the day went on. The next scene was a sad one. All the horses of the army were collected together, and, as it was impossible to embark them in face of the enemy, they

were ordered to be shot. These poor animals would otherwise have been distributed among the French cavalry, or used as draft-horses.

On the 14th, the transports from Vigo arrived. The dismounted cavalry, the sick and wounded, the best horses, belonging to the officers, which had been saved, and fifty-two pieces of artillery, were embarked during the night, only retaining twelve guns on shore, ready for action. And now the closing scene of this sad drama was rapidly approaching, giving a melancholy but graceful termination to the campaign.

On the night of the 15th, everything was shipped that was destined to be removed, excepting the fighting men. These were intending to embark, as soon as the darkness should permit them to move without being perceived, on the night of the 16th ; but in the afternoon the French troops drew up, and offered battle. This the English general would not refuse, and the action soon became general. The battle was advancing, with varied fortune, when Sir John Moore, who was earnestly watching the result of the battle in the village of Elvina, received his death-wound. A spent cannon-ball struck him on his breast. The shock threw him from his horse, with violence ; but he rose again, in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed on the regiments before him, and betraying no signs of pain. In a few moments, when satisfied that his troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he

suffered himself to be carried to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces ; the arm was hanging by a piece of skin ; the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, a staff officer, who was near, attempted to take it off ; but the dying man stopped him, saying, " It is as well as it is ; I had rather it should go out of the field with me." And in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, he was borne from the fight by his devoted men, who went up the hill weeping as they went. The blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great ; yet, such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him judged, from the resolution of his countenance, that his hurt was not mortal, and said so to him. He looked steadfastly at the wound for a few moments, and then said, " No,—I feel that to be impossible." Several times he caused his attendants to turn around, that he might behold the field of battle ; and, when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted his bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeon examined his wound, but there was no hope. The pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. Addressing an old friend, he said, " You know that I always wished to die this way."

Again he asked if the enemy were defeated ; and being told that they were, observed, " It is a great satisfaction to me that we have beaten the French." Once, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated. It was the only time. He inquired after his friends and officers who had survived the battle, and did not even now forget to recommend those whose merit entitled them to promotion. His strength failed fast ; and life was almost extinct, when he exclaimed, as if in that dying hour the veil of the future had been lifted, and he had seen the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, " I hope the people of England will be satisfied ; I hope my country will do me justice." In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff, in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honors, and the valiant Duke of Dalmatia, with a characteristic nobleness, raised a monument to his memory. The following is so beautiful and touching a description of his burial, that we cannot refrain from quoting it, even though it may be familiar to most of our readers. It was written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, of Dublin.

" Not a drum was heard — not a funeral note —
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

" We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

- “No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
- “Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And bitterly thought of the morrow.
- “We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o’er his head,
And we far away on the billow.
- “Lightly they ’ll talk of the spirit that ’s gone,
And o’er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he ’ll reckon, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
- “But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring
And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy, suddenly firing.
- “Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line — we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory.”

The battle was continued until dark, under great disadvantages on the part of the French, owing to the difficulty they experienced in dragging their heavy cannon on to the heights, and their small amount of ammunition. The French loss has been estimated at three thousand, and the British at eight hundred; but the loss of the French was undoubtedly exaggerated. The English availed themselves of the darkness and the confusion among the enemy to embark their troops; and so complete were the ar-

rangements of Sir John Hope, who succeeded to the command, that it was all effected, without delay or difficulty, before morning. The wounded were provided for, and the fleet, although fired upon by the French, sailed on the 17th for their home in England.

But their trials were not yet closed. It was Sir John Moore's intention to have proceeded to Vigo, that he might restore order before he sailed for England, but the fleet went directly home from Corunna, and a terrible storm scattered it, many ships were wrecked, and the remainder, driving up the channel, were glad to put into any port. The soldiers thus thrown on shore were spread all over the country. Their haggard appearance, ragged clothing, and dirty accoutrements, struck a people only used to the daintiness of parade with surprise. A deadly fever, the result of anxiety and of the sudden change from fatigue to the confinement of a ship, filled the hospitals at every port with officers and soldiers, and the terrible state of the army was the all-absorbing topic of conversation.

CHAPTER III.

Joseph Bonaparte again King of Spain. — His Difficulties with Soult. — Second Siege of Saragossa. — Another English Army, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, lands at Lisbon. — Battle of Talavera. — The English retire into Portugal. — Siege of Gerona. — Principal Events of the Campaign of 1810. — The English Troops make a Stand at Torres Vedras. — Retreat of Massena. — Siege of Cadiz. — Escape of French Prisoners. — Opening of the Campaign of 1811.

HAVING closed the history of this unfortunate army, let us now return to Spain. Joseph had returned, a nominal king, to Madrid. More than twenty-six thousand heads of families had come forward, of their own accord, and sworn, by the host, that they desired his presence amongst them. The marshals, under his directions, were pursuing the conquest of Spain with vigor. Though Joseph was nominally lieutenant-general, Soult was in reality at the head of operations. A modern writer, speaking of these two commanders, says Soult was crippled in all his movements, his sound policy neglected, and his best combinations thwarted, by Joseph. His operations in Andalusia and Estramadura, and the firmness with which he resisted the avarice of Joseph, all exhibited his well-balanced character. In Andalusia he firmly held his ground, although hedged in with hostile armies, and surrounded by an insurgent population, while a wide territory had to be covered with his troops.

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King Joseph could not comprehend the operations of such a mind as Soult's, and constantly impeded his success. When, without ruin to his army, the stubborn marshal could yield to his commands, he did ; but where the king's projects would plunge him into irredeemable errors, he openly and firmly withstood them. The anger and threats of Joseph were alike in vain. The inflexible old soldier professed his willingness to obey, but declared he would not, with his eyes open, commit a great military blunder. King Joseph would despatch loud and vehement complaints to Napoleon, but the emperor knew too well the ability of Soult to heed them. Had the latter been on the Spanish throne, the country would long before have been subdued, and the French power established.

We shall not enter into detail of all the operations in Spain. A short account of some of the principal battles we will give ; and, as we have already detailed the first siege of Saragossa, our readers may perhaps like to know the final fate of this devoted city. We quote from Headley's description of the second siege.

“The siege at Saragossa had been successively under the command of Moncey and Junôt. The camp was filled with murmurs and complaints. For nearly a month they had environed the town in vain. Assault after assault had been made ; and from the 2d of January, when Junôt took the command, till the arrival of Lannes in the latter part of the month,

every night had been distinguished by bloody fights; and yet the city remained unconquered. Lannes paid no heed to the murmurs and complaints around him, but immediately, by the promptitude and energy of his actions, infused courage into the hearts of the desponding soldiery. The decision he was always wont to carry into battle was soon visible in the siege. The soldiers poured to the assault with firmer purpose, and fought with more resolute courage. The apathy which had settled down on the army was dispelled. New life was given to every movement; and on the 27th, amid the tolling of the tower-bell, warning the people to the defence, a grand assault was made, and, after a most sanguinary conflict, the walls of the town were carried, and the French soldiers fortified themselves in the convent at St. Joseph's. Unyielding to the last, the brave Saragossans fought on, and, amid the pealing of the tocsin, rushed up to the very mouths of the cannons, and perished by hundreds and by thousands in the streets of the city. Every house was a fortress, and around its walls were separate battle-fields, where deeds of frantic valor were done. Day after day did these single-handed fights continue, while famine and pestilence walked the city at noonday, and slew faster than the swords of the enemy. The dead lay piled up in every street, and on the thick heaps of the slain the living mounted, and fought with the energy of despair for their homes and their liberty. In the midst of this incessant firing by

night and by day, and hand to hand fights on the bodies of the slain, ever and anon a mine would explode, blowing the living and dead, friend and foe, together in the air. An awful silence would succeed for a moment, and then, over the groans of the dying, would ring again the rallying cry of the brave inhabitants. The streets ran torrents of blood, and the stench of putrefied bodies loaded the air. Thus, for three weeks, did the fight and butchery go on, within the city walls, till the soldiers grew dispirited and ready to give up the hope of spoils, if they could escape the ruin that encompassed them. Yet theirs was a comfortable lot to that of the besieged. Shut up in the cellars with the dead, pinched with famine, while the pestilence rioted without mercy and without resistance, they heard around them the incessant bursting of bombs, and thunder of artillery, and explosions of mines, and crash of falling houses, till the city shook, night and day, as within the grasp of an earthquake. Thousands fell daily, and the town was a mass of ruins. Yet, unconquered and apparently unconquerable, the inhabitants struggled on. Out of the dens they had made for themselves among the ruins, and from the cellars where there were more dead than living, men would crawl to fight, who looked more like spectres than warriors. Women would work the guns, and, musket in hand, advance fearlessly to the charge; and hundreds thus fell, fighting for their homes and their firesides. Amid this scene of devastation,—

against this prolonged and almost hopeless struggle of weeks,— against the pestilence that had appeared in his own army, and was mowing down his own troops,— and, above all, against the increased murmurs and now open clamors of the soldiers, declaring that the siege must be abandoned till reinforcements could come up,— Lannes remained unshaken and untiring. The incessant roar and crash around him, the fetid air, the exhausting toil, the carnage and the pestilence, could not change his iron will. He had decreed that Saragossa — which had heretofore baffled every attempt to take it — should fall. At length, by a vigorous attempt, he took the convent of St. Laran, in the suburbs of the town, and planted his artillery there, which soon levelled the city around it with the ground. To finish this work of destruction by one grand blow, he caused six mines to be run under the main street of the city, each of which was charged with three thousand pounds of powder. But before the time appointed for their explosion arrived, the town capitulated. The historians of this siege describe the appearance of the city and its inhabitants, after the surrender, as inconceivably horrible. With only a single wall between them and the enemy's trenches, they had endured a siege of nearly two months by forty thousand men, and continued to resist after famine and pestilence began to slay faster than the enemy. Thirty thousand cannonballs and sixty thousand bombs had fallen in the city, and fifty-four thousand of the inhabitants had per-

ished. Six thousand only had fallen in combat, while forty-eight thousand had been the prey of the pestilence. After the town had capitulated, but twelve thousand were found able to bear arms, and they looked more like spectres issuing from the tomb than like living warriors.

“Saragossa was taken; but what a capture! As Lannes rode through the streets at the head of his victorious army, he looked only on a heap of ruins, while six thousand unburied corpses lay in his path. Sixteen thousand lay sick, while on the living famine had written more dreadful characters than death had traced on the fallen. Infants lay on the breasts of their dead mothers, striving in vain to draw life from bosoms that would never throb again. Attenuated forms, with haggard faces and sunken eyes and cheeks, wandered around among the dead to search for their friends; corpses, bloated with famine, lay stretched across the threshold of their dwellings, and strong-limbed men went staggering over the pavements, weak from want of food, or struck with the pestilence. Woe was in every street, and the silence in the dwellings was more eloquent than the loudest cries and groans. Death and famine and the pestilence had been there, in every variety of form and suffering. But the divine form of Liberty had been there too, walking amid those mountains of corpses and ruins of homes, shedding her light through the subterranean apartments of the wretched, and, with her cheering voice, animating the thrice-conquered,

yet still unconquered, to another effort, and blessing the dying as they prayed for their beloved city. But she was at last compelled to take her departure, and the bravest city of modern Europe sunk in bondage. Still her example lives, and shall live to the end of time, nerving the patriot to strike and suffer for his home and freedom, and teaching man everywhere how to die in defending the right. A wreath of glory surrounds the brow of Saragossa, fadeless as the memory of her brave defenders. Before their achievements,—the moral grandeur of their firm struggle, and the depth and intensity of their sufferings,—the bravery and perseverance of the French sink into forgetfulness. Yet theirs was no ordinary task, and it was by no ordinary means that it was executed.”

The English had by no means relinquished their designs upon the Peninsula. The successes of Napoleon and his victorious army but served to stimulate their hatred of the French, and spur them on to further efforts. Another army was accordingly collected, and placed under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who landed in Lisbon on the 22d of April, 1809. The force under his command was fourteen thousand five hundred infantry, fifteen hundred cavalry, and twenty-four pieces of artillery. The passage of the river Dwero was his first contest with the French. In this he was successful, and his success opened to him the gates of Oporto. Soon after occurred the celebrated battle of Talavera.

King Joséph was himself nominally at the head of his troops; but Marshal Victor was, in reality, the leader. Victor and Soult had both laid their plans before the king, and urged them with all the eloquence they were capable of. So sure was Victor of the victory, should his advice be followed, that he said that, if his plans should fail, all military science was useless. The event proved, however, that Soult was correct.

“The morning dawned beautifully clear, but a July sun poured down its burning heat, until the soldiers were glad to seek shelter from its rays in the quiet shade. Between the camps of the two armies flowed a little murmuring rivulet, and, as the French and English met there to slake their thirst, pleasant words passed between them. Familiar conversation, the light laugh and the gay jest, were heard on every side. But, about one o’clock, the deep rolling of drums along the French lines announced to the allies that the hour had come when those who had met to slake their thirst in those quiet waters were soon to mingle to quell in blood their thirst for strife. They, too, prepared for combat; and, when the loud booming of the guns gave the signal that the battle was commenced, eighty cannon opened their destructive fire, and the light troops went sweeping onward with the rapidity of a thunder-cloud over the heavens, while the deep, dark columns marched sternly after, and charged, with terrible strength, the English lines. Then all along their fronts the deep-mouthed guns

opened their well-directed fire, and the infantry responded to the furious attack with their rapid volleys, as they closed around the head of the advancing columns, enveloping them in one sheet of flame, that streamed like billows along their sides. It was too much for human courage to endure; and, after bravely breasting the storm, they were obliged to fall back in disorder.

“After various successes and reverses, the French seemed about to gain the day. The English centre was broken, and Victor’s columns marching triumphantly through it. Just at this juncture, when the English were scattering on every side, Colonel Donellan, anxious to save the honor of his army, was seen advancing through the disordered masses, at the head of the 48th regiment. The retiring masses on every side pressed hard against these brave soldiers, and it seemed, at first, as though they must be carried away by them; but, wheeling back by companies, they opened to let the fugitives pass, and then, pursuing their proud and beautiful line, they marched straight upon the pursuing columns on the right side, and poured their rapid fire into the dense ranks. Closing on the foe with steadiness and firmness, these few soldiers arrested the progress of the entire mass. Then their artillery opened its fire upon them, and the cavalry rallied, and rode round to charge their flanks; and, after a short and earnest warfare, the tide of success turned, and victory, which seemed a moment before in the hands of the French, was

wrested from their grasp, amid the loud shouts and earnest cheerings of the British. Their troops retired in good order to their former position, and at six o'clock the battle had closed. And now, as both parties were preparing to remove their wounded, and pay the last sad duties to the dead, one of those terrible events occurred which sometimes come to shock the human soul, and overrun a cup of misery already full. Hardly had the last troops withdrawn from the scene of contest, when the long dry grass took fire, and one broad flame swept furiously over the field, wrapping the dead and wounded together in its fiery mantle. The shrieks of the scorched and writhing victims, that struggled up through the thick folds of smoke that rolled darkly over them, were far more appalling than the uproar of battle, and carried consternation to every heart that heard. Two thousand men were killed on both sides, and eight thousand wounded."*

Soon after, the army effected a junction with Soult, and Sir Arthur Wellesley was obliged to retreat. He obtained, however, a promise from the Spanish general that the English wounded should be removed from the hospitals of Talavera to some other place. But this promise, like too many others, was shamefully violated; and he left the place, abandoning them all to the mercy of the enemy. When Victor entered the town, he found the public square covered with the sick and maimed of both armies, scattered

* Headley.

around on the pavement, without any one to care for them. He immediately sent his soldiers into the houses, commanding the inhabitants to receive the wounded sufferers. He ordered that one English and one French soldier should be lodged together, — thus softening the asperities of war, and setting an example to his foes which they would have done well to follow. If the Spanish had refused to care for the sick and wounded of their allies, they showed scarcely more consideration for the men on whose success their own safety depended. They refused to supply them with provisions. The soldiers were weakened by hunger, and the sick dying for want of necessary succor. Half a pound of wheat in the grain, and, twice a week, a few ounces of flour, with a quarter of a pound of goat's flesh, formed the sole subsistence of men and officers. The goats were caught and killed by the troops; and it was so difficult to procure even these, that the mere offal of a goat would bring three or four dollars. Sir Arthur's warm remonstrances to the Spanish junta were answered only by promises. The soldiers were murmuring at their bad treatment; and, when pestilence broke out in the army, and five thousand men died in their hospitals, Wellesley, deeming it useless to struggle longer against the force of circumstances, judged it best again to evacuate Spain, and withdraw his troops into Portugal. However lightly the English had, in anticipation, regarded the bravery of the French troops, experience — that stern and truthful monitor

—had taught them that they were an enemy not to be despised, and that Soult, their chief commander, was as skilful, and, as a tactician, fully equal to Wellington. Many English writers, in speaking of Wellington, have drawn a parallel between him and Napoleon, because he was commander-in-chief when the battle of Waterloo was won. Yet this long struggle between the English general and Soult, in Spain, in which he was as often defeated as conqueror, shows conclusively that the French and English commanders were well matched, — that there was little to choose between them; and who would think, even for a moment, of instituting a comparison of equality between Napoleon and Soult?

We cannot follow the Spaniards, in all their operations, after the English forces had been withdrawn; marked, as they often were, by want of courage, and oftener by want of skill and foresight in their arrangements. The Partida warfare was now instituted, and many of the French troops were cut off in this way; yet the system was a decided injury to Spain. The heroic defence of Saragossa, already recorded, and the almost equally courageous one of Gerona, rise as bright spots on the dark page of Spanish history, and are well worthy of a name and place in this history. Most of the siege of Gerona we shall take the liberty to extract from Tucker's *Life of Wellington*.

Gerona is a city of Catalonia, situate on the little river Onar. It is protected by four forts, upon the high ground above it. Its principal defence, how-

ever, was the citadel, called the Monjuie. This is a square fort, two hundred and forty yards in length on each side, with four bastions. The garrisons consisted of three thousand four hundred men, commanded by Mariano Alvarez,—a man at once noble, brave, and humane. Alvarez, who knew that he could place small dependence on reinforcements from without, gave every encouragement to the feelings of the citizens to defend their town to the last extremity. For this purpose, he formed them into eight companies of one hundred men each. Nor was the enthusiasm of the defence shared alone by the men. Maids and matrons also enrolled themselves in an association, which they termed the Company of St. Barbara, to perform whatever lay in their power. Alvarez knew full well the power which superstition would exert on the minds of the bigoted Spaniards. He, therefore, invested St. Narcis, the patron saint of the Geronans, with the insignia of generalissimo of all their forces, by land and by sea. This was done on the Sabbath; and the shrine of the saint was opened, and a general's staff, a sword and richly-ornamented belt, were deposited with his holy relics. Such was the joy and excitement of the Spaniards, that one of their writers says, "It seemed as if the glory of the Lord had descended and filled the church, manifesting that their devotion was approved and blessed by heaven."

A proclamation was also issued by Alvarez, forbidding all persons, of whatever rank, from speaking

of capitulation, on pain of immediate death. This was received, both by the garrison and people, with acclamation.

The city was closely invested by eighteen thousand French, under the command of General Verdier, on the 6th of May, on the heights of Casa Roca, where they erected a battery of eleven mortars, and began to form their first line of circumvallation. The garrison was too weak to make a sally, or otherwise prevent them. A flag of truce was sent, with the conditions on which the French would leave the city; but the only reply it drew forth was, that the Geronans would hold no communication with the French, but at the cannon's mouth. At one o'clock on the morning of June 14th, the bombardment commenced. As soon as the first shell struck, the loud tones of the *generale* resounded through the streets, and every one flew to his post. The female Company of St. Barbara, so far from shrinking from danger, sought everywhere those spots where most was anticipated. What bravery or daring could do was done; yet two castles were yielded up, after a brave but vain resistance. Palamas was also carried by assault. Very few of the garrison escaped, and those only by throwing themselves into the sea. In July, three batteries kept up an incessant fire upon three sides of the Monjuie. By one of these discharges the angle on which the Spanish flag was planted was cut off, and the flag prostrated into the ditch below. In an instant, a man was lowered down from the walls to

regain it. Balls fell like hail around him ; yet, apparently unmindful of the dangers to which he was exposed, he calmly descended, and, having recovered the prostrate banner, returned to his comrades unhurt, and again hoisted it on the walls.

A breach was now made in the walls so wide that forty men might enter abreast. The works progressed with more rapidity, as the fire of the besieged had entirely ceased. It was not that Gerona was conquered, but, finding that their ammunition was growing short, they prudently reserved it until the nearer approach of the enemy should make it more efficient. On the morning of the 8th, about three o'clock, the French, under cover of a most tremendous bombardment, again assaulted the city. Six thousand men marched up to the breach, and endeavored to rush through ; but, concealed there in the ruins of the ravelin, lay a mortar, which discharged five hundred musket-balls every shot. As they advanced, it was turned upon them, and their way was soon impeded by the slain. Three times during that day the assault was repeated, with the utmost resolution, by the assailants ; and three times were they obliged to retire before the heroic defenders of Gerona, leaving sixteen hundred men lifeless on the field of battle. But the effect of that dreadful attack was severely felt by the besieged. The tower of St. Juan had been blown up, and only twenty-three of its brave little garrison remained alive.

An instance of extraordinary heroism, in a youth,

ful drummer, which occurred during the assault, deserves to be recorded. His name was Luciana Ancio, and he belonged to the artillery. He was stationed to give the alarm, when a shell was thrown. A ball struck his leg off to the knee, and felled him to the ground. Some women, who saw him fall, hastened to remove him to a place of greater safety; but he refused, saying, "No, no! my arms are left, and I can still beat the drum to give my comrades warning in time to save themselves." Heaven seemed to smile upon his bravery; for he alone, of all those who suffered an amputation of the thigh during the siege, recovered.

The Company of St. Barbara were everywhere to be seen, covered with dust and blood, under the burning heat of a July sun. Those courageous women, through an incessant fire of the batteries and the musketry, carried water and wine to the soldiers, and bore back the wounded. Every day produced acts of heroism equally conspicuous, for the attack continued with unabated force. The sharp-shooters of the enemy were stationed thickly in the trenches; and so fatal was their aim, that for any of the garrison to be seen, only for a moment, was certain death. And, although the sentinels were changed every half-hour, nine were killed, in one day, at one post; and, after this, it was only possible to observe what the enemy were about, by some one in the force lifting up his head, and taking a momentary glance.

Early in August, the besiegers had pushed their

parallels to the very edge of the fosse , but here their efforts were delayed, because the nature of the soil obliged them to bring earth from some distance to finish their works. About this time, Castellar de la Silva, at the head of fifteen hundred men, attempted to throw supplies into the city; but no precautions could escape the watchful eye of the besiegers. The convoy was seized, and only five hundred men, of the fifteen hundred who defended it, lived to tell the tale.

The main attacks of the besiegers were now directed against the ravelin, which had become the chief defence of Monjuie. Attempts were made, night after night, to storm it; but in vain. It was mined, but, as the breastwork was wholly of earth, the explosion did no injury. A battery was planted against it, and a sally was made by the besieged, hoping to destroy it. This attack was headed by a priest. He was fired upon, and fell. One of the French officers, at the risk of his own life, protected him from further injury. But his humanity cost him his life. One of the Spaniards, mistaking his object, cut him down. The guns of the battery were spiked; but this brave attack was of little use, for the French were well supplied with artillery, and fresh guns were soon mounted, and played upon the gate and ravelin.

For thirty-seven days had this fierce conflict been sustained. The numbers of the besieged were greatly reduced; the hospitals were filled to overflowing,

and pestilence, with all its horrors, spread unchecked, on every side. Yet this was not all. Grim, gaunt famine was among them, and began to be severely felt. Of all their stores, only some wheat and a little flour remained. Still, there was no thought of capitulation, although every day diminished their little stock. On the 19th of September, another general assault was made, and as bravely met. "Frequently," says Southey, "such was the press of conflict, and such the passion that inspired them, that, impatient of the time required for reloading their muskets, the defendants caught up stones from the breach, and hurled upon their enemies these readier weapons. Four times the assault was repeated in the course of two hours, and at every point the enemy was beaten off. The noble Alvarez, during the whole assault, hastened from post to post, wherever he was most needed, providing everything, directing all, and encouraging all. Eight hundred of the besiegers fell, on this memorable day. A glorious success had been gained, yet it brought with it no rest, — no respite, — scarcely a prolongation of hope. There was no wine to cheer the wearied soldiery, when they returned from the assault — not even bread. A scanty mess of pulse, or corn, with a little oil, or morsel of bacon, in its stead, was all that could be served out; and even this was the gift of families, who shared with the soldiers their little stores. "What matters it?" was the answer of these heroes to the lament of the inhabitants that they had nothing

better to give ; “if the food fail, the joy of having saved Gerona will give us strength to go on.” Every day, every hour, added to the distress of the besieged. Their flour was exhausted, and, for want of other animal food, mules and horses were slaughtered, and sent to the shambles. A list was made of all within the city, and they were taken by lot. Fuel became exceedingly scarce ; yet such was the patriotism of the people, that the heaps placed at the corners of the streets, to illuminate them in case of danger, remained untouched. A glimmering of hope still remained that the city might be supplied with provisions by the army of Blake ; but even this faint hope was cut off when Marshal Augereau superseded St. Cyr in the control of the siege,—for his first act was to take possession of Haslatrich, at which place Blake had stored the greater part of his magazines. Augereau sent letters to the city threatening an increase of horrors in case the siege was prolonged, and offering them an armistice of a month, with provisions for that time, if Alvarez would then capitulate ; but these terms were rejected with scorn. Hitherto, the few animals which had remained had been led out to feed near the burying-ground ; but this was no longer possible, and the wretched animals gnawed the hair from each other’s bodies. The stores of the citizens were now exhausted, and the food for the hospitals was sometimes seized on the way, by the famishing populace. Provisions were prepared in the French camp, and held out to the garrison as a

temptation to desert; and yet, during the whole siege, only ten so deserted.

At length, human nature could endure no more. The chief surgeon presented to Alvarez a report on the state of the city. It was, indeed, a fearful one. It stated that "not a single house remained in a habitable state" in Gerona. The people slept in cellars, and vaults, and holes, amid the ruins; and the wounded were often killed in the hospital by the enemy's fire. The streets were broken up, so that the rain-water and sewers had stagnated, and their pestilential breath was rendered more noxious by the dead bodies which lay perishing in the ruins. The incessant thunder of artillery had affected the atmosphere, and vegetation had stopped. The fruit withered on the trees, and nothing would grow. Within the last three days, says the report, five hundred of the garrison alone have died in the hospitals, and the pestilence is still raging unchecked. "If, by these sacrifices," say its authors, in conclusion, "deserving forever to be the admiration of history,—and if, by consummating them with the lives of us, who, by the will of Providence, have survived our comrades,—the liberty of our country can be secured, happy shall we be, in the bosom of eternity, and in the memory of all good men, and happy will be our children among their fellow-countrymen."

Alvarez himself could do no more. Yet would he not yield to the enemy; but, being seized with a delirious fever, his successor in command yielded the city

on honorable terms, on the 10th of December, the siege having lasted seven months Alvarez died soon after, and the central junta awarded honors and titles to his family, and exempted the whole city from taxation.

The surrender of this devoted city closed the campaign for 1809. The principal events of the campaign of 1810 were the battle of Busaco, in which the English gained the victory, and the retreat of the French Marshal Massena. For four months and a half, Massena had continually followed the retreating forces of Wellington, until now he had retired beyond the lines of Torres Vedras. The English had been engaged on these lines a year, until they had at last rendered them almost impregnable. They consisted of three lines of intrenchments, one within another, extending for nearly thirty miles. On these lines were a hundred and fifty redoubts, and six hundred mounted cannon. Here Massena saw his enemy retire within these lines, and he then knew that his utmost efforts to dislodge him must prove abortive. Besides, Wellington here received reinforcements to his army, which increased it to one hundred and thirty thousand men.

Besides these defences, there were twenty British ships of the line, and a hundred transports, ready to receive the army, if forced to retire. Unwilling to retreat, Massena sat down with his army here, hoping to draw Wellington to an open battle. But he preferred waiting for an attack upon his intrenchments,

or to starve the enemy into a retreat. This he knew must soon be done. Wellington himself declares that Massena provisioned his sixty thousand men and twenty thousand horses, for two months, where he could not have maintained a single division of English soldiers. But his army was now reduced to starvation ; and he, driven to the last extremity, saw that he must either commence his retreat at once, or his famine-stricken army would be too weak to march. Arranging his troops into a compact mass, he placed the rear guard under the command of Ney, and retired from the Torres Vedras. Wellington immediately commenced the pursuit ; but, owing to the skilful arrangements of the French marshal, he found it impossible to attack him with success. Taking advantage of every favorable position, he would make a stand, and wait until the main body of the army had passed on, and then would himself fall back. Thus, for more than four months, did this retreat continue, until he arrived at the confines of Portugal, having lost more than one-third of his army. Many were the cruelties practised on this retreat. They have often been described, and form a dark spot on the English historian's page. All war is necessarily cruel ; and the desolation and barrenness that followed in the track of the French army, wasting the inhabitants by famine, were a powerful check on Wellington in his pursuit. The track of a retreating and starving army must always be covered with woe ; and one might as well complain

of the cruelty of a besieging force, because innocent women and children die by hunger.

The siege of Cadiz occupied the spring and summer of this year. During this siege, a tremendous tempest ravaged the Spanish coast, lasting four days. By it more than forty sail of merchantmen, besides three line-of-battle ships, were driven on shore. It was during this tempest that the French and Swiss on board the prison-ships in the harbor made their escape. "The storm was so great," writes one of the unhappy captives, "that we could not receive our supply of provision from the shore. Our signals of distress were wholly disregarded by the Spanish authorities; and, had it not been for the humanity of the British admiral, who sent his boats to their relief, many more of our miserable men must have perished. The pontoons in which these prisoners were confined were not properly secured; and the prisoners on board the *Castilla*, seeing that the wind and tide were in their favor, cut the cable, and, hoisting a sail which they had made from their hammocks, steered for the opposite coast. They were seven hundred in number, and most of them officers. English boats were sent against them, but they found the French were prepared. The ballast of the vessel in which they were confined was cannon-balls of twenty-four and thirty-six pounds' weight. These the French hurled by hand into the boats of their pursuers, and soon disabled them, so that the fugitives finally succeeded in escaping with but little loss.

The first two months of the year 1811 were most inauspicious for the Spanish cause. General Suchet possessed himself of Tortosa, and on the 23d of the same month Soult became master of Olivenza. On the same day died the Marquis de la Romana, one of the most skilful and noblest of the Spanish leaders ; and he had scarcely expired, before his army met with a signal defeat at Gebora.

CHAPTER IV.

The Author, with his Regiment, leaves Gibraltar, for Tarifa. — Dissensions between the Spanish and English Officers. — Battle of Barossa. — Retreat of the French. — Suffering of the Pursuing Army. — Guerillas. — Don Julian Sanchez. — Juan Martin Diaz. — Xavier Mina. — Continued Privations of the British Army. — Adventures of the Author in Search of Food. — Arrival of the Commissariat with Provisions. — Extravagant Joy of the Troops. — Departure of the British Army for Badajos.

HAVING given to my readers some slight sketches of the rise and progress of this war previous to the time when I first became an active participator in its scenes, I shall now continue it, with the history of my own adventures.

In looking back through the long series of years that have elapsed since those eventful days, there are few scenes that I can recall more vividly than that which occurred on the morning I left Gibraltar. It was my first experience of the kind, and, therefore, made a deeper impression than many after scenes, which might have been far more worthy of record than this. It was a beautiful morning, and everywhere the troops were in motion. Horses were brought out, our haggage prepared and sent on; the light jest and laugh and joke went freely round, serving, in many instances, to conceal the thoughts that longed for utterance. Farewells were exchanged, last words spoken; and, finally, all were prepared, the word given, and our gallant little army marched

out of Gibraltar. It was truly a brilliant sight; and the lively strains of our music contributed its share to make us forget that we were marching into a country at all times perilous, and now doubly so, to meet certain dangers, and, many of us, certain death. Yet these were in the future, and lost beneath the crowd of bright and joyous anticipations that kindled in our hearts as the last loud cheering of our comrades died away, and the walls of the far-famed city receded in the distance behind our onward march. Our course was directed to Tarifa; here we had orders to wait until the forces from Cadiz should come up. An expedition had been sent out from this city, consisting of ten thousand men, three thousand of whom were British, whose object was to drive the French general out of his lines. Victor, having heard of this project, enlarged and strengthened his own forces, which now amounted to about twenty thousand men, in Andalusia.

The allied army sailed from Cadiz on the 20th of February, for Tarifa; but, a storm arising soon after they left, they were driven past this port, and disembarked at Algeiras. They marched to Tarifa on the 23d, under the command of General Thomas Graham. Here we met; and, as we were more recently from home than these troops, we had many questions to answer, and much information both to give and receive. Before night, however, we had all our places assigned to us, and were now ready for our march. But the Spanish General La Pena had not

yet arrived ; and so we remained encamped here until the 27th, when he came up, with his forces ; and to him General Graham, for the sake of unanimity, ceded the chief command. All day we were busy in preparations for our morrow's march, expecting at its close to come within a short distance of the enemy's outposts. Early the next morning, our whole army was in motion. We moved forward about twelve miles, over the mountain ridges that descend from Ronda to the sea ; and then, having learned that the enemy were only four leagues distance, we halted, for the purpose of reorganizing the army. The command of the vanguard was given to Lardizabal, that of the centre to the Prince of Anglona, while General Graham had charge of the reserve, consisting of two Spanish regiments and the British troops. The cavalry of both nations, formed in one body, was commanded by Colonel Whittingham. The French army were encamped near Chiclana, narrowly observing the movements of the allied armies, and determined, at all events, to hold complete possession of the country.

The next day, March 2d, the vanguard of our army stormed Casa Viejas. Having gained this small place, and stationed here a regiment, we continued our march on the 3d and 4th.

Early in the morning of the 5th, as the advanced guards of our cavalry had proceeded a short distance from the main army, they suddenly came upon a squadron of French troops. Unfortunately for them,

several stone fences and enclosures prevented an immediate attack, so that the French had time to form into a square, and received their charge with great coolness and intrepidity. Their square was unbroken, although numbers had fallen on both sides. A second charge was equally unsuccessful, and the colonel of our cavalry was mortally wounded. Our men then judged it most prudent to fall back upon the main army, and no attempt was made to follow them by the enemy. An anxious look-out was instituted, but the foe did not again make his appearance, and at nine o'clock the same morning our commander took up his position on the heights of Barossa.

The hill of Barossa is a low ridge, creeping in from the coast about a mile and a half, and overlooking a high broken plain. On one side of this plain rise the huge coast cliffs, while the other is skirted by the deep forest of Chiclana. Directly in front, there lies a light pine wood, beyond which rises a long narrow height, called the Bermeja. There were two ways by which this might be reached; the first was through the woods, while the second was a narrow road directly under the coast cliffs.

I have already alluded to the fact, that, although the English and Spanish were fighting under the same banner, there was a great want of unanimity of feeling and opinion as to the course which ought to be pursued in ridding their country of their common foe. Nowhere, in the history of the war, was this more apparent than at the battle whose history I am

about to relate. The deep-seated pride of the Spanish made them unwilling to acknowledge or yield to the superiority of the British, or hardly to allow that they were at all indebted to them. A modern traveller tells us that, in a recent history of this war, which was, not long since, published in Spain, the British are not even mentioned, nor the fact of their assistance at all alluded to. It was impossible for two nations so unlike in their customs and manners, so different in language, religion, and education, to be so closely associated together as they were obliged to be, without occasions of dispute constantly occurring, which would, probably, have terminated in open rupture, had not the discipline of war prevented.

The fact that our gallant general had ceded the chief command to the weak and imperious Spanish commander had occasioned no little dissatisfaction among our men; while, from the conditions required of him by Graham, we may judge that that general himself did not pursue this course because he judged La Pena his superior in military tactics. These conditions were, that his army should make short marches; that they should be kept fresh for battle, and that they should never approach the enemy except in concentrated masses. Although the Spanish general had pledged his word of honor that these conditions should be fulfilled, how much attention he paid to them may be judged from the fact, that, on the day but one preceding this, we had marched fifteen hours, through bad roads; and, after

a short rest, had occupied the whole night in our march to Barossa. Before the troops had all arrived, or had any time for rest or refreshment, La Pena commanded the vanguard to march against San Petri, which lay about four miles distant. A detachment of the Spanish army, under Zayas, had, only two days before, commenced an intrenchment at this point; but had been surprised by the French, and driven back, so that the enemy now held possession of all the outposts down to the sea. But a short time had elapsed, after the departure of the vanguard, when we were startled by the roar of the artillery, whose rapid discharge, together with the quick volleys of musketry, showed us that a sharp engagement had already taken place. Lardizabal, — far more worthy of command than his superior, — notwithstanding the unfavorable situation in which he found himself placed, succeeded in forcing his way through the enemy's troops, leaving three hundred men dead on the field of battle, and in effecting a junction with Zayas. Graham now endeavored to persuade La Pena to occupy the heights of Barossa, as a superior position to the Bermeja. The Spanish general not only refused to listen to his representations, but sent an immediate order to General Graham to march through the wood to Bermeja with all the British troops. This order he obeyed, although it was in opposition to his own better judgment, leaving only two detachments at Barossa, under Major Brown, to guard the baggage. He would have left a stronger

force, had he not supposed that La Pena would remain in his present position, with his own troops, and would thus assist those detachments, in case of an attack. But scarcely had the British entered the wood, when La Pena, without the least notice to his colleague, with his whole army, took the sea road under the cliffs, and marched to San Petri, leaving Barossa crowded with baggage, within sight of the enemy, and guarded only by four guns and five battalions.

No sooner did Victor, the French general, observe its defenceless state, than he advanced with a rapid pace, and, ascending behind the hill, drove off the guard, and took possession of the whole stores and provisions of our army. Major Brown, finding his force wholly inadequate to face the enemy, slowly withdrew, having immediately despatched an aid-de-camp to inform General Graham of the attack. Our army had then nearly reached the Bermeja; but, as soon as the messenger arrived with the news, our general saw at once the necessity of taking the direction of affairs himself. Orders were immediately given to retrace our steps as rapidly as possible, ~~that~~ we might assist the Spanish army in its ~~defence~~. Judge, then, of the astonishment of our general, on reaching the plain, at the view that presented itself! One side of the heights was occupied by the French, while the Spanish rear-guard was flying, with their baggage, in great confusion, on the other. On one side of us lay the cavalry of the French, and, on the

other marching to the attack was a large body of troops, under Laval. "Where is La Pena?" was the first exclamation of our commander, as, casting his eye rapidly around, he could nowhere see the least trace of him. It was impossible that he could have been defeated. The cannonade would have been heard, or at least some fugitives have taken the direction of our army. Slowly the conviction forced itself upon his mind that he had been deserted. A general burst of indignation ran along our lines; but short time was allowed for feelings like these. Only one alternative existed, — a hasty retreat, or an immediate attack. It need hardly be said that Graham chose the latter.

Ten guns immediately opened their fire upon Laval's troops, and were promptly answered back by the artillery of the French. No time was given to the British to form with any attention to regiments; but, hastily dividing themselves into two masses, they rushed to the attack. The charge on the left was, indeed, a furious one, for we felt that conquest or death was the alternative. It was bravely met, however, on the part of the French. After the first discharge of artillery, the soldiers pressed rapidly onward, and were soon mingled with the foe in fierce and deadly conflict. The front ranks of the French were pressed back upon the second line, which, unable to withstand the shock, was broken in the same manner, and scattered in much confusion, only the chosen battalion remaining to cover the retreat.

Ruffin, who commanded the enemy on the right, had stationed his troops just within the wood, where they awaited, in perfect order, the division under Brown, who rushed with headlong haste to the contest. When they had nearly reached the wood, they discharged their musketry. Nearly half of Brown's detachment fell at the first fire; yet, nothing daunted, the remainder maintained their ground, until another detachment came to their aid. Then, mingling close in the dreadful combat, they pressed together to the brow of the hill, without either party gaining a decided advantage. Here the contest continued, with more bravery than before. The issue still remained quite doubtful, when the British, retiring a short distance, again rushed to the attack. Ruffin and Rousseau, the French leaders, both fell, mortally wounded, and the French were obliged to retire, leaving three of their guns in possession of their enemies. Discomfited but not disheartened, they withdrew again, re-formed, and rushed to the attack. But they found no slumbering foe. Our guns were well manned. Their fire was reserved until the enemy were close at hand, and then they were allowed to tell upon that living mass. The execution was terrible. Closely and rapidly, discharge followed discharge. Again and again were they summoned to the attack; but the lines had hardly closed over their dying comrades, when another volley would again send confusion and death among the advancing ranks. Victor saw it was useless to

struggle longer. The trumpet sounded, the contest stopped, and in less than an hour the English were again undisputed masters of Barossa.

And where, during this conflict, were the Spanish troops, in whose cause the British were so freely lavishing, not only treasure, but their own lives? Scarcely three miles away, the report of every round of musketry reached La Pena's ears. He knew that his ally was placed under great disadvantages; yet he could look idly on, not knowing, scarcely caring, apparently, how the contest should be decided. In vain did many of his brave troops mount their chargers, and wait only for the word of command to rush upon the enemy. He listened neither to the voice of honor nor to the entreaties of his officers, nor to the ill-repressed murmurings of the soldiery. No stroke in aid of the British was struck by a Spanish sabre that day; although one or two regiments, unable longer to contain their indignation, left without orders, and came up in season to witness the defeat of the French. And thus terminated the attack on Barossa. Scarcely two hours had passed from the first alarm before the French were retreating beyond our reach, for our troops were too much exhausted by their twenty-two hours' march, and their still longer fast, to think of pursuing. Yet, short as the conflict was, the terrible evidences of its fatality lay all around us. Fifty officers, sixty sergeants, and more than eleven hundred British soldiers, had fallen, while two thousand of the enemy

were either killed or wounded. Six guns, an eagle, two generals mortally wounded, and four hundred prisoners, fell into the power of the English. La Pena's conduct during this battle was complained of by our commander, and the Spanish cortes went through the forms of arresting him ; but he was soon after released, without investigation, and published what he called his justification, in which he blamed Graham severely for his disobedience of orders.

When the last of the enemy had disappeared in the distance, the troops were all summoned to the field of battle. We collected there, and gazed around with saddened hearts. Four hours ago, and there was not one, of all that now lay lifeless on that bloody field, whose heart did not beat as high as our own, whose hopes were not as brilliant ; and yet, their sun had now set forever ! I know of no sadder scene than a field of battle presents soon after the conflict, even though the glorious result may have filled our hearts with joy. When the roll is called, and name after name uttered without response, it cannot but awaken the deepest sensibility in the heart of the survivors. And then the hasty burial of the dead, and the hurried sending off the wounded, the surgeon's necessary operations, and the groans of the sufferers, all make us feel that these are the horrors of war. Before the battle is the rapid marching and counter-marching, and the enlivening strains of martial music, the encouraging words of the officers,—more than all, the excitement

which must exist in such a scene,—and all these serve to elevate and sustain the spirits. During the contest the excitement increases, until all sense of fear and danger is lost. But one thing is seen—the foe;—but one object exists—to conquer. When all these have passed away, and there is no longer aught to excite, then the eye opens on stern and dread reality, and we realize what we have escaped, and the pain and suffering ever attendant on such scenes. There is something awfully trying to the soul, when the last sad rites are being performed for those so lately buoyant in life and health,—especially when we meet with the corpses of those we have known and loved. I have seen many affecting instances of such recognitions. Among others that I might name, is that of a French captain of dragoons, who came over after the battle with a trumpet, and requested permission to search among the dead for his colonel. His regiment was a fine one, with bright brass helmets and black horse-hair, bearing a strong resemblance to the costume of the ancient Romans. Many of our own soldiers accompanied him in his melancholy search. It was long before we found the French colonel, for he was lying on his face, his naked body weltering in blood. As soon as he was turned over, the captain recognized him. He uttered a sort of agonizing scream, sprang off his horse, dashed his helmet on the ground, knelt by the body, and, taking the bloody hand in his own, kissed it many times, in an agony of grief. He seemed

entirely to forget, in his sorrow, that any one was present. We afterwards learned that the colonel had, in his youth, done him a great service, by releasing him from the police when evil company had led him to the commission of some crime. It was his first act of the kind ; and gratitude to the colonel led to an immediate enlistment in his corps. From that hour he had been to the captain as a father, and it was through his influence that he had attained his present rank in the army. The scene was truly an affecting one ; and it was with feelings of deep sympathy that we assisted him in committing the body to the earth.

Our gallant commander remained on the field of battle all that day ; and when all the last sad duties were performed, and as many of the commissariat mules as could be found were gathered in, we marched from the scene of our late victory, and took up our position behind the Isla. The news of our victory was received in England with much joy, and our own regiment, the 28th, was spoken of with peculiar honor. These contests in Spain called forth much newspaper praise, and awakened the lyre of many a poet in the halls of old England. Perhaps the following lines from Southey, written on this battle, may be acceptable to the reader :

“ Though the four quarters of the world have seen
The British valor proved triumphantly
Upon the French, in many a field far famed,
Yet may the noble island in her rolls
Of glory write Barossa's name. For there

Not by the issue of deliberate plans,
Consulted well, was the fierce conflict won,—
Nor by the leader's eye intuitive,
Nor force of either arm of war, nor art
Of skilled artillerist, nor the discipline
Of troops to absolute obedience trained,—
But by the spring and impulse of the heart,
Brought fairly to the trial, when all else
Seemed like a wrestler's garment thrown aside.
By individual courage, and the sense
Of honor, their old country's and their own,
There to be forfeited, or there upheld, —
This warmed the soldier's soul, and gave his hand
The strength that carries with it victory.
More to enhance their praise, the day was fought
Against all circumstance ; a painful march
Through twenty hours of night and day prolonged
Forespent the British troops, and hope delayed
Had left their spirits palled. But when the word
Was given to turn, and charge, and win the heights
The welcome order came to them like rain
Upon a traveller in the thirsty sands.
Rejoicing, up the ascent, and in the front
Of danger, they with steady step advanced,
And with the insupportable bayonet
Drove down the foe. The vanquished victor saw,
And thought of Talavera, and deplored
His eagle lost. But England saw, well pleased,
Her old ascendancy that day sustained;
And Scotland, shouting over all her hills,
Among her worthies ranked another Graham."

The brilliant success gained on the heights of Barossa was but the prelude of other victories. The star of Napoleon, so long in the ascendant, had begun to decline in the horizon. Obligated to draw off many of his troops, those that remained felt the want of his guiding hand. Division reigned in the councils of his generals; and the British leader, ever ready to take advantage, and ever on the watch for opportu

nity, saw his favorable moment, and followed it up. The French had retreated from Portugal, followed at every step by the army of the English. After the battle of Barossa, Graham had withdrawn from the command of our army, and joined that of Wellington, while Sir Thomas Picton took his place. We remained for a number of days near our position, while these changes were taking place, and then orders arrived that we should proceed at once to the mountains of the Sierra Morena, to assist in harassing the retreat of the French. We had scarcely commenced our march when our provisions began to fail, owing to the conduct of the Portuguese government, who would not supply their troops with provisions; and so they were unable to continue the pursuit, while numbers were perishing for want of food. Our generals could not see their allies suffering thus, and our own supplies were shared with them, and we were all put upon short allowance. Half a pound of bread, and half a pound of salt pork, was all that we received for a day's provision. And we were ascending mountains covered with woods and deep forests, infested by guerillas, who often fell upon and murdered our men, if they strayed away from the ranks. To prevent this was impossible; for, if there were provisions in the country, men in our starving condition would not fail to obtain them; but scarcely anything could be found, at this season. The French army were also suffering for want of food, and, as they preceded us in their retreat, they either devoured or

destroyed everything that could sustain life. The poor peasants on their route fled from their homes, and shrunk equally from French and English, for they well knew that either would equally deprive them of the little they possessed. - The sufferings of the peasantry were truly terrible. In the third day of our march, a scene occurred which I shall never forget. We were slowly toiling up a huge mountain, so exhausted, from fatigue and want, that we could hardly proceed. When about half-way to the summit, we perceived before us a large house. Some of our men hastened to it at once, hoping to procure some provision. The slight fastenings of the door soon yielded to their eager haste, and they were about to rush in, when their steps were arrested by the misery the scene presented. The floor was covered with persons in a state of actual starvation. Thirty women and children had already expired; and, scattered around among the corpses, lay fifteen or sixteen more wretched beings, still breathing, but unable to speak. Hungry as we were, the hearts of the soldiers were moved at the scene, and our next day's provision was cheerfully contributed to rescue them from death. But this kindness could only delay their fate. They were too weak to seek for more food; they had scarcely strength to eat the little we could offer them; and it is more than probable that every one perished.

The next day my comrade, who had been fast failing, declared himself unable to proceed. He was a

fine fellow,— one that I had known in Ireland, and to whom I was much attached. Feeble as we were, we could not leave him behind, and we carried him a short distance; but he soon died. Permission was given us to carry him a little way from the camp to bury him. We hollowed out a shallow grave, wrapped him in his blanket, and left him to his fate. Near the spot where we interred him was a small house, which we entered, and were fortunate enough to obtain a little wine. While in the house, we heard a scream, as of fear. We hastened out, and saw several of our soldiers running swiftly towards the camp, from the place where we had interred our comrade. They had dug him up, for the purpose of robbing him of his blanket. As they were ripping it open, the knife entered the flesh, and he began to struggle. It was this that had so frightened them. We went to the poor fellow, finished removing his blanket, and found that he was still alive. Want and fatigue had produced a state of insensibility resembling death, from which he had been aroused by the pain of his wound. We shared with him the little wine we had obtained, which so revived him that he was able to accompany us back from his own funeral. He soon after recovered, and returned home to Ireland.

A day or two after this occurrence, I left the company, with one of my companions, and went higher up the mountain, in search of wild pigs, which are sometimes found there. This was absolutely

against our orders; but, as we were literally starving to death, the consequences of disobedience, and the dangers of our journey, weighed but little in the balance. I agreed to search one side of the mountain, while he ascended the other, and we were to meet at the top. When about half-way up the mountain, I was stopped by a ball whizzing close past my ear. Thinking that it might be my comrade, who did not see me, I turned, and, looking around, soon saw the green feather of my assailant, projecting over a rock. At this I was somewhat alarmed; for he was so completely hid behind the rock that I could not fire at him, and I knew that he was reloading his musket. In a moment more he fired again, but, fortunately for me, his musket flashed in the pan. There was still only his feather in sight; at this I fired, and struck it. I then reloaded as hastily as possible, and advanced cautiously up the mountain, hoping to get sight of him. As I was coming round the point of the rock, he sprang forward, laid down his gun, spread out his arms, and exposed himself to my shot. I knew, by his motions, that he had no ammunition, and as I had no desire to kill him, I fixed my bayonet on my gun, as if I would make a charge, and then advanced towards him, in a friendly manner. But, when I was within twice the length of my gun from him, he picked up his musket and attacked me. Darting back to avoid his bayonet, I fired my own gun, and he fell to the ground. I examined his knapsack, and found that it bore the mark of the 95th

rifle brigade of our own division. He was a guerilla, and had doubtless killed the man whose knapsack he bore. I examined his canteen, and found, to my great surprise, a pint of Jamaica brandy. In my exhausted state, this was a discovery which gave me the greatest pleasure. I took some of it, and, feeling quite refreshed, pursued my search for game. I had not gone far before I discovered a small pig, which I succeeded in shooting. This I carried with me to the top of the mountain, where I found my comrade awaiting me. He had been less successful than myself, having found nothing. He asked me how I had fared. I told him that I had shot an old hog and a little pig, at which he expressed great pleasure. I then showed him the contents of the canteen, which he joyfully shared with me; and, having related my adventure, we retraced our steps to the camp. We concealed our treasure as well as we were able; but, notwithstanding all our care, the first person we saw, on our return, was the adjutant. He came up to us, and demanded where we had been. Upon the mountain, in search of food, was my reply. He told me, if he should report us, as he was required to do, we should be shot for disobeying orders. I answered, that it made little difference with us; it would only hasten affairs, as it was impossible to survive much longer without food. "Did you find any?" he asked. We showed him our prize. He would gladly have purchased it of us; but food, in our condition, was far more precious than money,

and we refused his offer of a doubloon, with the assurance that five would be no temptation to part with it. But, on arrival at our quarters, as we were cutting up the pig, gratitude for his kindness, in not reporting us, so far overcame our selfishness, that we sent him a quarter of it. The remainder made our mess a fine meal; and we certainly were never in a better condition to estimate the value of food than when we devoured the little pig of the Morena.*

I have alluded to the annoyance by guerillas, or, as they were sometimes called, Partidas. These were principally, at first, Spanish peasants, who, unable to present any efficient force against the French, and unwilling to submit to them, threw themselves into the mountains, and, being well acquainted with all the passes and hiding-places, did the French much damage, by cutting off their communications, robbing their stores, and murdering every one who dared to stray from the main army. As the war proceeded, their numbers were enlarged by all those who were weary of the restraints of law;—every robber that feared a jail, or could break from one; every smuggler whose trade had been interrupted,—and there were thousands of these, as there still are, in Spain; every one who was weary of the restraints of his life, and sought for excitement; and all idlers who preferred the wild and reckless daring of these troops to the drill and watch of the army, were found either as associate or chief in these bands. They soon became regularly organized, chose their chiefs,

and had watchwords, by which they could obtain a safe pass all over the country. They were profess-
edly our allies, but they were almost as much a ter-
ror to us as to our foes. They proved, however,
invaluable to our army, as a means of communication
with each other, and as spies on the movements of
our enemies. It was impossible for the French to
communicate with each other at all, except by send-
ing strong escorts, and these were often cut off;
while, on our side, news could be sent with almost
the rapidity of telegraph, and this undoubtedly was
a great advantage to us. The chiefs of these bands
were often obliged to procure subsistence and treas-
ure for themselves, by robbing their own country-
men; and, indeed, one of the principal causes of the
sudden growth of these bands was the hope of inter-
cepting the public and private plate, which was
being carried from all parts of Spain to be coined
into money. Yet, though most of the bands were
worthless characters, there were some among them
of more noble spirit. Some were actuated by re-
venge — some by a gallant, enterprising spirit —
and a few by an honest ambition to serve their coun-
try.

Our troops often met with many adventures with
these foes; and many were the weary hours, in our
toilsome marches, that were beguiled by the recital
of their hair-breadth escapes, or their own wonderful
adventures. Some of these were of so much inter

est that I cannot refrain from a desire to recount a few to my readers.

Don Julian Sanchez was the son of a farmer, on the banks of the Guebra. The little cottage where he resided, with his parents and one sister, was the abode of happiness and plenty. In an evil hour, the French army passed that way. Their cattle were driven away and slaughtered, and their little harvest, just reaped, became the prey of the plunderers. Terrified and despairing, Julian fled, with his parents and sister, to the woods. But his parents were old, and, before they could reach the shelter of the wood, they were overtaken, carried back to the cottage, and murdered, in cold blood, on their own hearthstone. Julian and his sister concealed themselves in a cave; but the next day he left her there, and went to see if he could obtain any trace of his parents. Directing his course to their little cottage, he found their murdered corpses. Revenge and anger, in a spirit like Julian's, was deep, not loud. He shed no tear, uttered no complaint,—but calmly proceeded to inter the bodies of his parents in a humble grave. Then, kneeling on the sod, he swore revenge on their murderers,—a revenge which should be followed till his latest breath. He returned to his sister; but, as he approached the cave where he had left her, what a sight met his view! A party of the hated army were just issuing from its precincts. The body of his beautiful sister lay on the ground naked,—dishonored,—the victim of a vile outrage. Julian

gazed for a moment on the scene. He had no time for tears, and he had sworn to live for revenge, — a vow which now burned itself in deeper characters upon his soul. He turned away. A huge rock overhung the cave. He ascended it, and, secreting himself in a little fissure where he could be heard, not seen, he gazed for a few moments on the chief of the band, till every line of his countenance was impressed on his soul. Then, calling to him from the rock, he said, “ You hear me, but you see me not. I am a Spaniard, the son of those parents you murdered yesterday — the brother of her whose corpse lies before you. You are their murderer; and I swear, by the Holy Virgin, that I will never lose sight for one day of your path, until my hands are imbrued in your heart’s best blood! You may think to escape me; but remember, you shall die by my hand!”

In a moment, the troops of the French were on the rock. They searched everywhere for the speaker, but no trace of him could be found, until, just as they had relinquished their search, one of the number fell dead by the blow of an unseen assassin. He was the first of the band that fell. Months passed away. Julian had never since met his foe; but the frequent death of his followers, and the daring exploits of robbery that were constantly performing in his camp, often called to mind the voice he had heard. A few months after, in battle, this officer was attacked, and would have been killed, had not a Spaniard saved his life, at the risk of his own. He turned to thank his

unknown deliverer, but was met with so fierce a look of hate, that he involuntarily shrunk from it. "I desire no thanks," said the Spaniard; "your life is mine, and none but me shall take it." The voice was recognized, but its owner had glided away in the confusion. A year had elapsed, when this officer was again sent to the banks of the Guebra, and took up his quarters in the very house Julian's father formerly occupied. The first night of his stop there was enlivened by the arrival of four of the same party who had met with him the year before. In joyous mood, they had seated themselves around the table, and were discussing the events of the campaign. Suddenly they were startled by a deep voice, which the officer had cause to remember, and Julian, with four of his associates, glided into the room. So sudden, so unexpected, was the attack, that they had not time to grasp their swords, ere they were pinioned and led away. Julian and the chief alone remained. "Look at me," said Julian; "do you know me? In this very room, a year ago, my parents fell by your murderous hand. The stain of their blood still remains to witness against you. In that wood lies the corpse of my idolized and only sister. You were her assassin. You heard my vow. Not for one day have I left your steps. Twice have I ward off death from your head; but when I saw you desecrate again this hearthstone by your accursed presence, I knew that your time had come. French man, prepare to die!"

After the death of this man, Julian succeeded in organizing a regular band. At the head of these, he would again and again assault the enemy, even though they outnumbered his own band many times. Another instance of his daring intrepidity, at a time when we were suffering for want of provisions, and of the patience with which he followed up his designs, deserves to be recorded. It was the custom of the French garrison to send out their cattle beyond the walls every morning, for the purpose of grazing, under the protection of a guard, which at once kept them from wandering too far, and also watched the movements of the Spanish army. Don Julian determined, if possible, to surprise the herd. For this purpose, he concealed himself, with his band, day after-day, among the broken ground, near the river. But the guard was still too powerful and vigilant to allow him to make the attempt. At length, as if to reward him for his patience, fortune threw in his way, not only the object for which he sought, but one of far more importance to him. On a certain day, the governor of the place where the garrison was stationed came out, accompanied by a very slender escort, and ventured imprudently to cross the river, at the self-same spot where Julian lay concealed. He was instantly surrounded, and made prisoner. Almost at the same moment, the cattle, frightened by the explosion of a shell which fell among them, ran towards the river. The guard followed, but overtook them at such a distance from the

city, that Julian thought himself justified in making the attack. It was attended with perfect success, and governor and cattle were conveyed in triumph to the British headquarters.

Another of these chiefs was named Juan Martin Diaz, or the "Empecinado." When the news of the detention of Ferdinand at Bayonne first reached Spain, he was engaged as a farmer. Young, ardent, and daring, he threw aside his plough, and persuaded a neighboring youth, only sixteen, to join him. Their first object was to procure horses and arms. They took post upon the high road from France to Madrid, for the purpose of intercepting the French couriers. An occasion soon occurred. A party of six men were riding past a narrow defile. An old woman went out and arrested the progress of the last two, by offering them some fruit for sale. She detained them until the others were in advance some distance; then the two youths fired from their covert, and their victims fell. Long before the others returned for their comrades, their horses and arms were far away. These boys were soon joined by others, of which Juan was the chief; and, as he grew older and had more experience, his band increased, until it numbered one thousand five hundred men. With these he performed the most daring exploits, cutting off supplies, and intercepting convoys. By his intelligence, activity, and bravery, he was enabled to do the enemy much mischief. In vain were armies sent to surround his band. They concealed themselves in

their fastnesses, and baffled them all, until his very name became a terror to the French armies. He gave no quarter to the conquered ; and such was his discipline of his followers, and his generosity in the division of the spoils, that he became the idol of his band, and they were willing to undertake any exploit at his bidding.

A convoy was conveying, in a carriage, a lady, a relative of Marshal Moncey. The coach was escorted by twelve soldiers, in the centre of two columns of six thousand each, about a mile asunder. The Empecinado, with only eight of his followers, was concealed close to the town of Caraveas. He allowed the leading column to pass, then boldly rushed upon the convoy, put to death the whole of the escort, seized and carried off the carriage ; and, when the alarm was given, Martin and his prize were in safety in the mountains, where he effectually eluded the search made after him. He saved the life of the lady, who was sent to his own house, and had every attention paid her. This convoy was a very rich prize of money and jewels. This he divided among his men, reserving only a small share for himself. He often met with very narrow escapes. On one occasion, he was unhorsed and disarmed, and the sword of his opponent passed through his arm, and entered his side. His wound seemed to give him new courage. He suddenly sprang at his foe, and, seizing him by the neck, dragged him to the ground. He fell with him, however, but continued to keep

uppermost. The other refusing to surrender, the Empecinado held him fast with one hand, while with the other he snatched up a stone, and beat him to death. On another occasion, he was nearly made prisoner by some Spanish troops in the pay of the French; and, finding every other hope of escape impossible, he threw himself down an immense precipice, rather than fall into their hands. His fall was broken by the projecting limbs of trees, covered with very thick foliage. He was discovered here by one of his followers, and taken home. He recovered finally, after suffering a severe illness, which for some time prevented his taking the field.

The most distinguished of these courageous leaders was Xavier Mina. He was a student at Pamploña when the revolution broke out. His father was a considerable land-owner, and deputy for one of the valleys of Navarre. Some act of injustice, practised towards his father, had driven young Xavier to desperation. His resolution was taken. He threw aside his studies, went to his native village, and, summoning around him the young men of his acquaintance, related his wrongs, and urged them to join him in his career of revenge. Moved by his enthusiastic address, twelve of his companions volunteered to join him. Arming themselves with muskets and ammunition, they sought the mountain passes, and maintained themselves, while awaiting opportunities of action, by subsisting on the sheep belonging to Mina's father. His first adventure was

to surprise a party of seven artillery-men, who were carrying two pieces of cannon and a quantity of ammunition from Saragossa to Pamplona. When the news of this success reached his village, others were encouraged to volunteer. His next exploit was, with his band of twenty, to attack a general officer, who was escorted by twenty-four foot and twelve horsemen. Stationing his men in a narrow defile, he gave orders to fire as they were descending, each one having selected his man. Twenty of the escort were thus levelled to the earth, before they had any intimation of their danger. The general was one of the number. The rest of the escort were made prisoners, and a large sum of money fell into Mina's hands. This he distributed among his men, advising them to send part to their families, and retain no more than would suffice for the expenses of their own interment, exposed as they now continually were to death. The men were thus raised in their own estimation, and in that of their countrymen, wherever this was told; and volunteers soon presented themselves in abundance, attracted by a success which was reported everywhere with the usual exaggerations. He received, however, only such persons as he regarded as a valuable acquisition to his band. These wore a red ribbon in their hats, and a red collar to their jackets. In Arragon, a band of fifty robbers were adding to the miseries of that unhappy country. Having heard of their atrocities, Mina turned his course thither. He succeeded in surpris-

ing them. The greater part were killed on the spot, and the remainder sent as prisoners to Tarragona. Rations were voluntarily raised for his people, wherever they were expected, and given as freely at one time as they were paid for at another by the spoils of the enemy. It was in vain that the French made repeated efforts to crush this enterprising enemy. If his band were dispersed, it was only to unite, and, by striking a blow in some weak point, render themselves more formidable than before.

A large number of prisoners, and an amount of treasure, were to be sent from Vittoria to France. Twelve hundred men accompanied it as an escort. At the Puerto de Arlaban, they were attacked by the seemingly omnipresent Mina, of whose absence, in another part of the country, they thought themselves assured. They were entirely routed; but, unfortunately, two hundred of the prisoners were slain in the contest. Information of the journey of this escort had been procured from a new recruit in Mina's band, who had his own object to accomplish by it. He was a gentleman of some standing, who was engaged to a beautiful Spanish lady. Her affections had been stolen from him by a wounded French officer, quartered in her father's house. He had recovered, and was now taking his bride home to France. The former lover had sworn a deep revenge, and, unable himself to accomplish this object, had enlisted the powerful Mina on his side. When the band returned to their haunts, they carried with them

six ladies, who were guilty of the same crime, viz., having accepted, as husbands, French officers. Their fate was, indeed, a sad one. The contest for them had been fierce in the extreme. They had seen their protectors, one by one, fall around them, fighting until the last breath in their defence; and now they were left helpless to the mercy of their conquerors. A mock trial was instituted. They were found guilty of aiding the enemies of their country, and all of them executed.

But Mina was not always successful. Not long after this, he had attacked and overcome a party of French. As he was conveying his prisoners to Robres, he was betrayed by one of his own men, and was attacked as suddenly as he had fallen upon others. His band were scattered, many of them slain, and he escaped, with great difficulty, with his own life. One week afterward, he appeared in the Rioja, with five thousand men, and attacked a Polish regiment, which was retiring to France. They were entirely routed. Mina enlarged his band by an accession of every one of the Spanish prisoners whom he had liberated, and filled his coffers with the booty. One million of francs fell into his hands, besides the equipages, arms and stores of all kinds, and a quantity of church plate. Two weeks after, he captured another convoy, going from Valencia to France. General Abbé now bent his whole force to disperse his troops. For three days in succession he followed Mina's troops to their haunts, and each day

defeated them ; so that, on the last day, Mina was obliged again to flee alone for his life. Yet, not discouraged, he struggled on with various success, until at length he fell into the hands of the French, who sent him a prisoner to France. Great rejoicings were made when the capture of this formidable enemy was reported ; but they soon found that they had little reason for joy, for his place at the head of the band was taken by his uncle, Francisco, who proved himself, if possible, even more formidable than his nephew. His various adventures would well fill a volume, and it is easy to see the interest they must have possessed when related around the bivouac fire on those mountains, where no one knew but that any moment might bring his army around them.

But to return to my own history. We were still pursuing our weary course, sometimes coming within sight of our enemies, and sometimes marching and counter-marching, when our leaders thought best to avoid a battle. We were still suffering the pangs of hunger, our principal food being a supply of ground bark. The soldiers continued to wander away, and often escaped, with their lives, from imminent peril. One of our men observed, at a little distance from the camp, a commotion in the bushes, which he thought was occasioned by some wild animal ; and he hastened out to secure it. Creeping cautiously along under the bushes, his course was suddenly arrested by a bullet flying over him. Having passed around a rock which concealed him from the camp, he hastily

jumped up, and looked round. He soon spied a woman sitting near a small spring, with a child in her arms, as he thought ; but, concluding that it was best to be on his guard, he crept cautiously near her, and soon saw that she was thoroughly armed, and what seemed to be a child was something which certainly did not possess life. The shot had evidently been fired by her, and she was watching for his re  pearance. He fired, and killed her. On taking her arms, he discovered that it was one of the guerillas, dressed in female apparel, and evidently intended for a decoy. Judging from articles found around him, all our troops had not been so successful as was our soldier in discovering the disguise.

There are not many villages on these mountains, and but few scattered habitations. The next day after the adventure I have just related, a small party of us again left in search of food. We soon found, in a beautiful valley, a small house. We knocked for admission. There was no answer ; so, without further ceremony, the door was broken down, and we entered. A fire was found burning on the hearth, showing, however desolate the hut might now be, it had not long wanted inhabitants. We found, however, no food, and were turning away, quite disappointed, when one of our number spied an open hole in the garden. We found there, to our great delight, two pigs of wine, which our near approach had probably disturbed its owners in their attempts to conceal. These pig-skins were to us quite a curios-

ity. The skin is taken as entire as possible from the animal, and turned so that the hair will be inside, and then preserved in such a way as to make it capable of holding wine. These are the common wine-casks of the country. I have often seen loads of them ; and so perfectly do they retain their resemblance, that any one unaccustomed to the sight would say, at once, that they were loads of dead porkers. We took our wine, and returned as rapidly as possible to the lines, to share our good fortune with our comrades.

A day or two after this, as we were encamped on one of the hills which overlooked the country to a great distance, a movement on the plains below attracted the attention of our officers. Scouts were instantly sent out, to learn the nature of it. Animation again appeared in the faces of our men ; for, even if it were the enemy, we all felt it would be far better to win an honorable death in an open battle, than to perish daily, as we were doing, by hunger and murder. It was not long before our messengers returned, spurring their horses, and joy in every feature of their countenances. As soon as they came within hearing, they flung up their caps in the air, shouting, "Relief, relief! our commissariat is coming! It will soon be here!" The excitement among our men was intense. They could hardly be restrained from rushing down immediately to break upon the long-expected, long-delayed supplies. When, at length, they came near, and we

saw the baggage-wagons, accompanied by a strong escort, the ill-repressed enthusiasm of the men burst forth in one long, deafening shout, that reverberated from the tops of those mountains for miles around. The scene then presented by our camp was, indeed, an exciting one. Officers were engaged on all sides in distributing provisions to the starving troops, and these in administering cordials and refreshments to their sick comrades. Many of the sick, who were apparently near their end, revived and soon recovered. The same escort brought information that the destination of Wellington's army was now to be changed, and our division of it was directed to proceed immediately to Badajos. This, too, was joyful news ; and, with the morrow's dawn, everything was ready for motion. Tents were struck, our baggage stored, and order everywhere restored. Once more we had an aim, an object ; and, with this, it was easy to become again docile and obedient. I shall never forget the sensation of pleasure that throbbed in our hearts, as our last column defiled down the mountain, and we bade farewell to those haunts, which had been so nearly fatal to us all. Our course was immediately directed to Badajos, and, on the 3d of May, we sat down three leagues from its walls.

CHAPTER V.

BADAJOS. — Its Capture by the French. — Attempts to retake it by the English. — Wellington invests it in Person. — Assault upon Fort Christoval. — Storming of the Town. — Terrific Conflict. — The place sacked by the Victors. — Disgraceful Drunkenness and Debauchery of the Troops. — The Main Body of the Army depart for Beira.

BADAJOS, the capital of the Spanish province of Estremadura, is situated near the Portuguese frontier, at the confluence of the small stream of the Rivillas with the Guadiana. It is very strongly fortified, both nature and art having contributed their stores to render its position impregnable. A huge rock, one hundred feet high, overlooks the meeting of the waters. On the top of this rock rises an old castle, venerable from its age, and itself a strong fortification. The town occupies a triangular space between the rivers, and is protected by eight curtains and bastions, from twenty-three to thirty feet high, with good counterscarps, covered way and glacis. On the left bank of the Guadiana there is a lunette, covering a dam and sluice, which commands an inundation. Beyond the Rivillas stands an isolated redoubt, called the Picurina. This is four hundred yards from the town. Two hundred yards from the ramparts, rises a defective crown-work, called the Pardaleras. On the right bank of

the Guadiana rises a hill, crowned by a regular fort, three hundred feet square, called San Christoval. A bridge, supported by twenty-two stone arches, crosses the stream, and this is protected by a bridge head. The strength of this place made its possession a desirable object to both parties. It had been early invested by the French, under Soult, and vigorously assaulted. It was, however, well defended, and would probably have maintained its position, had it not been for the weakness and inefficiency of its commanding officers, which caused the battle of the Gebora to terminate in a shameful defeat and immense loss to the Spanish army. Rafael Menacho was next made commander of the place. He sustained the siege with great spirit, and everything seemed to promise favorably, when Menacho was unfortunately killed, during a sally, and the command devolved upon Imas, a man most unfitted for this situation. He surrendered, almost without a struggle, to the French; although he had received certain information that a strong army was moving to his assistance, and would soon raise the siege. He demanded that his grenadiers should march out of the breach. Permission was granted, but they were obliged themselves to enlarge it, before they could do so. The French immediately took possession of the city, and strengthened its defences. Lord Wellington was much chagrined at the loss of this place, and early in May sent Lord William Stewart to invest it. The siege was carried

on with vigor, but under great disadvantages, arising from want of the proper materials for construction of the works. In endeavoring to erect their batteries, the engineers were obliged to labor exposed to a heavy fire from the city, which proved so destructive, that, before one small battery against one of the outworks of the town was completed, seven hundred men and five officers had fallen. When, at length, on the morning of the 11th of May, this battery was completed, before night five of its guns were silenced by the enemy, and the rest were so exposed that it was impossible to man them. The same day news reached our army that the French army were coming to the relief of Badajos. Immediately our commander took steps to raise the siege, as to remain there would have exposed our whole force to destruction. On the night of the 13th, he removed all his artillery and platforms; and on that of the 14th, his guns and stores. But so secretly was this done, that the French were entirely ignorant of it, until, as the rear guard were about being drawn off, they made a sally, and, of course, discovered it. Soon after this, the battle of Albuera occurred.

Our own division was not, however, engaged in this battle, having been ordered to Campo Mayor, where, on the 24th, orders reached us that we were again to march for Badajos, Lord Wellington having resolved to invest it in person. We immediately marched, and arrived on the evening of the 27th, where we

and Lord Wellington, with ten thousand men. During the absence of our army, Phillipon, the governor of the place, had entirely destroyed the remains of fortifications left by them, repaired all his own damages, and procured a fresh supply of wine and vegetables from the country. He had also mounted more guns, and interested the towns-people on his side. The works of the siege were commenced under Wellington's own direction, on the 29th, and carried on a week, with various success. Then it was resolved to make an assault on Fort Christoval. The storming party, preceded by a forlorn hope, and led by Major McIntosh, with an engineer Forster as a guide, reached the glacis and descended to the ditch about midnight, on the night of the sixth of June. The French had, however, cleared all the rubbish away, so that seven feet perpendicular still remained; and above this were many obstacles, such as carts chained together, pointed beams of wood, and large shells ranged along the ramparts, to roll down upon the assailants. The forlorn hope, finding that the breach was still impracticable, was retiring, with little loss, when they met the main body, leaping into the ditch with ladders, and the ascent was again attempted; but the ladders were too short, and the confusion and mischief occasioned by the bursting of the shells was so great that the assailants again retired, with the loss of more than one hundred men. Two nights after, a second attack was made, but met with no better success.

The British troops, with loud shouts, jumped into the ditch. The French defied them to come on, and at the same time rolled barrels of powder and shells down, while the musketry made fearful and rapid havoc. In a little time, the two leading columns united at the main breach ; the supports also came up ; confusion arose about the ladders, of which only a few could be reared ; and the enemy, standing on the ramparts, bayoneted the foremost assailants, overturned the ladders, and again poured their destructive fire upon the crowd below. One hundred and forty men had already fallen, and yet not a single foot had been gained, nor was there one bright spot in the darkness to encourage them to proceed. The order was given to retire. The next day, Wellington heard that the army of Soult was again advancing to attack him ; and as to receive battle there would throw all the disadvantage on his side, he thought best to raise the siege. On the 10th, the stores were all removed, and the siege turned to a blockade, which was afterwards terminated, when the armies of Marmont and Soult, having effected a junction, advanced to its relief. It was nearly a year before the allied army again found it desirable to approach Badajos. Meanwhile the war was carried on with great activity, although with varied success.

My own time was passed with the regiment to which I belonged, either in the mountains, or in foraging or bringing supplies, as circumstances dictated.

Although again and again engaged in light skirmishes with small bodies of the enemy, occupied as our own regiment were, it was not my fortune to engage in a general battle, until the last siege of Badajos. And as this city was one of the most important, and its siege the best sustained of any on the Peninsula, I shall give an account of it more in detail than I have thought best to do of the rest.

The unfavorable issue of the two former investments, had induced Lord Wellington to wait until a combination of favorable circumstances should at least give more hope of success. The auspicious moment had, in his view, now arrived. The heavy rains which occur at this season of the year would so raise the rivers in the high lands, where his troops were located, that there would be no risk of their detention in proceeding at once to the Alemtejo, while this same flow of waters, in the more level portion occupied by the French, would prove a fatal impediment to the junction of their forces, which were at this time considerably scattered, owing to the difficulty of obtaining provisions. Regiments were despatched, therefore, to bring all the stores of clothing and provisions from the different points where they had been left, and concentrate them near Badajos.

Wellington himself, having remained at his headquarters, on the Coa, until the last moment, in order to conceal his real intentions, now came in person to superintend the new works. As the French had

strongly occupied the stone bridge over the Guadiana, he ordered a flying bridge to be thrown across, which was completed on the 15th of March, 1812. Over this Major-general Beresford passed, and immediately invested Badajos, with an army of fifteen thousand men. A covering army of thirty thousand occupied different positions near; and, including a division on its march from Beira, the whole of the allied forces now in Estremadura numbered fifty-one thousand. The garrison of the enemy, composed of French, Hessian and Spanish troops, was five thousand strong. Phillipon, its brave commander, had been busily occupied, since the last siege, in strengthening the defences of the place, and in procuring supplies for the expected invasion. Every family was obliged to keep three months' provision on hand, or leave the place, and every preparation was made for an obstinate and long-continued resistance. General Picton took the chief command of the assailants. He was alternately assisted by Generals Kempt, Colville, and Bowis.

The night of the 17th was ushered in by a violent storm of wind and rain. It was extremely dark and uncomfortable; but, as the loud roar of the tempest would effectually drown the noise of the pick-axes, eighteen hundred men were ordered to break ground only one hundred and sixty yards from the Picurina. They were accompanied by a guard of two thousand men. So rapidly did they work, that, though it was late when they commenced, before morning they had

completed a communication four thousand feet in length, and a parallel six hundred yards long, three feet deep, and three wide. The next night these works were enlarged, and two batteries traced out. To destroy these works was now the first object of the besieged. On the 19th, thirteen hundred of their number stole out of the city, unobserved, into the communication, and began to destroy the parallel. They were soon discovered, however, and driven away. As they rode up, part of the French cavalry entered into a mock contest, giving the countersign in Portuguese, and were thus permitted to pass the pickets; but they soon betrayed their real character, and our troops, hastily seizing their arms, drove them back to the castle, with a loss of three hundred men. One hundred and fifty of the British fell, and, unfortunately, Colonel Fletcher, the chief engineer, was badly wounded. Owing to this circumstance, and the continued wet and boisterous state of the weather, the works advanced slowly; but the batteries were at length completed. Owing to the heavy rains, the parallel remained full of water, and it was found impossible to drain it. But this was in some degree remedied by making an artificial bottom of sand-bags. One place yet remained, on the right bank of the Guadiana, which Wellington had not invested. The eagle eye of Phillipon soon perceived his advantage. He erected here three batteries, which completely swept our works with a most destructive fire; and its effect would have been yet greater, had

it not been that the mud obstructed the bound of the bullets. A courier was instantly despatched to the fifth division, stationed at Campo Mayor, for assistance. But misfortunes seldom come alone. The heavy rains had caused such a rise in the river, that the flying bridges were swept away, and the trenches filled with water. The provisions and ammunition of the army were still on the other side of the river, so that we were soon in want of both. To add to this, the earth thrown up for intrenchments became so saturated with water that it crumbled away, and our labors were for the time wholly suspended. A few days of fine weather, however, relieved us from our unpleasant situation. The river subsided, another flying bridge was constructed and row-boats obtained, so that the communication might not again be interrupted, under any circumstances. On the 25th the reinforcement from Campo Mayor arrived, and the right bank of the Guadiana was immediately invested. The same day, our batteries were opened upon the fort. The enemy were by no means silent spectators of this invasion. They returned our fire with such vigor, that several of our guns were dismounted, and quite a number of officers killed. Marksmen were also stationed on the trenches, to shoot every one who should show his head over the parapet.

General Picton now resolved to take the fort by assault. Its external appearance did not indicate much strength, and he hoped for an easy victory.

But the event proved that these appearances were deceptive. The fort was strong ; the ditch fourteen feet perpendicular, and guarded with thick, slanting poles, and from the top there were sixteen feet of an earthen slope. Seven guns were mounted on the walls, and two hundred men, each armed with two loaded muskets, stood ready to repel all intruders. Loaded shells were also ranged along the walls, to be pushed over, in case of an attack. General Kempt took the direction of the assault, which was arranged for the night of the 25th. Five hundred men were selected from the third division, of which two hundred were stationed in the communication of San Roque, to prevent any assistance reaching the fort from the town ; one hundred occupied a position at the right of the fort, one hundred at the left, and the remainder were held as a reserve, under the command of Captain Powis.

About nine o'clock, the signal was given, and the troops moved forward. The night was very clear, although there was no moon ; and the fort, which had loomed up in the darkness still and silent, as though untenanted, answered back the first shot of the assailants with a discharge that caused it to resemble a sheet of fire. The first attack was directed against the palisades in the rear ; but the strength of these, and the destructive fire poured down upon them, obliged them to seek some weaker part. They turned to the face of the fort ; but here, the depth of the ditch, and the slanting stakes at the top of it

again baffled their attempts. The enemy lost not a moment in pouring their fire upon the assailants, and the loud death-screams told that the crisis was becoming more and more imminent. The alarm-bells in the city itself now rung out their shrill sounds, the guns on the walls and on the castle opened on the assailants, rockets were thrown up by the besieged, and the answering shots from the trenches served to increase the tumult. All eyes were turned in the direction of the fort. A battalion, hastily sent out from the city, advanced to its aid ; but they had scarcely entered the communication, when the troops stationed there rushed to the onset, and in a few moments they were driven back within the walls. By the light of those streams of fire, which ascended every moment from the Picurina, dark forms might be seen struggling on the ramparts, in all the energy of determined contest. Continued rounds of artillery had broken down the palisades in front, and the assailants were fighting, hand to hand, for an entrance.

The party in the rear of the fort had thrown their ladders, like bridges, across the ditch, resting them on the slanting stakes, and springing on them, drove back their guards. Fifty men, bearing axes, now discovered the gate, which soon fell beneath their blows, and they rushed in to a nearer contest. The little garrison, stern in their resistance, did what they could. Powis, Gips, Holloway and Oates, fell on the ramparts. Nixon, Shaw, and Rudd, were not

long behind. Scarcely an officer was left; and yet the struggle continued. At length, when only eighty-six men remained, they surrendered, and the Picurina passed to the allies. Only one hour had that fierce conflict lasted, yet of our troops four officers and fifty men had fallen, and fifteen officers and two hundred and fifty men were wounded. Philipon felt deeply the loss of this fort. He did not conceal from his soldiers the increase of danger to their city from it; but he stimulated their courage by reminding them that death was far preferable to an abode in the English prison-ships. They deeply felt that appeal, and, with the first dawn of light, their guns were manned with renewed activity. These were turned against the fort, and so raked it that it was impossible for our troops to remain there, and it was deserted. This victory gave fresh courage to the besiegers. Our whole force was occupied, the three succeeding nights, in erecting new batteries, and in extending the parallels and communications. In the daytime, comparatively little could be done, as the fire from the town so galled the workmen. Repeatedly they dismounted our guns, and destroyed the defences which had been erected to shield the laborers, so that we were obliged to wait until the darkness prevented their marksmen from taking aim, in order to carry on our works. The night of the 27th, an attempt was made to destroy the dam, which had been built for the purpose of forming an inundation, and lessening the space where our troops could

work ; but the moon had now made her appearance, and shone so brightly that the effort was unsuccessful.

On this night a most daring feat was performed by one of the French. Having disguised himself, he crept over the wall, and concealed himself until he had caught the watchword for the night. Then, boldly mingling with the troops, he proceeded to the works. Here the engineer had placed a line to mark the direction of the sap. Just before the workmen arrived, he moved the string, until he brought it within complete range of the castle guns. The men commenced work at once, but the light of the moon enabled the guns to tell with fearful precision upon them ; and it was not until a severe loss had been sustained, that the mistake was discovered. Meanwhile, the intruder stole quietly back to his old quarters, which he reached unmolested.

Soult, trusting to the strong intrenchments of the place, had but little fear that it would finally surrender ; but he knew a hard-fought battle was inevitable. He therefore endeavored, as much as possible, to concentrate his forces near ; but, while they were marching for this purpose, Graham and Hill attacked their flanks, and forced them to take another direction. The whole of the Spanish army now moved on to the Ronda hills, and threatened to attack Seville. This movement obliged Soult to detach a large part of his army to the assistance of this city, and had, as the event proved, fatally delayed his march

to Badajos. On the 30th, Wellington received information that Soult had resumed his march, and would soon arrive; but this news only served to hasten the preparations for the attack. Forty-eight pieces of artillery were now constantly playing against the San Roque, and the siege advanced at all points. Still the San Roque stood firm. General Picton was the more anxious for its destruction, as the inundation, which was caused by the dam, and protected by this lunette, prevented the free action of the troops.


On the night of the 1st of April, several brave fellows determined to see if they could not accomplish by stratagem what open force had failed to effect. Two officers placed themselves at the head of a small company of sappers. Under cover of the darkness, and their motions encumbered by the powder they were obliged to carry, they stole rapidly, but noiselessly, into the camp of the enemy. It was, indeed, a dangerous experiment. The least noise, the slightest accident, might alarm the sentinel; and then, they well knew, none would return to tell their fate. Scarcely venturing to breathe, they reached, in safety, a spot near the place. One of the officers then went to examine the dam. During his absence, the rest of the party could see the sentinel, as he approached within a very few feet of where they lay concealed. They saw, if they could dispose of him without noise, they might probably accomplish their aim undiscovered. The officer, having examined the dam, now returned, just as the sentinel approached.

"Now, boys; is your time," he whispered. "Remember, one word, one sound, and we are lost." Riquet, a powerful Irishman, selected for this purpose, seized his cloak, and stood prepared. As the man was passing, he sprang forward, and, throwing his cloak over him, he was in an instant gagged and bound. Then, rapidly and silently, the powder was placed against the dam, the train laid, and the match applied. They waited a moment, to see that it was not extinguished, and then hastily retreated. A few moments passed, and the loud explosion was the first intelligence the enemy had of the intrusion. All eyes were bent anxiously upon the spot, but our hopes were destined to a sad disappointment. The dam stood firm, and the inundations still remained. But, although this brave attempt had failed, it soon became apparent to our general that the crisis was rapidly approaching. The bastions of the Trinidad and the Santa Maria had already given way; the breaches were daily enlarging, and hope grew strong that we should succeed in reducing the place before Soult should arrive. Nor were the enemy blind to their danger. They had already built a strong intrenchment behind the walls. Now they converted the nearest houses and garden-walls into a third line of defence.

Rumors were continually circulating that the French army was close at hand; but they were so uncertain that no dependence could be placed upon them. About this time, however, certain intelligence

was brought that Soult had effected a junction with Drouet and Daricoa, and was already at Albuera. No time was then to be lost. Wellington himself examined the breaches, and pronounced them practicable, and the night of the 6th of April was fixed for the assault. Rapidly the news circulated among the army, and eighteen thousand daring soldiers burned for that attack, that was to carry to posterity so dreadful a tale. I shall never forget the effect on our own regiment, when it was announced. General Sponbury himself bore the tidings, and asked if our regiment—the 28th of foot—was willing to lead the assault upon the castle. This offer had already been made to the colonels of the 10th and 17th regiments; but their men were suffering so severely from a disease in the eyes, called the Jamaica Sands, that they declined the honor. “My men have their eyes open, at such a time, general,” answered our brave colonel; “nor is their leader ever blind to the interests of king and country.” Then, turning to us, he cried, “What say you, my lads? Are you willing to take the front ranks in this attack?” A loud shout gave its affirmative to this appeal. Every heart thrilled at the honor thus conferred, although all knew how perilous such a distinction must necessarily be.

The dreaded yet longed-for night drew on, and our officers were busily engaged in arranging the order of the attack, and in preparing the men for their duty. Picton's division was to cross the Rivil-



las river, and scale the castle walls, which were from eighteen to twenty feet in height, furnished with every means of destruction, and so narrow at the top that their defenders could easily reach and overturn the ladders.

To Leith was appointed the distant bastion of San Vincente, where the glacis was mined, the ditch deep, the scarp thirty feet high, and the defenders of the parapet armed with three loaded muskets each, that their first fire should be as deadly as possible.

The 4th and light divisions were to march against the breaches, well furnished with ladders and axes, preceded by storming parties of five hundred men, with their forlorn hopes. Major Wilson, of the 48th, was directed to storm San Roque, and to General Power was assigned the bridge head.

The morning had been very clear, but, as night approached, clouds covered the horizon, as if to veil the bloody scenes of the night. Fog rose thick from the rivers over every object, thus rendering the darkness more complete. Unusual stillness prevailed, although low murmurs pervaded the trenches, and, on the ramparts, lights occasionally flitted here and there. Every few moments the deep-toned voices of the sentinels broke in upon our ears, proclaiming that "all was well in Badajos."

The possession of this place had become a point of honor with the soldiers on both sides. Three times had the French seen their foes sit down before these almost impregnable walls. Twice had they been

obliged to retire, with heavy losses. The memory of these disasters, revenge for those who had fallen, hatred of their foes, and a strong desire for glory, now nerved each British arm for the contest; while the honor of the French nation, the approval of their idolized emperor, and, more than all, the danger to which their families would be exposed in case of failure, combined with an equal thirst for glory, awakened all the ardent enthusiasm of the French.

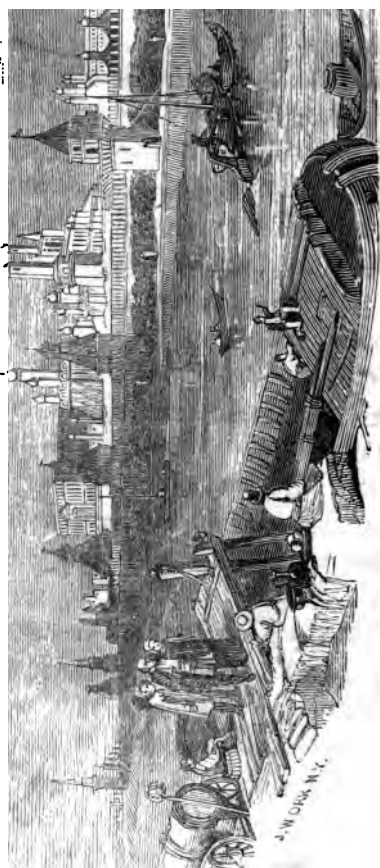
At ten o'clock a simultaneous assault was to be made on the castle, the San Roque, the breaches, the Pardaleras, San Vincente, and the bridge head, on the other side of the Guadiana.

The enemy were, as yet, all unconscious of the design of our general, and the dark array of the British moved slowly and silently forward. Every heart was full; for, although now unusual quiet reigned, every one knew that it was but the prelude to that hour when death, in its most terrible and ghastly forms, would be dealt on every side. In one short half-hour the signal was to be given,—nay, even that little time was lost. A lighted carcass was thrown up from the castle, and fell at the very feet of the men in the third division, casting a lurid and glaring light for yards around. The wild shout of alarm, the hurried tones of the signal-bells, and the tumultuous rushing of the soldiers, proclaimed that our array was discovered. Not a moment was to be lost. “Forward, my men, forward!” passed from rank to rank. One wild, long, deafening shout,

responded, and then the besiegers dashed onward. In a moment a circle of fire seemed to surround the doomed city.

Our own division, under charge of General Kempt, had crossed the narrow plank that constituted the bridge over the Rivillas, under a heavy fire of musketry, and then, re-forming, ran hastily up the rugged hill, to the foot of the castle. Scarcely had we reached the walls, when our brave general fell, severely wounded. His faithful aids-de-camp carried him from the field; and, as they were passing to the trenches, he met General Picton, — who, hurt by a fall, and unprepared for the advance of the signal, had been left in the camp, — hastening onward. A few hurried words passed between them, and General Picton ran on, to find his brave soldiers already ascending the heavy ladders they had placed against the castle walls. And well might those men be called brave, who dared attempt to ascend those ladders, in spite of the showers of heavy stones, logs of wood, and bursting shells, that rolled off the parapet, — regardless, too, of that ceaseless roll of musketry, that was telling with such fearful precision on their flanks, — forgetting, apparently, that, even should they live to reach the top, they could scarcely hope to survive the shock of that formidable front of pikes and bayonets that rose to meet them. Deafening shouts echoed on every side, as the besieged endeavored to throw down those heavy ladders; and these were answered back by the groans of the dying,

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and the shrieks of the soldiers that were crushed by their fall. Yet, not for a moment daunted; those behind sprang on to the remaining ladders, and strove which first should meet the death that seemed inevitable. But their courage was fruitless. Every ladder was thrown down, and loud shouts of victory ran along the walls. But the British, though foiled, were not subdued. They fell back a few paces, and re-formed. Colonel Ridge then sprang forward, and, seizing a ladder, placed it against the lowest part of the castle wall, loudly calling to his men to follow. Officer Canch succeeded in placing another beside him, and in an instant they were fighting upon the ramparts. Ridge fell, pierced with a hundred wounds; but, ere his assailants had time to strike again, those ladders had poured their living load into the castle, and, step by step, were its brave defenders forced, fighting, into the street. Here a reinforcement induced them to pause, and a hard-fought conflict ensued. But their assistants came too late, — the castle was ours.

While these events were passing at the castle, more terrific, more maddening, if possible, was the contest at the breaches. Just as the firing at the castle commenced, two divisions reached the glacis. The flash of a single musket from the covered way was the signal that the French were ready, and yet all was still and dark. Hay packs were thrown hastily into the ditches, and five hundred men sprang down the ladders, which were placed there,

without any opposition. Why was this ominous stillness? But the assailants had hardly time to ask, when a bright light shot up from the darkness, and revealed all the horrors of the scene. The ramparts were crowded with dark figures and glittering arms; while, below, the red columns of the British were rushing on, like streams of burning lava. A crash of thunder followed that bright light, and hundreds of shells and powder-barrels dashed the ill-fated stormers into a thousand atoms. One instant the light division paused, and then, as if maddened by that terrific sight, they flew down the ladders, or leaped into the gulf below. A blaze of musketry poured its dazzling light into the ditch, as the fourth division came up, and descended with equal fury. But the enemy had made, at the bottom of the ditch, a deep cut, which was filled with water. Into this snare the head of the division fell, and more than a hundred men were drowned. Those behind checked not an instant, but, turning to the left, came to an unfinished intrenchment, which they mistook for the breaches. It was covered in a moment; but, beyond it, still lay a deep and wide chasm, between them and the ramparts they wished to gain. Confusion necessarily ensued, for the assailants still crowded on, until the ditch was full, and even then the press continued. Not for one moment ceased the roar of the musketry upon those crowded troops, and the loud shouts of the enemy, mingled with the din of bursting grenades and shells. The roaring

guns were answered back by the iron howitzers from the battery, while the horrid explosions of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, and the loud commands of the officers, increased the confusion. Through all this the great breach was at length reached, and the British trusted that the worst was over; but, deep in those ruins, ponderous beams were set, and, firmly fixed on their top, glittered a terrible array of sword-blades, sharp-pointed and keen-edged, while ten feet before even that could be reached, the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with sharp iron points, which penetrated the feet of the foremost, and sent them rolling back on the troops behind.

Behind these sword-points, the shouting Frenchmen stood rejoicing in their agony, and poured in their fire with ceaseless rapidity; for every man had a number of muskets, and each one of these, beside the ordinary charge, was loaded with a cylinder of wood, full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail, when discharged. Hundreds of men had fallen, and hundreds more were dropping; but still the heroic officers rushed on, and called for new trials. Yet, there glittered the sword-blades, firm, immovable; and who might penetrate such a barrier? Yet, so zealous were the men themselves, that those behind strove to push the forward ranks on to the blades, that they might thus themselves ascend on a bridge made of their bodies; but they frustrated this attempt by dropping down, for none could tell who fell from

choice, and who by the effect of that dreadful fire, and many who fell unhurt never rose again, crushed by the crowd. For a little while after the commencement of this terrible attack, military order was preserved ; but the tumult and noise was such, that no command could be distinctly heard ; and the constant falling and struggling of the wounded, who sought to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formations, and order was impossible. Yet, officers of all stations would rush out, and, followed by their men, make a desperate assault on that glittering steel, and only fall back to swell the pile of dead and dying. Two hours were spent in these vain efforts, and then the remaining soldiers turned sadly and slowly away ; for they felt that the breach of the Trinidad was, indeed, impregnable. An opening still remained in the curtain of the Santa Maria bastion, and to this they directed their steps ; but they found the approach to it impeded by deep holes and cuts, and their fearfully lessening numbers told how useless the attempt would be. Gathering in dark groups, they leaned despairingly on their muskets, and looked with sullen desperation at the ramparts of the Trinidad, where the enemy were seen, by the light of the fire-balls which they threw up, aiming their guns with fearful precision, and tauntingly asking, “ Why they did not come into Badajos ? ” And now, unwilling to be finally conquered, Captains Nicholas and Shaw, with fifty men, collected from all regiments, made one more des

perate attempt to reach the Santa Maria breach. Already had they passed the deep cuts, and toiled over two-thirds of the dangerous ground, when a discharge of musketry levelled every man, except Shaw, to the earth. Nicholas, and a large proportion of the rest, were mortally wounded.

After this, no further attempt was made ; and yet the soldiers would not retire, but remained passive and unflinching, under the fire of the enemy. It was now midnight. Already two thousand brave men had fallen, when Wellington, who was watching the progress of the attack from a height close to the quarries, sent orders that the troops should retire and re-form for a second assault. But so great was the confusion, that many of the officers did not receive the orders, and so endeavored to prevent the soldiers from leaving, which occasioned many deaths.

But the gallant defenders of Badajos, although successful at the breaches, found that there was no time to look idly on. The whole city was girdled by fire. The third division still maintained its ground at the castle ; the fifth were engaged at the Pardaleres, and on the right of the Guadiana, while General Walker's brigade was escalading the bastion of San Vincente. This brigade had stolen silently along the banks of the river, the noise of its ripple having drowned the sound of their foot-steps until they reached the barrier gate. Just then the explosion took place at the breaches ; and by its light the French sentinels discovered their assailants. In

an instant, a sharp musketry was opened upon them. The Portuguese troops, panic-struck, threw down the scaling-ladders which had been intrusted to them ; but the British snatched them up, and reared them against the walls, which, in this place, were thirty feet high. Unfortunately, the ladders were too short, and this placed them in a most perilous and uncomfortable position. A small mine was sprung beneath their feet, adding its quota to the fearful number of the dead ; beams of wood and shells, fraught with living fire, were rolled upon their heads, while showers of grape from the flanks swept the ditch, dealing death-blows thick and fast on every side. But, fortunately for our troops, the reinforcement to assist in the defence of the castle was just at this time called for, and a part of the walls lower than the rest was left unmanned. Three ladders were hastily placed here, but they were still too short. But British valor and ingenuity soon overcame this difficulty. A soldier, raised in the arms of his comrades, sprang to the top ; another followed. These drew their comrades after them, and soon, in spite of the constant fire which the French kept up, they ascended in such numbers, that they could not be driven back. Dividing, on their entrance, one half entered the town, while the other, following the ramparts, attacked and won three bastions. Just as the last was yielding, General Walker fell, covered with wounds. A soldier, who stood near him, cried out, " A mine ! a mine ! " At that word,

those troops which had crossed the strong barrier, whom neither the deepness of the ditch nor the height of the wall could appal, who flinched not a moment at the deadly fire of the enemy, shrank back at a chimera of their own raising. Their opponents saw their advantage, and, making a firm and deadly charge, drove them from the ramparts. But, before the French had time to rejoice in their victory, a reserve, under Colonel Nugent, made its appearance, and the fleeing soldiers returned, and soon gained the field.

The party who had entered the town at the first attack on San Vincente pursued their way through the streets. They met with no opposition, however. All was still and silent as the grave, and yet the streets were flooded with light, and every house illuminated. Sounding their bugles, they advanced to the great square of the town, but still met no enemy. All was bright and still, except that low murmurs were heard from behind the lattices, and occasionally a shot was fired at them from under the doors. Hence, leaving the square, they repaired to the breaches, and attempted to surprise the garrison, by attacking them in their rear. But they found them on the alert, and were soon obliged to return to the streets. But the English were now pouring in on every side, and the brave defenders of the ramparts and the breaches turned to defend their homes. A short and desultory fight followed. Generals Viellande and Phillipon, brave and deter-

mined to the last, were both wounded ; and, gradually falling back, they retreated, with a few hundred soldiers, to San Christoval, where they surrendered to Lord Fitzroy Somerset. Then loud shouts of victory ! victory ! resounded through the streets, and found its joyful echo in many hearts.

During this siege, five thousand men and officers had fallen ; thirty-five hundred having lost their lives the night of the assault, — twenty-four hundred at the breaches alone. If any one would picture to himself the terrible scenes that occurred at this spot, let him imagine a lot of less than a hundred square yards, which, in the short space of little more than two hours, was deluged by the blood of twenty-four hundred men. Nor did all these fall by sudden death. Some perished by steel, some by shot, some were drowned, some crushed and mangled by heavy weights, others trampled down by the crowd, and hundreds dashed to pieces by the fiery explosions ; and all this occurred where the only light was the intense glare of the explosions, and the lurid flame of the burning dead, which came to mingle its horrible stench with the sickening odors of the gunpowder, and the nauseous smells of the exploding shells. Here, too, the groans of the wounded were echoed back by the shrieks of the dying ; and, ever and anon, between the roar of the artillery and the thunder of the bursting shells, were heard the bitter taunts of the enemy. Let any one imagine all this, I say, and they may have some faint ideas of the

horrors of war. Yet, dreadful as this is, could the veil but drop here, the soldier's heart might still throb with pride, as he recounted the hard-fought battle, where valor stood preëminent, and none yielded, but to death, until the victory was won. But there is still another dark and revolting page, which, in a history like this, designed to paint the horrors as well as the glories of war, it were not well to omit. I refer to the scenes which followed the victory, when Badajos lay at the mercy of its conquering foe. If there is one feature of war more repulsive than another, one from which every good feeling of the heart shrinks back appalled, it is from the scene which invariably follows, when permission is given to sack and plunder a conquered city. All restraint is laid aside. Men's passions, wound up almost to frenzy by the exciting and maddening scenes through which they have passed, will have a vent; and no sorrow is too holy, no place too sacred, to shield its occupant from the storm. Our men scattered themselves through the city, all with liberty to do what they pleased, to take what they wanted. Houses were broken open, and robbed. If any resistance was made, death was the certain penalty; and often death in such a form that a soldier's fate would have been mercy. All, it is true, were not alike. In such an army there are always brave men, who, even in such an hour, would scorn to commit a dishonorable action, and these seconded the attempts of our officers to preserve at

least a semblance of order ; but they were too few to accomplish much. All the dreadful passions of human nature were excited, and they would have way. Many lost their lives in vain attempts to check the cruelty and lust and drunkenness of their own soldiers. For two days and nights Badajos resounded with the shrieks and piteous lamentations of her defenceless victims, with groans and shouts and imprecations, varied by the hissing of fires from houses first plundered, then destroyed, the crashing of doors and windows, and the almost ceaseless report of muskets used in violence. It was not until the third day that the soldiers, exhausted by their own excesses, could be collected in sufficient numbers to bury the dead of their own regiments, while many of the wounded perished solely from want of necessary care. I had imagined that the miseries of intemperance were no unfamiliar sight to me ; yet never before, or since, has it been my lot to meet the madness which characterized the eager search for liquor, on every side. An instance that occurred in our own regiment, I will relate. Several of our men, and among them some that I had known in Ireland, and should never have suspected of such conduct, broke into a cellar where was stored a large quantity of wine. There were many casks, and some of them contained wine that bore the brand of scores of years. They tore down the doors for tables, and commenced their mad feast. Bottles half emptied were thrown across the cellar, and what would have

sufficed a regiment for months, was recklessly poured upon the floor. Unconscious, or not caring what they did, they stopped not to draw the wine, but, knocking in the head of the casks, proceeded to try their various qualities. At length, overcome by intoxication, they sank upon the floor, and paid the penalty of their rashness with their lives ; for, when a diligent search was made for absentees, they were discovered actually drowned in the wine. Many were burned to death in houses which they themselves had fired.

For my own part, I had been fortunate enough to pass through all the horrors of the siege, and the bloody scenes of the assault, unhurt. Excitement had rendered me reckless of danger, and I hurried on, scarce knowing where I was or what I did. Now that this had passed, I felt exhausted and weary, and very thirsty. My comrade and myself resolved that our first search should be for something to drink. We hurried on, until we reached a large store, where we thought we should find some liquor. The fastenings of the outer door soon yielded to our efforts, but the door to the cellar we found it impossible to open or break down. Just at this moment, a band of pioneers happened to be passing, who always carry with them huge hatchets. We called to them, and, with their assistance, soon made our way to the cellar. But here a great disappointment awaited us. We found no liquor, but only two tiers of firkins, used for holding butter. One of our men, in anger, struck his hatchet into one of them,

when, to our great surprise, out rolled whole handfuls of doubloons. We then struck the heads of the firkins with the butt-ends of our muskets, but could not break them. The hatchets, however, soon completed the work. When the heads were knocked out, the money was so firmly pressed together that it came out in one solid mass. Each one of us then took what we pleased. I placed three handfuls in my comrade's knapsack, and he did the same by me. I then filled my haversack, and even my stockings, with the precious treasure. Part of our company remained as guard, while the rest went to report to our commander the discovery we had made. I soon found that I had stored more money than I was able to carry, so I threw a part of it in an old well. Our commander immediately sent a detachment of men to empty the cellar, and they brought away no less than eight mules' burden of gold. I cannot now recall its exact amount, but such was its value that our officers determined to send it to Brussels, when the army should leave Badajos.

We take the following description of the scenes to which we have above referred from an eye-witness. He says: "It has been the practice of modern historians to describe, in the glowing language of exaggerated eulogy, every act done by the British and their allies, while their pens have been equally busy in vilifying and defaming all who were opposed to them. Perhaps there is no circumstance to which this applies with more force than the description

usually given of the conduct of the British armies and their allies after the taking of Badajos. While their gallantry is praised to the utmost, their evil deeds are left to find the light as they may ; but ‘foul deeds will rise, though all the earth overwhelm them.’ Before six o’clock on the morning of the 7th of April, all organization among the assaulting columns had ceased, and a scene of plunder and cruelty that it would be difficult to find a parallel for took place. The army, so orderly the preceding day, — so effective in its organizations, — seemed all at once transformed into a vast band of brigands. The horde of Spaniards, as well as Portuguese women and men, that now eagerly sought for admission to plunder, augmented the number of this band to what the army had been before the battle ; and twenty thousand persons, armed with all power to act as they thought fit, and almost all armed with weapons which could be used at the pleasure of the bearers, for the purpose of enforcing any wish they might seek to gratify, were let loose upon this devoted city. Subject to no power of control from others, intoxication caused them to lose all restraint on themselves. If the reader can for a moment fancy a fine city, containing an immense population, among which may be reckoned a proportion of the finest women Spain, or perhaps the world, can boast of, — if he could fancy that population and these women left to the mercy of twenty thousand infuriated and licentious soldiers, for two days and two nights, he can well imagine

the horrors enacted in Badajos. Wine and spirit stores were first forced open, and casks of the choicest wines and brandy dragged into the streets ; and, when the men had drank as much as they fancied, the heads of the vessels were stove in, or the casks broken, so that the liquor ran about in streams. In the town were large numbers of animals,—sheep, oxen, and horses,—belonging to the garrison. These were among the first things taken possession of ; and the wealthy occupier of many a house was glad to be allowed the employment of conducting them to our camp, as, by so doing, he got away from a place where his life was not worth a minute's purchase. Terrible as was this scene, it was not possible to avoid occasionally laughing ; for the *conducteur* was generally not only compelled to drive a herd of cattle, but also obliged to carry the bales of plunder taken by his employer perhaps from his own house. And the stately gravity with which the Spaniard went through his work, dressed in short breeches, frilled shirt, and a hat and plumes, followed by our ragamuffin soldiers with fixed bayonets, presented a scene that Cruikshank himself would have been puzzled to delineate justly. The plunder so captured was deposited under a guard composed principally of soldiers' wives. A few hours were sufficient to despoil the shops of their property. Night then closed in, and then a scene took place that pen would fail to describe. Insult and infamy, fiendish acts of violence and open-handed cruelty, everywhere prevailed. Age, as well as youth,

was alike unrespected, and perhaps not one house, and scarcely a person, in this vast town, escaped injury. War is a terrible engine, and when once set in motion, it is not possible to calculate when or where it will stop.

“The 8th of April was a fearful day for the inhabitants. The soldiers had become so reckless that no person’s life, of whatever sex, rank, or station, was safe. If they entered a house that had not been despoiled of its furniture and wines, they were at once destroyed. If it was empty, they fired at the windows, or at the inmates, or often at each other. Then they would sally into the streets, and amuse themselves by firing at the church bells in the steeples, or at any one who might be passing. Many of the soldiers were killed, while carrying away their plunder, by the hands of those who, a few hours before, would have risked their own lives to protect them. Hundreds of these fellows took possession of the best warehouses, and acted as merchants; these were ejected by a stronger party, who, after a fearful strife, would displace them, only themselves to give place to others, with terrible loss of life. To put a stop to such a frightful scene, it was necessary to use some forbearance, as well as severity; for, to have punished all who were guilty would have been to decimate the army. In the first instance, parties from those regiments that had least participated in the combat were ordered into the town to collect the hordes of stragglers, that filled the streets with crimes

too horrible to detail ; and, when this measure was found inadequate, a brigade of troops were marched into the city, and were directed to stand by their arms, while any marauders remained. Gibbets and triangles were erected, and many of the men were flogged. A few hours so employed were sufficient to purge the town of the robbers that still lurked in the streets, many of whom were Spaniards and Portuguese, not connected with the army, and infinitely worse than our troops. Towards evening tranquillity began to return ; but it was a fearful quiet, and might be likened to a ship at sea, which, after having been plundered and dismasted by pirates, should be left floating on the ocean, without a morsel of food to supply the wants of its crew, or a stitch of canvas to cover its naked masts. By degrees, however, the inhabitants returned, and families left alive again became reunited ; yet there was scarce a family that did not mourn its dead."

The same writer says : " Early on the morning of the 9th of April, a great concourse of Spaniards, from the neighboring villages, thronged our lines. They came to purchase the booty captured by our men ; and each succeeding hour increased the supply of their wants, numerous and varied as they were, and our camp had the appearance of a vast market. Some of the soldiers realized upwards of one thousand dollars from the sale ; and almost all gained handsomely by an enterprise in which they had displayed so much devotion and bravery ; and it is only

to be lamented that they tarnished laurels so nobly won, by traits of barbarity which, for the sake of human nature, we hope have not often found a parallel."

It was not until order was in some measure restored that the wounded and dead could be attended to; but now graves were dug, and the mangled remains, so lately full of life and activity, burning with high hopes and fond anticipations, were laid away, adding their numbers to the vast pile of victims sacrificed to that Moloch — war. It is said that when Wellington learned the number of the fallen, and the extent of his loss in the death of those brave men, a passionate burst of tears told how much he was affected by it.

For a few days Wellington lingered near Badajos, hoping that Soult, to whom Phillipon had sent the fatal news even in the confusion of his surrender, would be tempted from his intrenchments to risk a battle with the allies, while the troops were flushed with victory. But this general, although feeling deeply the loss of one of his most impregnable fortresses, found himself too much occupied with the other division of the allied army to venture on such a course.

It was Wellington's intention, in case this battle did not take place, to proceed immediately to Andalusia; but, learning that the Spanish general had failed to garrison the fortresses already taken in a suitable manner, he was obliged to alter his own

course of action, in order to secure former conquests. While he remained here, his time was busily occupied in repairing the breaches, in levelling the trenches, and restoring the injured fortifications. This being done, he placed here, as a garrison, two regiments of Portuguese, and marched himself, with the main body of his troops, upon Beira.


Before the victorious army of the Allies left Badajos, Wellington determined to send a convoy to Brussels, with the treasure and spoils found in that place. The regiments selected to form this convoy were the 28th, 80th, 87th and 43d. We were to leave Badajos and pass through the northern part of Spain, by the romantic gorge of Roncesvalles to St. Jean Pied de Port in France, and from this place take the most direct course to Brussels. The day before our army was to leave for Beira was the day selected for our march. Our farewell words were soon spoken, and we were on our way.

No incident of particular interest occurred in our route, and we found ourselves on the 3d of June in safety in Brussels, where we remained in garrison until that great battle which decided the fate of Europe, and sent the French Emperor to his lonely home on the barren rock of St. Helena.

CHAPTER VI.

Brief Summary of Events for Four Years preceding the Battle of Waterloo.
— Author's Narrative resumed at that Period. — Preparation of Troops for the Battle. — Skirmishing preceding its Commencement. — Reception of the News at Brussels. — Departure of the English for the Field of Battle. — Disposition of the Forces. — Attack upon Hougomont. — Progress of the Battle. — Arrival of the Prussian Reinforcements. — Charge of the Old Guard. — Flight of the French.

THESE four years thus spent to me were days of quiet, unmarked by aught that would interest my readers ; but four years more eventful, more fraught with heavy consequences of good or ill to Europe, have seldom—perhaps never—been numbered in her eventful history. The victorious banners of France were waving on every battle-field on the continent. Wagram and Jena, Austerlitz and Friedland, echoed back the glory of the conqueror's name ; and kings and emperors, in whose veins flowed the blood of the Cæsars, had esteemed it an honor to claim alliance with the plebeian child of Corsica. But the Russian bear and the English lion had not yet yielded to his claims ; and, gathering his vast and victorious armies, he led them to face a sterner enemy and a more subtle foe than they had ever yet contested. Half a million of men, firm and confident in their own resources, had crossed the Niemen under Bonaparte's approving eye. A few months later, and the remnant of that scattered army, in rags, wan and ghastly,



staggered, like a band of spectres, over that same river. No human might had struck them down ; but the ice of winter and the deep snows of the north, which the fur-clad Russian glories in, had been the signal of death to the light-hearted child of vine-clad France. He who had left France at the head of such glorious armies had returned to his capital alone with his own brave heart and iron courage, to find there that the arms and gold of the allies had done their work.

From Spain, the French had retreated step by step. Ferdinand, soiled, even in his youth, with flagrant crimes, had returned amid rejoicings and banquets to his capital, to sink still deeper in shame and contempt the Bourbon name, and to reward with dungeons and tears and blood the brave hearts that had struggled so long and nobly for his kingdom. Joseph had fled before him on foot, scarcely escaping with his life from that kingdom, which might, indeed, have taken a glorious place among the nations, had he had the courage or ability to carry out, in the spirit that dictated them, the great and far-seeing plans of his brother. On every side the nations turned their arms against the falling emperor, until, at length, he who had disposed in his palace of the thrones of Europe had only left one small island, which must have seemed to him but a child's bauble, in view of the past. He *would* not rest here, and the events of the hundred days had roused again the world to arms. The prestige of his name had won

back the allegiance of the French, and thousands had, as in days of yore, collected around his standard. The battle which should decide the fate of Europe drew on. France stood alone, on the one side, with her veteran troops, and her memories of glorious victories, and, more than all, her emperor; and on the other were the united forces of England and the continent. Napoleon was confident of victory. On the 14th of June, in his own resistless eloquence, he thus addressed his army, the last he was ever destined to command: — “Soldiers, this day is the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, which twice decided the destiny of Europe. Then, as after the battle of Austerlitz, as after the battle of Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the oaths and protestations of princes, whom we left on their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they aim at the independence and the most sacred rights of France. They have committed the most unjust aggressions. Let us, then, march and meet them. Are not we and they still the same men? Soldiers, at Jena, against these same Prussians, now so arrogant, you were one to three; and at Montmirail, one to six. Let those among you who have been captives to the English describe the nature of their prison-ships, and the horrible sufferings they endured. The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the Confederation of the Rhine, lament that they are obliged to use their arms in the cause of princes who are the enemies of justice and the

rights of all nations. They know that this coalition is insatiable. After having devoured twelve millions of Poles, twelve millions of Italians, one million of Saxons, and six millions of Belgians, it now wishes to devour the states of the second rank in Germany.

“Madmen! a moment of prosperity has bewildered them! The oppression and humiliation of the French people are beyond their reach; if they enter France, they will find their tomb there! Soldiers, we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, and dangers to encounter; but, if we are firm, victory will be ours. The rights, the honor, the happiness of the country, will be recovered. To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is now arrived when he should either conquer or die.”

The plan which Napoleon had laid down was, by a rapid advance, to force his way between the armies of Wellington and Blucher combined, — to attack one with the mass of his forces, while he detached troops to keep the other in check. Let us now turn our attention to the allies.

They had combined their whole strength at and near Brussels. The army of Blucher, at this time, numbered about one hundred thousand men. These occupied Charleroi, Namur, Givet and Liege. The headquarters of the Anglo-Belgian army, under Wellington, were at Brussels. This army numbered seventy-six thousand men; but thirty-five thousand of these, however, were English, the flower of the Peninsular army having been sent to America. The

remainder were Hanoverians, Dutch and Belgians. The right of the Prussian army communicated with the left of the English ; their commanders having so arranged their troops, that wherever the attack of the French should be made, they might support each other. They could not doubt that Napoleon's mark was Brussels, but as yet it had been impossible for them to learn by which of the four great routes he intended to force his passage. Several prisoners had been taken, but these either could not or would not communicate the intelligence our commander was so desirous to obtain. On the morning of the 15th, however, the movements of the French unfolded their designs. Their second corps crossed the Sambre, and drove in Zeither's out-posts, who fell back on Fleurus to concentrate with the Prussian corps. They were hastily followed by the French army. The emperor's purpose was then to crush Blucher, before he could concentrate his own forces, much less be assisted by the troops under Wellington. Immediately Zeither, who had the command at Charleroi, sent out despatches to all the commanders of Blucher's army, summoning them to his aid. Then gallantly marshalling the men who were under his command, they held their ground bravely, though with great loss, until, finding it impossible longer to withstand, they fell back in good order, on a position between Ligny and Armand, where Blucher now awaited Napoleon's attack, at the head of his whole army. Though the emperor's plan of beating the

Prussian army in detail had failed, he might still prevent the conjunction of his forces with Wellington's. He continued his march, therefore, on the main road to Brussels from Charleroi. At Frasnes, some Nassau troops had been stationed. These were, however, obliged to retire before the French, who followed them as far as Quatre Bras, or four arms,—a farm, so called because the roads from Charleroi to Brussels, and from Namur to Nivelles, here cross each other. Here the French halted for the night.

Lord Wellington, as I have said, held his headquarters at Brussels. Not a rumor of Napoleon's onward movement had, as yet, reached him. That gay city presented many attractions to our gallant officers, and festivals and parties had followed each other in quick succession. On that very night the Duchess of Richmond gave a splendid ball, and it was as gayly attended by the British officers as if the French had been on the Seine, instead of the Sambre. Wellington himself was there. Sir Thomas Picton, too, our own brave commander in the Peninsular campaign, who had but that day arrived from England, also met his brother officers in this festal scene. The festivities were at their height, when an officer in splashed and spattered uniform presented himself at the door, and asking for the duke, communicated to him the startling intelligence. For some moments the iron duke remained in deep reflection, his countenance showing a resolution already

taken. Then, in a low and steady voice, he gave a few directions to a staff-officer, and again mingled in the festivities of the hour. But, before the ball was ended, the strains of courtly music were drowned in the louder notes of preparation. The drum had beat to arms, and the bugle summoned the assembly, while the Highland bagpipe added its wild and martial call to the field. All were soon prepared and under arms, and the fifth division filed from the park with the Brunswick corps, and directed their course to the forest of Soignes.

Three o'clock pealed from the steeple-bells. All was now quiet; the brigades, with their artillery and equipage, were gone, the crash of music was heard no longer, the bustle of preparation had ceased, and an ominous and heart-sinking silence succeeded the noise and hurry ever attendant on a departure for the field of battle.

These incidents have been so beautifully described by Byron, that we cannot resist the temptation to quote the passage :

“ There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then,
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

“ Did you not hear it ? No ! 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street :

On with the dance let joy be unconfined !
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet !
But hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more, —
As if the clouds its echo would repeat, —
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.
Arm ! arm ! it is, it is the cannon's opening roar !

“ Ah ! then, and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated ; — who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ! ”

By two o'clock the Duke of Wellington had left Brussels, and before light he reached Bry, at which place Blucher was stopping, and there the plan of the day was agreed upon. Napoleon resolved, with his own troops, to attack the Prussian army, because that had concentrated all its strength, while forty-five thousand men, under Ney, were to give battle to the English. At early dawn, on the 16th, hostilities were renewed. The morning, however, was occupied in slight skirmishes, in which the soldiers in both armies showed their bravery. The main contest between the English and the French commenced about three in the afternoon. The French were drawn up among growing corn, so high as nearly to conceal them from sight. The seventy-ninth and forty-second regiments were thus taken by surprise, and nearly destroyed. Out of eight hundred men, but ninety-six privates and four officers

escaped. At night the English general had possession of Quatre Bras. The number of killed and wounded on the side of the allies was five thousand. Blucher fought as stern a battle, but with less success. He had eighty thousand men, while Napoleon was opposed to him with ninety thousand. The French and Prussians felt for each other a mortal hatred, and little quarter was either asked or given. When the night of the 16th closed around them, thirty-five thousand men were left on the field of battle,—twenty thousand of the Prussians, and fifteen thousand French. Blucher had been forced to retire in the direction of Wavre, and so skilfully were his movements made that it was noon on the 17th before Napoleon discovered his retreat. As soon as Wellington learned that Blucher had retreated, he gave orders to fall back from Quatre Bras to the field of Waterloo. A heavy rain had fallen all day, and made the roads almost impassable with mud. The English soldiers were wearied with their day's labor, and discouraged by the command to retreat; but their spirits revived when, on reaching their bivouac for the night, they were informed that the battle should be given on the next day. We found little comfort, however, in our night's position; for, as the darkness closed in, the rain fell in torrents, and was accompanied by heavy thunder.

The soldiers themselves, although no temptation would have been strong enough to have induced them to turn away from the morrow's battle, still could not

but feel the solemnity of the hour. Thousands of those who had bivouacked with them the preceding night, in health and spirits, were now cold and lifeless on the field of battle. The morrow's action could not be less severe, and in such an hour it was not in human nature to be entirely unmindful of home and friends, whom it was more than probable we should never see again. For my own part, my thoughts reverted to my dear parents, and I could not but remember that, had I not disregarded their wishes, I should now have been in safety with them. My disobedience appeared to me in a very different light from what it had formerly done; but I resolved to conceal my feelings from every one. I was just endeavoring to compose myself to sleep, when my comrade spoke to me, saying that it was deeply impressed on his mind that he should not survive the morrow; and that he wished to make an arrangement with me, that if he should die and I should survive, I should inform his friends of the circumstances of his death, and that he would do the same for me, in case he should be the survivor. We then exchanged the last letters we had received from home, so that each should have the address of the other's parents. I endeavored to conceal my own feelings, and cheer his, by reminding him that it was far better to die on the field of glory than from fear; but he turned away from me, and, with a burst of tears, that spoke the deep feelings of his heart, he said, "*My mother!*" The familiar sound of this precious name, and the

sight of his sorrow, completely overcame my attempts at concealment, and we wept together. Perhaps I may as well mention here, that we had not been in the action twenty-five minutes when he was shot down by my side. After my return to England, I visited his parents, and informed them of the circumstances of his death; and I can assure my readers that it was a painful task. We were not alone in our sad feelings. The fierce contest of the elements, the discomforts of our position, and the deep gloom which covered every object, all served to deepen in every heart those feelings which, I venture to say, even the bravest will experience in the stillness and silence of a night preceding a battle.

With the early dawn of morning all the troops were in motion. Wellington was to commence the action, while Blucher, with all his army, with the exception of a single corps left to contend with Marshal Grouchy, marched to support him.

Our troops were drawn up before the village of Mont St. Jean, about a mile and a half from the small town of Waterloo, on a rising ground, which descended, by a gentle declivity, to a plain a mile in breadth, beyond which rose the opposite heights of La Belle Alliance. The first line was composed of those troops on whose discipline and spirit the duke could most rely. These were the British, three corps of Hanoverians and Belgians, and the men of Brunswick and Nassau. The second line consisted of those whose courage and bravery were more doubt-

ful, and those regiments that had suffered most severely the preceding day. Behind both of these lay the horse. Four roads crossed each other in this position, affording great facilities for the movements of the armies. It included, also, the chateau and houses of Hougomont, and the farm-house and enclosures of La Haye Sainte, which were very strongly occupied, and formed important outworks of defence. The whole front of the British army extended, in all, about a mile.

The army of the French, meanwhile, had been marching all night, and many of them did not reach the heights of La Belle Alliance until late on the morning of the 18th. Napoleon had feared that the English would continue their retreat to Brussels. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that he saw them drawn up on the opposite heights. "At last, then," said he, "at last I have these English in my grasp." Eighty thousand French soldiers were seen moving, in close massive columns, on the crest of the height, as they took up their several positions for the day. When all was arranged, Bonaparte rode along the lines, reviewing his troops; and when he had finished, and turned to ride away, a loud shout of "Vive l'Empereur" rolled after him, which shook the field on which they stood. He then ascended an observatory, a little in the rear, where he could overlook both lines, and from this point directed the battle. It was an eventful hour in the history of this great man; and he felt, as did also his troops,

how much depended on the issue of the day. Victory alone would give the courage necessary to send out reinforcements from a country where scarcely any were left but old men and youth. Defeat would be decisive of the emperor's fate. These thoughts nerved the hearts of the French, and they fought with unexampled impetuosity.

About ten o'clock the action was commenced, by an attack upon the gardens and wood of Hougomont. They were particularly anxious to gain this post, as it commanded a large part of the British position. It was furiously and incessantly assailed by the French, and as gallantly defended by the English, under General Byng. The French pushed up to the very walls of the chateau, and thrust their bayonets through the door; but the Coldstream Guards held the court-yard with invincible obstinacy, and the enemy were at length compelled to retire, leaving fourteen hundred men in a little orchard, beside the walls, where it does not seem so many could be laid. Every tree in the wood was pierced with balls, their branches broken and destroyed, and the chateau itself set on fire by the shells. Travellers inform us that the strokes which proved so fatal to human life have not affected the trees; for, though the holes still remain, their verdure is as beautiful as ever. Beneath those trees, and in the forsaken garden, flowers continue to bloom. The rose-trees and the vines, crushed and torn in the struggle, have flowered in new beauty, and offer a strong contrast to the

piles of bones, broken swords, and shattered helmets, that lay scattered among them.

When Napoleon saw that he had failed in taking Hougomont, he strengthened his attack upon the main lines. Most of the British had been drawn up in squares, not quite solid, but several files deep, and arranged like the squares on a chess-board; so that, if any of the enemy's cavalry should push between the divisions, they could be attacked in the rear, as well as in front. When, therefore, the French artillery opened upon them, and whole ranks were mowed down, the chasms were instantly filled, and not a foot of ground lost. But such was the impetuosity of the French onset, that the light troops, drawn up in front of these squares, were driven in, and the cavalry, which should have supported them, fled on every side. The Brunswick infantry now opened their fire upon the French cavalry, with a coolness and intrepidity that made dreadful gaps in their squadrons, and strewed the ground with men and horses that were advancing to the charge. But the courage of the French did not desert them. Their artillery played, at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards, on the British squares, with dreadful execution. Their object was to push back the right wing of the British, and establish themselves on the Nivelles road. But the courage of their opponents rendered these efforts unavailing; and the struggle here at length subsided, to rage with greater fury in other parts of the field. A strong body of French

infantry advanced, without firing a shot, to the position occupied by Sir Thomas Picton and Kempt. They had gained the heights, when Sir Thomas, forming his division into a solid square, advanced to the charge with such effect, that, after firing one volley, the French retreated. That volley, however, proved fatal to our brave commander. A musket ball struck him in the temple, and he expired without a struggle. After his fall, it was ascertained that he had been wounded on the 16th, but had carefully concealed it from every one but his servant. His wound, for want of surgical assistance, had assumed a very serious aspect.

Again the French pressed on, and, attacking the Highland division, drove them back in great disorder. But the brigade of heavy cavalry now came to their assistance, and again the assailants fell back. A column, two thousand strong, bore down upon the 92d regiment, which immediately formed itself into a line, and, charging on the foe, broke their centre. The French were now reinforced by their cavalry, and the British by the brigade of heavy dragoons. A contest then ensued which has hardly a parallel in modern warfare. The determined valor of the British, however, conquered, and the French retired behind their infantry. It was at this time that Sir William Ponsonby was killed. He led his brigade against the Polish lancers, and took two hundred prisoners; but, riding on in advance of his troops, he entered a newly-ploughed field, when his

horse stuck in the mire, and he found it impossible to proceed. At this instant, a body of lancers rode up. Sir William saw that his fate was inevitable. He took out his watch and a picture, and desired some one near to send them to his wife. A moment after, he fell, pierced with seven lance wounds.

At the farm of La Haye Sainte, the French succeeded in cutting off the communication of the German troops stationed there, and put them all to the bayonet. Here they maintained their position, until the final attack in the evening. The combat now raged with unabated fury. Every inch of ground was disputed on both sides, and neither gave way until every means of resistance was exhausted. The field of battle was heaped with the dead ; and yet the attack grew more impetuous, and the resistance more obstinate. The continued reverberations of more than six hundred pieces of artillery, the fire of the light troops, the frequent explosions of caissons blown up by shells, the hissing of balls, the clash of arms, the roar of the charges, and the shouts of the soldiery, produced a commingling of sounds whose effect it would be impossible to describe. Still, the contest raged on. After the advantage gained at La Haye Sainte, Napoleon threw the masses of both infantry and cavalry upon the British centre, which was now exposed. The first battalions gave way under their impetuous attack, and the French cavalry rushed on to carry the guns on the plains. An English ambuscade ran to receive them. The slaugh-

ter was horrible. Neither party yielded a step. Three times the French were on the point of forcing their position, and three times they were driven back. They cut to pieces the battalions of the English, who were slow or unskilful in their movements, but could make no impression on the squares. In vain were their repeated attacks. They were repulsed, with the most sanguinary fury.

Napoleon now advanced the whole centre of his infantry, to assist the cavalry. They pressed on with an enthusiasm that overpowered all resistance, and, for the moment, carried all before them. It was at this critical period that our noble commander showed himself worthy of a nation's honor. Everywhere in the thickest of the fight, he was seen cheering by his presence those who were almost ready to fail. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Balls flew thick and fast around him, and his staff-officers fell on every side ; yet he moved on unharmed. His unwearied exertions were at length successful in arresting the progress of the French, and in wresting from them the advantages they had gained. Again the attack on the chateau of Hougomont was renewed. The cuirassiers poured the strength of their charge upon the 30th regiment, who received them in a square, and immediately deployed into a line, that the effect of their fire might be more fatal, while the instant re-formation of the square protected them, in a degree, from the next charge of the enemy. Leaving, at length, the 30th regiment, they rushed on to the 69th, and succeeded

in reaching them before their square was formed which enabled them to commit dreadful slaughter. Before the British cavalry could rush to their relief, only a few brave soldiers remained to effect their escape. Then, retiring to their former position, the fire from three hundred pieces of artillery was poured upon the whole line of the allies. The effect of this fire was very destructive. One general officer reported to Wellington that his brigade was reduced to one-third of its original numbers, and that a temporary cessation was necessary to the very existence of his troops. "What you propose," was the answer of the duke, "is impossible. You, I, and every Englishman on the field, must die in the spot we now occupy." "It is enough," replied the general; "I, and every man under my command, are determined to share your fate."

Numerous were the instances on each side, among both officers and men, of self-sacrifice to save their fellow-soldiers. But, notwithstanding the gallant defence of the British, their situation now became critical in the extreme. The first line of their troops had suffered severely, and those brought up to assist them could not always be relied on. One Belgian regiment, which the duke himself was leading to the contest, fled from the first fire, and left the duke to seek for more devoted followers. Another, being ordered to support a charge, was so long in doing it, that the duke sent word to their commander, either to advance immediately, or to draw off his men alto-

gether. He thanked his Grace for the permission, and started for Brussels, alarming the town with a report that the French were at his heels.

The Duke of Wellington felt and expressed the greatest anxiety. He exerted himself to the utmost to cheer his men ; but, as he saw how fatal were the French charges, he said to one of the officers near him, " O that night, or Blucher, would come ! " Napoleon saw, at last, as he imagined, that the contest was nearly won. Already were couriers sent off to Paris to announce to its anxious multitudes that victory had crowned his efforts. Already had the shouts of victory ! victory ! passed from rank to rank among the French, as they saw the lines of the English tremble and fall back. But now a sound was heard which stilled, for a moment, even the fierce tumult of the battle. It was the voice of the trumpet, announcing the arrival of fresh troops ; and the most intense anxiety pervaded every heart, to learn to what army they belonged. Both parties felt that the answer must decide the fate of the day. Marshal Grouchy had been stationed, with thirty thousand men, to control the movements of the Prussian army ; and, in case of a severe engagement, he was to advance with his men to assist Napoleon. At day-break, an aid-de-camp was sent, commanding him to be in readiness at a moment's warning. Soon after, another followed, requesting him to march immediately to the scene of action. At ten o'clock, he had not moved from his encampment. Still, Napo-

leon's confidence in him was unshaken. "He has committed a horrible fault," said he; "but he will repair it." Every hour he had expected his arrival; and now, when the first files of the new army emerged from the wood, he felt almost certain that his hopes were realized. But the Prussian standard was unfurled, and the English, with loud cheers and renewed courage, returned to the charge. Even then, Napoleon persisted in believing that the Prussian army was only retreating before the marshal, and that he would soon appear on the field. He was mistaken.

Grouchy, if report may be believed, corrupted by British gold, remained in inglorious safety in his camp. He himself always maintained that he believed the small detachment of the Prussian army which remained near him was the whole of their force; and that, though the very ground under him was shaken by the reverberation of the continued discharges of artillery, he was acting up to his orders in remaining to check the Prussians. Be this as it may, his conduct decided the fate of the day.* "The destiny of Europe hung on the feeble intellect of a single man; and his sluggish arm, in its tardy movements, swept crowns and thrones before it, overturned one of the mightiest spirits the world ever nurtured, and set back the day of Europe's final emancipation half a century. In a moment, Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so

* Headley.

many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces ; and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied centre, with a grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus, throwing himself between the two armies, fight them separately. For this purpose, the Imperial Guard was called up, which had remained inactive during the whole day, and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet at the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney,—the bravest of the brave,—and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part way down the slope, and, halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his furious, impetuous manner. He told them that the battle rested with them, and he relied on their valor. ‘Vive l’Empereur!’ answered him, with a shout that was heard all over the field of battle.

“The whole continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte’s star trembled in the zenith, —now blazing out in its ancient splendor,—now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length,

when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from his sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung on every side, 'La garde recule,—la garde recule,' make us for a single moment forget all the carnage, in sympathy with his distress.

“Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum or the blast of a bugle to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing, one after another, in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which the gallant Ney rode fell under him; and he had scarcely mounted another, before it also sunk

to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, until five had been shot under him. Then, with his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre in hand, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and, driving the artillery-men from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But, at that moment, a file of soldiers, who had lain flat upon the ground behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly arose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the reflux tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen on his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to give way, though the whole army was flying, that noble marshal formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current; and would have done so, had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed upon his exhausted ranks. For a long time, those squares, under the unflinching Ney, stood, and let the artillery plough through them. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did

what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that blazed so brightly over the world went down with honor and in blood, and the 'bravest of the brave' had fought his last battle. It was worthy of his great name; and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder."

Soon after Sir Robert Picton had received his death-wound, while our shattered regiment was charging on the French column, a bullet pierced my left arm, the first wound I ever received in all my engagements, — the mark of which is now plainly visible, — which obliged me to fall back. I bled very freely; and this weakened me so much, that, finding it impossible to continue my retreat over the pile of dead and wounded with which the field was covered, I fell among them. Here I lay for a few moments, endeavoring to recover my exhausted strength. But here my situation was as dangerous as that of those advancing to the charge. Balls were flying in every direction around me, sometimes striking in the earth, soaked with the recent rains, and throwing it in every direction; but oftener falling on the wounded, who might yet have had a chance for life, and crushing them in a yet more terrible death. Many a poor fellow, who had fallen from wounds, and the weakness induced by exertion, with the loss of blood, was trampled to death by the advancing cavalry. It was this, combined with an earnest desire to see the

progress of the battle, that induced me to endeavor to change my location. I rose, and with great difficulty proceeded but a few steps, when a second ball entered my thigh, which again brought me to the ground. Scarcely had I fallen the second time, when a company of Scotch Greys made a charge upon the French troops, not ten rods from where I lay. I then gave up all hope of ever leaving that battle field, and expected never to rise again. Already, in imagination, I felt "the iron heel of the horse" trampling out my little remnant of life. The contest raged fearfully around us. Shots were exchanged thick and fast, and every moment but heightened the horrors of the scene. The blood flowed rapidly from my wounds, and my doom seemed inevitable. An old tattered handkerchief was all that I could procure to stop the rapidly exhausting hemorrhage. With my remaining hand and teeth I succeeded in tearing this into strips, and stuffed it into my wounds with my fingers as best I could. This arrested the crimson tide in some degree. I knew not how severe my wounds might be ; but, even if a chance of life remained from them, I knew full well that I was exposed every moment to share the fate of those who lay around me. Friends and enemies fell on every side, and mingled their groans and blood in one common stream. Our lines were driven back, and our brave men compelled to yield the contest. Rivers of blood were poured out, and regiments of brave men were cut down in rapid succession. Nothing

could exceed the bravery of the combatants on both sides. But the French light troops had this advantage of the English,—they could load and fire more rapidly than their enemies. The duke was compelled to see his plans frustrated, and his lines cut to pieces and driven back by the emperor's troops. Victory seemed already decided against us. Our men were fleeing—the enemy advancing with shouts of victory. The fate of the day seemed settled, and to us soldiers it was so. It was not possible to rally the men to another charge. But, at the moment when all seemed lost, a bugle, with drum and fife, was heard advancing with rapid step. All supposed it to be Grouchy's regiment of fresh troops, ready to follow up the victory, and completely destroy the remnant of the duke's forces. Consternation now filled every mind, and confusion and disorder reigned. But the Prussian colors were seen hoisted, and it was then announced that Blucher, with thirty thousand men, was at hand. A halt, or rally, and renewed hopes animated every breast. This was the lucky moment, and the fate of the day was at once changed. Report charges Grouchy with being corrupted and bought by English gold,—that he sold himself to the allied forces, and thus gave them the victory,—for, had he come at that time, we should have been completely destroyed. Grouchy never entered the fight, or rendered Napoleon any assistance whatever. He was made immensely rich, and spent his life in the English possessions. He has

ever been regarded as the man who sold his country and himself to the allies. His life was neither peaceful or happy. He died in 1848. That Wellington never gained the victory at Waterloo by fair and honorable means, is not and cannot be asserted. But gold accomplished what neither the iron duke or his numerous allies could accomplish by military prowess and skill. Napoleon would have gained the victory of Waterloo, had not treachery and bribery done their work. I must own the truth, although it be the lasting disgrace of my nation. I fought hard against Napoleon, and for my king. My hands were both blistered and burned black by holding my gun, which became so hot, the flesh was nearly burnt off the palms of both my hands. While I lay upon the ground covered with blood, unable to move, some one, more able than the rest, shouted, "The French are retreating. Blucher, with thirty thousand fresh troops has arrived, and is pursuing." This glad sound enabled me to raise my head, and soon, with great joy, I saw that the French were truly falling back, and that our troops were following. Again I felt that I had another chance for life; and this thought gave me strength to reach my knapsack, from which I took a silk handkerchief, and with my teeth and right hand succeeded in tearing it, as I did the one before, and binding up tightly my wounds. This stopped the flow of blood while I remained perfectly still; but the least movement caused it to gush forth afresh. A little distance from

me was a small hill, and under its shelter I should be in comparative safety. O, how I longed to reach it! Again and again I attempted to rise; but every attempt was useless, and I was about resigning myself to my fate, when I observed, only a short distance from me, a woman with a child in her arms. This woman belonged to the company of camp-followers, who were even now engaged in stripping the dead and wounded, with such eager haste, that they often advanced too near the contending columns, and paid with their lives their thirst for gold. In my travels it has often been my lot to witness the birds of prey hovering over the still living victim, only waiting till its power of resistance is lost, to bury their beaks in the writhing and quivering flesh, to satisfy their thirst for blood. I could think of nothing else, as I saw those wretches, reckless of their own lives, in their anxiety to be first on the ground, and lost to all feelings of humanity for others, stripping from the yet warm dead everything of value upon their persons; not hesitating to punish with death even the least resistance on the part of the wounded, and making sport of their groans and sufferings. This woman came quite near to me. She stooped to take a gold watch from the pocket of an officer. As she raised herself, a shell struck the child, as it lay sleeping in her arms, and severed its little body completely in two. The shock struck the mother to the ground; but, soon recovering herself, she sat up, gazed a moment upon the disfigured remains of her

child, and, apparently unmoved, continued her fiendish work. Thus does war destroy all the finer feelings of the heart, and cherish those passions which quench even the pure flame of a mother's love for her helpless and dependent child. To this woman I appealed for help; and, with her assistance, succeeded in reaching the little hill to which I have alluded, and remained there in safety until the fate of the day was fully decided.

Between eight and nine o'clock that night the last of the French troops had withdrawn from the field, which had been fatal to so many thousands of human beings. The clouds and rain, which had rendered the preceding night so uncomfortable, had disappeared, and the full moon shone in unclouded splendor. The English army, or, at least, that remnant of them left alive, wearied out by the exhausting scenes of the day, had returned to their bivouac of the night preceding, while the Prussians, under Blucher, continued the pursuit of the flying and panic-stricken French.

History informs us that the horrors of that night exceeded even the tremendous scenes of the day. The French were in complete confusion. Carriages and horsemen marched over the fainting and exhausted infantry. The officers tried in vain to rally their men, that they might retreat in order. The first flash of a Prussian gun would scatter them, in the wildest confusion. Thousands fell in the confusion of the retreat, and thousands more were

crushed to death, or drowned in crossing the rivers Napoleon himself but just escaped with his liberty His carriage was stopped, his postilion and coachman killed, and the door of his coach torn open just in season to witness his escape from the other side. While Blucher led on the Prussians in this murderous pursuit, the Duke of Wellington again led his army upon the field of battle. The wild tumult and confusion which had pervaded it through the day was now stilled, but the groans of the wounded and the shrieks of the dying were heard on every side. The English re-trod the battle-field, and searched out their wounded comrades, and hastily dressed their wounds. They then constructed litters, and on these carriages were the sick and wounded borne to the hospitals of Brussels and Antwerp.

I have somewhere read a description, written by an eye-witness of the scenes of the night and following day, which I will beg leave of my readers to transcribe here. He says: "The mangled and lifeless bodies were, even then, stripped of every covering — everything of the smallest value was already carried off. The road between Waterloo and Brussels, which passes for nine miles through the forest of Soigny, was choked up with scattered baggage, broken wagons and dead horses. The heavy rains and the great passage upon it rendered it almost impassable, so that it was with extreme difficulty that the carriages containing the wounded could be brought along. The way was lined with unfortunate

men, who had crept from the field; and many were unable to go further, and laid down and died. Holes dug by the wayside served as their graves, and the road for weeks afterwards was strewn with the tattered remains of their clothes and accoutrements. In every village and hamlet,—in every part of the country for thirty miles round,—the wounded were found wandering, the Belgian and Dutch stragglers exerting themselves to the utmost to reach their own homes. So great was the number of those needing care, that, notwithstanding the most active exertions, the last were not removed to Brussels until the Thursday following.

“ The desolation which reigned on the scene of action cannot be described. The fields of corn were trampled down, and so completely beaten into the mire that they had the appearance of stubble. The ground was completely ploughed up, in many places, with the charge of the cavalry; and the horses’ hoofs, deep stamped into the earth, left the traces where many a dreadful struggle had been. The whole field was strewn with the melancholy vestiges of devastation: soldiers’ caps, pierced with many a ball,—eagles that had ornamented them,—badges of the legion of honor,—cuirasses’ fragments,—broken arms, belts, and scabbards, shreds of tattered cloth, shoes, cartridge-boxes, gloves, Highland bonnets, feathers steeped in mud and gore,—French novels and German testaments,—scattered music belonging to the bands,—packs of cards, and innumerable pa

pers of every description, thrown out of the pockets of the dead, by those who had pillaged them,—love-letters, and letters from mothers to sons, and from children to parents; — all, all these, and a thousand-fold more, that cannot be named, were scattered about in every direction.”

The total loss of the allies, during the four days, was sixty-one thousand and five hundred, and of the French forty-one thousand.

EUROPE

AND

THE ALLIES OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER VII.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

Origin of the Ottoman Empire—Siege and Capture of Constantinople by the Turks—Mahomet—The Sultans—*Abdul Medjid*—His popularity and power—The Koran.

The Russian Empire—Area and population—Social organization—Religious policy—Nobility—Serfs—Conscription—The Army—Progress of Russia and extension of her frontiers—*Nicholas*—Poland.

IN the former half of the sixth century, Justinian was Emperor of the East. His empire nearly corresponded in geographical extent with the country which we now call Turkey in Europe. During his reign, Constantinople was visited by a company of warlike strangers, whose savage aspect filled all the people with amazement and fear. Their long hair, which hung in tresses down their backs, was gracefully bound with ribbons, but in the rest of their habit they resembled the Huns. These were the first Turks ever seen in Europe. They had come to offer the Emperor their alliance, which was accepted at a given

price. They had travelled from the foot of Mount Caucasus, where they first heard of the splendor and weakness of the Roman Empire. Their origin was beyond that celebrated ridge, and in the midst of another no less celebrated, and which is variously known as the Caf, the Imaus, the Golden Mountains, and the Girdle of the Earth. Here lived the people called Geougen, governed by a great Khan. In the hills they inhabited were many minerals, Iron and other mines were worked for them by the most despised portion of their slaves, who were known by the name of Turks. These slaves, under Bertezena, one of their number, rebelled against the great Khan, and succeeded in possessing themselves of their native country. From freedom they proceeded to conquest, and it was in the course of their victories that they found their way to the Caucasus. Nearly a century elapsed, and Heraclius was Emperor. He formed an alliance with the Turks, and so honored their prince as to place the imperial diadem on his head, and salute him with a tender embrace as his son. In the ninth century the Turks were introduced into Arabia. The Caliph Motassem employed them as his own guards in his own capital. He educated them in the exercise of arms, and in the profession of the Mahometan faith. No less a number than 50,000 of these hardy foreigners did he thus foolishly establish in the very heart of his dominions. In due time they became masters of some portions of the country into which they had been admitted as mercenaries. For one of their princes, Mahmood or Mahmud, the title of Sultan was invented, about a thousand years after Christ. Its meaning is autocrat or lord. His conquests were very extensive, and stretched

from Transoxiana to Ispahan—from the shores of the Caspian to the mouth of the Indus.

Toward the close of the twelfth century, Zingis (or Genghis) Khan organized incredible hordes of Moguls and Tartars, and conquered nearly all Asia west of India. After his death, the Tartar Empire was broken up into fragments. Most of these resultant little kingdoms gradually embraced Mahometanism, and amongst them was laid the foundation of what is now called the Ottoman (or Turkish) Empire. Incited by the example and success of the terrible Tartar, Shah Soliman, prince of the town of Nera, on the Caspian Sea, spread the terror of his arms all through Asia Minor, as far as the Euphrates. He was drowned in the passage of that river. His son, Orthogrul, succeeded him. This chief was the father of Thaman, or Athman, whose Turkish name has been melted into the appellation of the Caliph Othman. He was an aspiring and clever man, and soon freed himself from the control of a superior, as the power of the Mogul Khans had become well nigh extinct. He resolved to propagate the religion of the Koran by every means in his power; and began his holy war against the infidels by making a descent into Nicomedia. This he did in July, 1299. He was entirely victorious; and for twenty-seven years he repeated similar inroads, and achieved similar conquests in other directions. Towards the close of his reign, Prusa (Bursa), the capital of Bithynia, surrendered to his son Orchan, who, after his father's death, made it the seat of his government. This was in the year 1326, and from that time we may date the true era of the Ottoman Empire,—the name of which is plainly derived from that

of the Caliph Othman. His power rapidly increased. Many cities and districts fell into his hands,—amongst others, Ephesus, and the other six places, in which were the seven churches of Asia. Christianity in all these localities, except Philadelphia, was speedily extinguished, and supplanted by Islamism. Orchan had two sons, Soliman and Amurath. The former subdued Thrace, and possessed himself of Gallipoli, and was at last killed by a fall from his horse. The aged Emir (for no higher title had Orchan assumed) wept, and expired on the tomb of his valiant son. Amurath stepped into his place, and wielded the scimitar with all his father's energy. By the advice of his vizier, he selected for his own use the fifth part of the Christian youth in the provinces which he subjugated. His choice fell on the stoutest and most beautiful. These were named “yengi cheri,” or new soldiers. In more recent times the haughty troops, originated in this way, have gone by the name of Janissaries. At first they were courageous and zealous in the cause of their new master and new religion. For a long while they were the *élite* of the Turkish forces, and in critical outbreaks have often been a source of great anxiety to the sultans themselves.

Bajazet, his son and successor, surnamed “Ilderim,” or Lightning, was a man of fiery and energetic temperament. His territory was rapidly extended over the whole country, from Bursa to Adrianople, from the Danube to the Euphrates. He turned his arms against Hungary; and at Nicopolis defeated 100,000 Christians, who had proudly boasted that if the sky should fall they could uphold it on their lances. Bajazet boasted that he would advance to Germany and Italy, and feed his horse with a busbel

of oats on the altar of St. Peter's at Rome. A fit of the gout prevented his fulfilment of this threat. Meanwhile there rose up another great Mogul conqueror, Timour, or Tamerlane, who avenged the defeat of his ancestors upon the Turks. Bajazet (who had assumed the title of sultan) was conquered and taken captive. From the Irtysh and Volga to the Persian Gulf, and from the Ganges to Damascus and the Archipelago, Asia was in the hands of Timour; his armies were invincible, his ambition was boundless, and his zeal might have aspired to conquer and convert the Christian kingdoms of the West, which already trembled at his name. But he was not master of a single galley, with which to cross the Bosphorus or Dardanelles. This insuperable obstacle checked his career. At length he died, and the Ottoman power, like a strong tree recovering itself after a storm, began again to stand erect and flourish.

The great-grandson of Bajazet was Mahomet II. He emulated the Grecian Alexander. He laid siege to Constantinople, investing it with an army of 258,000 Turks. His navy comprised about 320 vessels, of which 18 were galleys of war. He had engaged the services of a Danish, or Hungarian, founder of cannon, who made him a field-piece capable of throwing a ball, which weighed 600 pounds, more than a mile. This could be fired only seven times in one day. Never before had the recent invention of gunpowder been employed with such terrible effect as at this siege of Constantinople. The inhabitants of that city were more than 100,000, but of those not more than 4,970, together with a body of 2,000 strangers, were capable of bearing arms. How small a garrison to defend

a city of thirteen, or perhaps sixteen, miles in extent! Yet, under these doleful circumstances, the city was distracted with religious discord, just as Jerusalem was before and during its siege by Titus. An immense chain closed the mouth of the harbor, whilst the mouth of the Bosphorus was defended by a fleet which was superior to that of the Turks. The city seemed incapable of being reduced. The Turks despaired: the Christians triumphed. In this perplexity it occurred to Mahomet to transport his fleet across the land. By amazing ingenuity and toil, he accomplished this feat. The distance was ten miles, yet in a single night he thus launched eighty of his light vessels into the harbor. The success of this scheme was perfect. He found his way into the city, which was taken May 29th, 1453. The last Palæologus, Constantine XI, fell by an unknown hand, and his body was buried under a mountain of the slain. The siege had lasted fifty-three days. Besides the multitudes that fell in fight, about 60,000 of the unhappy Greeks were reduced to the condition of slaves. Most of those were soon dispersed in remote servitude through the provinces of the Ottoman empire. The church of St. Sophia was speedily stripped of all its pictures and images, and before the lapse of many hours, the *muezzin*, or crier, ascended the most lofty turret and proclaimed the *ezan*, or public invitation, in the name of God and his prophet; the Imam preached; and Mahomet the Second performed the *namaz* of prayer and thanksgiving on the great altar, where the Christian mysteries had so lately been celebrated before the last of the Cæsars. From St. Sophia he proceeded to the august but desolate mansion of a hundred successors of the great



ABDUL MEDJID, SULTAN OF TURKEY.



Constantine; but which, in a very short time, had been stripped of the pomp of royalty. A melancholy reflection on the vicissitudes of human greatness forced itself on his mind, and he repeated an elegant distich of Persian poetry—"The spider has wove his web in the imperial palace; and the owl has sung her watch-song on the towers of Afrasiab."

Mahomet removed the seat of his government to Constantinople; a city so obviously marked out by nature for the metropolis of a vast empire. The population was speedily renewed. Before the end of September, five thousand families of Anatolia and Romania had obeyed the royal mandate, which enjoined them, under pain of death, to occupy their new habitations in the capital. The Sultan's throne was guarded by the numbers and fidelity of his Moslem subjects; but he strove by a rational policy to collect the scattered remnant of the Greeks. These returned in crowds as soon as they were assured of their lives, their liberties, and the free exercise of their religion. The churches were shared between the two religions; their limits were marked; and, till it was infringed by Selim, the grandson of Mahomet, the Greeks enjoyed above sixty years the benefit of this equal partition. After effecting many other triumphs of his arms, Mahomet died in 1480, in the midst of great projects he was devising against Rome and Persia. His grandson soon dethroned and murdered his own father, and commenced a vigorous reign under the title of Selim I. He defeated the Mamelukes, and in 1517 conquered Egypt, Syria, and Palestine. During fifty years the arms of the Ottomans, both by sea and land, were the terror of Europe and Asia. Especially

was this the case during the government of Selim's son, Soliman I., surnamed the Magnificent. His term of power extended from 1519 to 1566. This energetic tyrant took Belgrade, the island of Rhodes (from the knights of St. John), and Buda. He also subdued half of Hungary. He exacted a tribute from Moldavia, and so far mastered the Persians as to make Bagdad, Mesopotamia, and Georgia subject to him. Under this monarch the Ottoman empire reached its climax of renown and power. Before his death, symptoms of decline began to manifest themselves. Though extending his authority over an immense tract of country, he had failed to develop the internal strength, and consolidate the internal union, of his kingdom. The conquered nations were not properly incorporated, so as to constitute an integral part of Turkey. Hence, the frequency of the revolts, which, with varying success, for a long time after the death of Soliman, alike disturbed the peace and exhausted the strength of the Byzantine government. Ever since 1566, the Ottoman sovereigns have, in most instances, ascended the throne from a prison, and then surrendered themselves to the effeminate luxuries of the seraglio, until their despicable reign terminated either by assassination, or by deposition and another imprisonment. Several grand viziers, or prime ministers, have at different periods supplied their masters' deficiencies and screened their vices. Through the zeal and talents of these active servants of the State, it has been retarded in its declension and preserved from utter disintegration. The people continued for many years to sink deeper and deeper into ignorance, poverty, and helplessness, whilst in the pro-

vinces rapacious Pashas exceeded the cupidity and emulated the voluptuousness of the Sultan in the capital. The Sublime Porte, as the Ottoman government is often called, became an object of contempt and ridicule to all European nations. It remained inactive and unprogressive, whilst each of these was rapidly striving on towards the goal of intelligence and freedom, which still waits to be fully attained. Blindly attached to their fatalistic doctrines, and elated by their past military glory, the Turks looked upon foreigners with proud scorn, and despised them as dogs and infidels. Without any settled place, but incited by hatred of the Christians and a thirst for conquest, they carried on wars with Persia, Venice, Hungary, and Poland. The mutinies of the janissaries and the rebellions of subordinate governors often became dangerous in the extreme : but the ruling despot contrived from time to time to exterminate the enemies he feared, by the dagger or the bowstring ; and the ablest men were not unfrequently sacrificed to the hatred of the soldiery or of the sacred college. The successor to the throne commonly put all his brothers to death, whilst the people regarded with apathy either the murder of a cruel Sultan whom they hated, or of a weak one, whom they could not fear.

The present Sultan Abdul Medjid Khan, born the 6th of May, 1822, thirty-first sovereign of the family of Osman, and twenty-eighth since the taking of Constantinople, succeeded his father, Sultan Mahmoud Khan, on the 1st of July, 1839. He was commencing his seventeenth year when he ascended the throne. He looked a little older than he really was, although his appearance was far from

announcing a robust constitution. Some months previously an inflammation of the lungs had endangered his life. He had been saved by the care of an Armenian Roman Catholic, who was renowned for his cures. Slender and tall, he had the same long, pale face as his father; his black eyebrows, less arched than those of Mahmoud, announced a mind of less haughtiness and of less energy. His lips are rather thick, and he is slightly marked with the small-pox. At this epoch of his life, his features did not present a very marked expression, as if no strong passion had yet agitated the young breast. But his eyes, large and very beautiful, sometimes became animated with a most lively expression, and glistened with the fire of intelligence. Although Abdul Medjid had not been subjected to the captivity usually reserved for the heirs to the throne, his education, which had been directed according to the custom of the seraglio, had been very superficial, and had not prepared him for the heavy responsibility which was hanging over him.

Abdul Medjid was much indebted to nature: he afterwards perfected his education, and has become a most accomplished prince, remarkable above all for his passionate love of literature and the arts.

The first time the young Sultan presented himself to the eyes of his subjects he was dressed in an European trousers and coat, over which was thrown the imperial cloak, fastened by a diamond aigrette. On his breast he wore the decoration of the Nicham Iflichar; his head was covered with the fez, surmounted by a diamond aigrette. The new king, while thus continuing the costume of his father, nevertheless presented only a pale resemblance to

him. Simple without affectation, he cast around him glances full of softness and benevolence. Everything announced in him the *debonnaire* successor of an inflexible ruler ; nothing hitherto had indicated what great and precious qualities were concealed beneath the modest and tranquil exterior. He was received favorably by his people, but without any demonstration of enthusiasm. It was feared that this delicate youth could scarcely be equal to the importance of his duties. People pitied him, and, at the same time, trembled for the future prospects of the country. The women ~~saw~~, touched by his youth and his appearance of kindness, manifested their sympathy for him openly. When he went through Constantinople to the Mosque of Baiezid, they ran towards him from all parts : " Is not our son handsome ? " they cried, adopting him with affection. When he was only seventeen years of age, the official cry was heard in the streets of Constantinople, " His Highness, our most magnificent lord, Abdul Medjid, has risen to the throne ! God will that his reign make the happiness of his people ! " The new monarch soon began to play the part of a reformer. He assured to all his subjects, without exception, perfect security for their lives and fortunes, a regular mode of taxation, as also of recruiting the army ; he abolished the monopoly and venality of the public offices ; insured the public administration of justice and the free transmission of property ; and founded all the public institutions and administrations upon the systems of Europe, particularly of France, yet with every attention to the peculiar customs and prejudices of his own people. Abdul Medjid speedily became the idol with all classes. Their esteem

was increased by his extreme amiability of temper, and heightened almost to infatuation by the taste for literature which he displayed, and for his ardent endeavors to raise the educational character of his subjects. The reign of Abdul-has been sullied by no execution, by no act of cruelty. None of his ministers have ever lost their lives along with their office and power. He has been very kind to his brother, Abdul Aziz Effendi, allowing him both life and liberty, and making him a frequent companion. In the troubles which agitated Western Europe in 1848 and 1849, the Sultan acted a noble part in refusing to deliver up, at the dictation of Russia, certain Hungarian and other refugees, who had fled to him for shelter. In this firm course he was supported, both by his own people, and also by France and England.

In Turkey, the Sultan is the supreme and absolute ruler; there exists no one but himself who can be said to possess any power. He issues his edicts, which have the force of laws. He commands the whole naval and military power of the country. He sometimes, though in violation of the Koran, which is the very ground-work of his authority, imposes taxes on the people, and levies them as he likes, either generally, or locally, or partially, making one place, or one set of persons, or one individual, pay, and not the rest of his subjects. And, with few exceptions, the whole nation is subject to his absolute will and caprices, and there is no one who does not derive from him all the authority and weight he possesses in any employment, or in any station.

As, however, the Sultan cannot do all the business of the country, but, on the contrary, from the indolent habits

of the East, and the worse and more effeminate habits contracted by the bad education of despotic princes, passes his time inactive and averse to employment of any kind, he is obliged to delegate his power to ministers and officers of different kinds,—yet all of these are named and removed by him, and are absolutely dependent on his pleasure or caprice. His prime minister is called the Grand Vizier; the minister of foreign affairs is the Reis Effendi; the governors of provinces are called bashaws or pashas; the admiral is called the capitan (captain) pasha, and so forth; the judges are called cadis; and all these act in the Sultan's name, and obey, absolutely, whatever orders he gives them; so that, if he pleases to order that a cause be decided in a particular way, the judges must obey; and applications to the Sultan, or the bashaw, or governor of a province, to interfere for this purpose, are very frequent. Thus there is no possibility of resisting his superior authority, or controlling his universally prevailing influence, unless it be that some kind of limits are fixed by the Koran, and by the bodies of priests and lawyers who interpret it, and administer the laws founded upon it, and whom it is not the practice of the Sultan to interfere with, although he appoints all their chiefs, either directly, or through his governors. The chief priest, or primate, or archbishop, is called the Grand Mufti, and owes his promotion to office to the Sultan entirely, at whose pleasure he continues to hold it till he is removed.

The Eastern tyrant orders any individual to be seized and put to death for a look, much more for a mutinous word. He walks through his capital, perhaps in disguise, and settles some dispute between his subjects by ordering

one to give up his property to another, because he thinks, upon a moment's inquiry, that the latter has a right to it, or merely because his caprice makes him lean to one rather than the other. He hears a charge against a man, and at once strangles him on the spot; or he takes a dislike, and, without any pretext at all, kills him, and sells his family for slaves. He covets some one's house, or garden, or jewel, or wife, and instantly seizes it, or kills the owner that he may take it. Even this is not the worst that the people suffer; for, were this all, men might be safe by keeping at a distance, and the despot cannot be everywhere. But where he himself is not, his deputies, his bashaws, or, as in some countries they are called, his beglerbegs, are, and their subaltern oppressors. Each has all the sovereign's prerogatives in his own person; and though they are all liable to be summarily punished, not only by removal, but by being strangled with the bowstring sent to be inflicted upon them, and although the prince does now and then so punish wicked governors, yet he has a direct interest in their exactions; for one of his largest revenues is the succeeding as heir to all persons in his service; and in case they should conceal, or secretly make over to their family the gains they have made in the public service, the Sultan, during their life, squeezes the money from them, and puts them to the tortures by the bastinado—severe strokes on the soles of the feet—and by other torments, in order to discover their property. The bowstring is used in a way quite characteristic of the Turkish despotism. The Sultan, or his vizier, if he be the person ordering the punishment, sends an officer, generally one of very inferior rank, to the bashaw who has been

complained of, and whose conduct has, behind his back, been examined by the government at Constantinople. He carries a bowstring with him, and the order of the Sultan in writing, sealed with the imperial signet, dipped into black ink, and signed with the Sultan's cipher of *toghra*. The bashaw, if he has a power in his hands which enables him to set the sovereign at defiance, and to rebel against his authority, avoids seeing the messenger, and puts him to death on some pretext, as having him waylaid, and representing him as killed by banditti. But if not, he at once, on receiving the messenger's communication, kisses the sealed paper and the bowstring, bares his neck, and allows the man to strangle him, when his body is either buried privately, or thrown to be devoured by dogs, according as the people, or the troops, at the seat of his government, are well or ill disposed towards his person.

The foundation of the whole Turkish law is laid in the Koran, or Mohammedan scriptures; and here the absolute power of the sovereign is distinctly pronounced, and the duty of passive submission to his will inculcated upon all, as a duty to God immediately rendered.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

The aspect of affairs in Europe gives the public a strong interest in measuring the forces and the energy of the great antagonist whose aggression has called forth the

fleets and armies of England and France to battle after an unbroken peace of forty years. It has seldom happened to any nation to engage in hostilities with a foreign power whose real strength and resources are so imperfectly known. No other empire but that of Russia ever succeeded in keeping so vast a portion of the globe a secret and a mystery from the rest of mankind. We know that she possesses territories wider than the realms of Tamerlane; and that the troops under her banners are as countless as the hosts that followed Napoleon when he was the master of Europe.

Russia, taking its whole extent, is by much the largest empire of which there is any record in the annals of the world; and vast as it is, it may be said to be compact and continuous, without the intervention of land belonging to any other power. In this great empire every variety of climate is to be found, and every vegetable production, from those of the climate of southern Europe to the icy regions of the north, where vegetation fails, and nature is for ever bound in unproductive fetters—may, in one district or another, be brought to maturity. Nor are the mineral riches less copious; for there is scarcely a valued product of the mine which may not be obtained in some part of Russia, and several of the most useful ones, in great abundance, and of excellent quality. We insert a correct table* of the population and extent of the empire.

More than a hundred peoples, speaking a hundred different idioms, inhabit the surface of the empire. But almost all these peoples are scattered along its frontiers.

* See Table on the following page.

AREA AND POPULATION OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

Natural Divisions	Area in English Square Miles.	Population in		Mean Population in 1852, per Sq. Mile.
		1846.	1852.	
Great Russia,	328,781	19,220,900	20,403,371	62'
Little Russia,	150,141	11,093,400	11,775,865	78'4
New Russia,	96,636	3,070,700	3,259,612	33'7
White Russia,	70,399	2,767,200	2,937,436	41'7
Western Provinces,	47,076	2,704,300	2,870,667	60'9
Baltic Provinces,	56,616	1,659,800	1,761,907	48'1
Northern Provinces,	538,226	1,338,300	1,420,629	2'6
Ural Provinces,	447,768	10,146,000	10,770,181	24'
Cossack Districts,	123,776	1,089,700	1,156,736	9'3
Poland,	49,230	4,857,700	5,156,543	104'7
Finland,	135,808	1,412,315	1,499,199	11'
Total in Europe,	2,022,477	59,360,315	63,012,146	31'1
Caucasian Provinces,	86,578	2,850,000	2,850,000	32'8
West Siberia,	2,681,147	3,500,000	3,500,000	1'3
East Siberia,	2,122,000	237,000	237,000	'11
American Possessions,	371,350	61,000	61,000	'16
Total Extra European,	5,261,075	6,648,000	6,648,000	1'28
Totals,	7,283,552	66,008,315	69,660,146	9'5

In respect to Race, the population of the Russian Empire may be classed approximately, as follows:—

Sarmatian Race.	Lithuanic Branch	Lithuanians and Letts,	2,000,000
	Slavonic Branch	Russians,	49,000,000
		Bulgarians and Illyrians,	5,000,000
		Poles,	6,500,000
			58,000,000
Germans,			650,000
Dacian Romans,			750,000
Tatars,			3,400,000
Mongols,			2,180,000
Munshús,			250,000
Hyperborean Races,			100,000
Caucasian Tribes,			200,000
Greeks,			2,750,000
Jews,			70,000
Gipsies,			1,600,000
Miscellaneous,			80,800
			50,000
			12,000,000
			70,000,000

Total, 70,000,000

In respect to religion, there are probably in the Russian Empire 50,000,000 belonging to the so-called *Greek Church* (i. e. *Byzantine Catholics*); about 7,000,000 *Roman Catholics* (chiefly Poles); and upwards of 3,000,000 Protestants (Germans and Tatars).

Relative proportion of the dominant race to the other races in the Russian dominions:—Slavs to non Slavs, as 29 to 6, or 4'9 to 1: Russians to non-Russians, as 7 to 3, or 2'3 to 1.

The whole interior is inhabited by one sole race, that of the Russians proper. The Russian race alone consists of about 50,000,000 souls, whilst all the other tribes of the empire put together do not exceed 15,000,000.

No other state in Europe possesses so numerous a population belonging to one nation. Even France contains but 32,000,000 of Frenchmen out of 35,000,000 or 36,000,000 of inhabitants; and Great Britain about 19,000,000 of Englishmen out of 30,000,000 of inhabitants. The 36,000,000 inhabitants of Great Russia speak identically the same language, from the highest classes to the lowest, from the Emperor to the peasant. The dialects of the White Russians and of 7,000,000 of Little Russians are slightly different, but still comprehensible. To this complete unity of language must be added, among the Great Russians, the most surprising uniformity of manners and customs.

Another still more important element of political strength is the unity of the Russian Church. This unity is complete amongst the Little Russians and Ruthenians, a few of the latter only being in communion with the Church of Rome. The Great Russians are divided by a schism, but the Staroverzi (or members of the old faith) have seceded from the Established Church, not on the grounds of doctrine, but of ceremonial usages.

Although the first Russian empire, which was governed by Rurik, was founded by Normans (the Varangians), who must have introduced into Russia the fundamental Germanic institutions and the principles of the feudal system, this system never took root amongst the Slavonian population. On the contrary, all the popular insti-

tutions of Russia assumed the patriarchal character, which is peculiarly adapted to the Sclavonian race, and especially to the Russian people, which in this respect *closely resembles the ancient nations of the East*. The social organization of Russia forms in all its relations and degrees an uninterrupted scale of hierarchy, every step of which rests on some patriarchal power. The father is the absolute sovereign of the family, which cannot exist without him. If the father dies, the eldest son takes his place and exercises the full paternal authority. The property of the family is common to all the males belonging to it, but the father or his representative can alone dispose of it. Next comes the village or township, which is like an enlarged family, governed by an elected father or starost. This starost is elected for three years. His power is absolute, and he is obeyed without restriction. All the inhabited and cultivated lands of the village are held in common as undivided property. No portion is ceded as private property. The starost divides the fruits or profits of the whole amongst them. So, again, all these villages or townships form the nation; a nation of men equal among themselves, and equally subject to the chief of the empire and the race—the Czar. The authority of the Czar is absolute, like the obedience of his subjects. Any restriction on the authority of the Czar appears to a true Russian as a monstrous contradiction. “Who can limit the power or the rights of a father?” says the Russian; “he holds them, not from us, who are his children, nor from any man, but from God, to whom he will one day answer for them.” The mere form of words, “It is ordered,” has a magical effect on the Russians. They pay

the same respect to the agents of the government, whom they regard as the servants of the Czar, and to all their superiors. A Russian calls *batiouischka*—*little papa*—not only his father or an old man, but the starost, or any of his superiors. The Emperor himself is never addressed by the people by any other name. An old serf will call his master “little papa,” even though he should be a child of ten years old.

In Russia there is no national or domestic association which has not its centre, its unity, its chief, its father, its master. A chief is absolutely indispensable to the existence of Russians. They choose another father when they lose their own. The starost is elected to be unconditionally obeyed. This must be well understood in order to comprehend the true position of the Czar. The Russian nation is like a hive of bees, which absolutely require a queen-bee. In Russia the Czar is not the delegate of the people, nor the first servant of the state, nor the legal owner of the soil, nor even a sovereign by the grace of God. He is at once the unity, the chief, and the father of his people. He does not govern by right of office, but, as it were, by the ties of blood, recognised by the whole nation. This feeling is as natural to the whole population as that of their own existence, insomuch that the Czar can never do wrong. Whatever happens, the people always think him right. Any restriction on his power, even to the extent of one of the German Diets, would be considered in Russia an absurd chimera. The Czar Ivan IV. committed the most cruel actions, but the people remained faithful to him, and loved him all the more. To this day he is the hero of the popular ballads

and legends of the country. When the Czar Ivan the Terrible, weary of governing, sought to abdicate, the Russians flung themselves at his feet to entreat him to remain on the throne.

The feeling of the Russians is not so much one of deep attachment to their country as of ardent patriotism. Their country, the country of their ancestors, the Holy Russia, the people fraternally united under the sceptre of the Czar, the communion of faith, the ancient and sacred monuments of the realm, the tombs of **their forefathers**—all form a whole which **excites** and enraptures the mind of the Russians. They consider their country as a sort of kinsmanship to which they address the terms of familiar endearment. God, the Czar, and the priest, are all called “Father,”—the Church is their “Mother,” and the empire is always called “Holy Mother Russia.” The capital of the empire is “Holy Mother Moscow,” and the Volga “Mother Volga.” Even the high road from Moscow to Vladimir is called “our dear mother the high road to Vladimir.” But above all, Moscow, the holy mother of the land, is the centre of Russian history and tradition, to which all the inhabitants of the empire devote their love and veneration. Every Russian entertains all his life long the desire to visit one day the great city, to see the towers of its holy churches, and to pray on the tombs of the patron saints of Russia. “Mother Moscow” has already suffered and given her blood for Russia, as all the Russian people are ready to do for her.

There is not in Europe any nobility which possesses such large fortunes, (?) such vast personal privileges, such *liberties*, (?) such political rights in the internal administration

of the empire, (???) or so much physical power as the Russian aristocracy. The nobles possess in absolute property more than one-half of the lands under tillage. More than half the population of Russia Proper, that is, more than 12,000,000 of souls, which means more than 24,000,000 of heads, are not only their subjects, but their serfs.

It must be understood that in Russian rent-rolls the term "souls" means exclusively the males on an estate. In every valuation of the agricultural population, however, the unity taken is the *Tiéglo* of two souls, or, more exactly, five persons; the women and younger children being included.

The class of Russian serfs, or *mougiks*, represents, according to M. Leouzon le Duc, no less than one-twentieth part of mankind. It exceeds the whole population of France or Austria, and is computed to amount to no less than forty millions of human beings. The condition of these serfs differs in no material respect from that of the negro slaves of the United States, for the law holds them to be absolutely disqualified from possessing property; all they may earn or hold is really the property of their lord, and at his mercy. The Russian landlord is armed with a power which even the American planter does not possess. He is bound to feed the terrible conscription of the army, year by year, with an aliquot part of his own peasants. The rule of the Russian army is twenty-five years' duty. The power of drafting off particular men into the army amounts to an absolute control over their existence. The body of the serf is equally subject to every caprice of the master, and the use of the whip is universal. The virtue

of the female serf is in his power, and it is considered an honor among the Russian peasantry to reckon the adulterous offspring of their master amongst their own. The law itself precludes all redress, for the *Sword* expressly enacts that, "if any serf, forgetting the obedience he owes to his lord, presents a denunciation against him, and especially if he presents such a denunciation to the Emperor, he shall be handed over to justice, and treated with all the rigour of the laws—he, and the scribe who may have drawn up his memorial." We cannot conceive in any country or any age a more complete annihilation of human independence, or a more total degradation of human society.

The pay of the Russian army in all ranks is wretchedly small. The common soldier receives about \$7 50 a year; a lieutenant-general about \$850; a colonel, \$500; a captain from \$250 to \$300.

THE PROGRESS OF RUSSIA.

There is something really grand and imposing in the steady march of Russian dominion, since Peter the Great first consolidated his empire into a substantive state.

On his accession, in 1689, its western boundary was in longitude 30 degrees, and its southern in latitude 42 degrees; these have now been pushed to longitude 18 degrees and latitude 39 degrees respectively. Russia had then no access to any European sea; her only ports were Archangel in the Frozen Ocean, and Astrakhan on the Caspian: she has now access both to the Baltic and the

Euxine. Her population, mainly arising from increase of territory, has augmented thus:—

At the accession of Peter the Great, in 1689, it was 15,000,000; at the accession of Catharine the Second, in 1752, it was 25,000,000; at the accession of Paul, in 1796, it was 36,000,000; at the accession of Nicholas, in 1825, it was 58,000,000.

By the treaty of Neustadt in 1721, and by a subsequent treaty in 1809, she acquired more than the kingdom of Sweden, and the command of the Gulf of Finland, from which before she was excluded.

By the three partitions of Poland in 1772, 1793, and 1795, and by the arrangements of 1815, she acquired territory nearly equal in extent to the whole Austrian Empire. By various wars and treaties with Turkey, in 1794, 1783, and 1812, she robbed her of territories equal in extent to all that remains of her European dominions, and acquired the command of the Black Sea.

Between 1800 and 1814, she acquired from Persia districts at least as large as the whole of England; from Tartary, a territory which ranges over thirty degrees of longitude. During this period of 150 years, she has advanced her frontier 500 miles towards Constantinople, 630 miles towards Stockholm, 700 miles towards Berlin and Vienna, and 1000 miles towards Teheran, Cabool, and Calcutta. One only acquisition she has not yet made, though steadily pushing towards it, earnestly desiring it, and feeling it to be essential to the completion of her vast designs and the satisfaction of her natural and consistent ambition, namely,—the possession of Constantinople and Roumelia,—which would give her the most

admirable harbors and the command of the Levant, and would enable her to overlap, surround, menace, and embarrass all the rest of Europe.

NICHOLAS, THE REIGNING CZAR.

Nicholas Paulovitch, the son of Paul the First and Maria Feodorowna, is the fifteenth sovereign of the Romanoff dynasty. He is of a great height, and is very proud of it. His air is serious, his glance wild, even a little savage; his entire physiognomy has something hard and stern in it. The Emperor never shows himself but in the military costume, the stiffness of which is in perfect keeping with his tastes, and which makes his great height still more conspicuous. His face and whole deportment are noble and commanding. He speaks with vivacity, with simplicity, and the most perfect propriety; all he says is full of point and meaning,—no idle pleasantry, not a word out of its place. There is nothing in the tone of his voice or the arrangement of his phrases that indicates haughtiness or dissimulation, and yet every one feels that his heart is closed, and its deep secrets studiously concealed.

Nicholas has a boundless delight in seeing his soldiers, and in reviewing them. He is unsurpassed for the skill and despatch with which he passes numerous regiments in review, in the Place of Arms, at St. Petersburg. Woe to the poor soldier who shall be convicted of a button badly fastened, or a buckle out of its place! The eagle

eye of the Emperor will search in the very thickest part of the ranks for infractions of this description, and his inflexibility is known. He is, nevertheless, a timid rider, and travels by drosky or sledge, in preference to horseback.

The Emperor leads a life of restless and incessant activity. Morning, noon, and night, he is engaged in the public business brought beneath his notice from the different sections of the various departments. In private life he is free from immoralities, and sets a worthy example of conjugal fidelity to all his subjects.

The Emperor has a Grecian profile, the forehead high, but receding; the nose straight, and perfectly formed; the mouth very finely cut; the face, which in shape is rather a long oval, is noble: the whole air military, and rather German than Slavonic. His carriage and his attitude are naturally imposing. He expects always to be gazed at, and never for a moment forgets that he is so.

In Poland, as well as Siberia, incredible cruelties have been committed in the name of Nicholas and his command. The way in which he is striving to Russianize that once free country, will appear from the following extract from the "Russian Catechism of Poland," taught to Polish children.

"Question 1.—How is the authority of the Emperor to be considered, in reference to the spirit of Christianity?

"Answer.—As proceeding immediately from God.

"Question 17.—What are the supernaturally revealed motives for this worship (*i. e.* of the Emperor)?

"Answer.—The supernaturally revealed motives are, that the Emperor is the vice-gerent and minister of God to execute the divine commands, and, consequently.

disobedience to the Emperor is identical with disobedience to God himself ; that God will reward us in the world to come, for the worship and obedience we render the Emperor, and punish us severely to all eternity should we disobey or neglect to worship him. Moreover, God commands us to love and obey from the inmost recesses of the heart every authority, and particularly the Emperor, not from worldly considerations, but from apprehensions of the final judgment."

The Empress of Russia, Alexandra, is the daughter of Louisa, the queen of Prussia, and sister to the now reigning King of Prussia. She was born July 13th, 1798. Ever since the accession of Nicholas she has been suffering from an ill state of health, necessitating frequent travelling and change of air. She is said to have always exercised a beneficial influence over her husband, by tempering his passion and his excesses. Though she does not possess any superior qualities, the atmosphere in which she lives has not been able to efface the good principles which she imbibed in the Court of Prussia. The countenance of the Empress is represented to be mild, radiant, and benignant, resembling in its sweetness of expression that of a ministering angel. The late Marquis of Londonderry, in his "Tour in the North of Europe," says—"The indescribable majesty of deportment and fascinating grace that mark this illustrious personage are very peculiar. Celebrated as are all the females connected with the lamented and beautiful Queen of Prussia, there is none of them more bewitching in manner than the Empress of Russia ; nor is there existing, according to all reports, so excellent and perfect a being."

HISTORY OF THE WAR.

Arrival of Menschikoff at Constantinople—Demands of the Czar—The Sultan—Occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia—Conference of Vienna—Protest of the Porte—Turkish forces—Commencement of hostilities.

ON the 28th of February, 1853, the Russian ambassador Prince Menschikoff arrived at Constantinople, an event celebrated with more than eastern pomp, for he was escorted from the quay to his hotel by upwards of 7000 Greeks, whose services had been previously retained.

Bearing the highest dignities that the Czar can confer, imperious in his demeanor, impetuous and overbearing in his language, he was well qualified, notwithstanding his advanced age, to deal with Orientals, and to execute the commission entrusted to him, though he perhaps scarcely anticipated the amount of energy latent in the Sultan's apparently languid character.

On the 2d March the Russian Prince, attired in the plainest manner without a decoration of any kind, had an interview with the Grand Vizier, and was by him referred to Fuad Effendi, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Fuad Effendi had, however, uniformly distinguished himself by his determined opposition to the advances of Russia: Prince Menschikoff, therefore, haughtily declined to hold communication with him. As was expected, Fuad sent in his resignation, and great was the consequent delight experienced at the Russian embassy. Nor was that satis-

faction altogether unfounded, for Fuad Effendi was undoubtedly one of the ablest men in Turkey.

He was succeeded by Rifaat Pacha, a man of considerable talent, but by no means competent to cope with the daring policy of the Czar. Prince Menschikoff, indeed, now regarded the game as in his own hands, for he was provided with an autograph letter from the Czar, authorizing him to treat as a personal insult to Nicholas himself, any hesitation on the part of the Sultan or his advisers to accept the propositions submitted by him.

It is evident enough that Russia was at this time ill-informed as to the feeling both of England and France on the subject of the "Eastern question," or she would hardly have ventured to commit herself so far as she did in the demands addressed to Rifaat Pacha by Prince Menschikoff, on the 19th April, 1853, of which the following is an abstract :

"1. A definite firman securing to the Greek Church the custody of the key of the Church of Bethlehem; of the silver star pertaining to the altar of the Nativity; of the grotto of Gethsemane (with the admission of the Latin priests thereto for the celebration of their rites); the joint possession by the Greeks and the Latins of the gardens of Bethlehem.

"2. An immediate order on the part of the government for the thorough repair of the cupola of the temple of the Holy Sepulchre to the satisfaction of the Greek Patriarch.

"3. A guarantee for the maintenance of the privileges of the Greek Church in the East, and of those sanctuaries already in the exclusive possession of that Church, or shared by it with others."

The note containing these demands, and some others of minor importance, was couched in rather menacing if not insolent language, while the reply of the Porte was firm, temperate and dignified; expressive of its readiness to do all that could be fairly demanded of it, and concluding with a declaration of its inability to accede to such violation of its independence and national rights as was implied in the Russian note; appealing at the same time to the emperor's own sense of justice and honor.

It would be quite superfluous to introduce here all the voluminous correspondence that ensued between the two Powers. Suffice it to observe, that whatever might have been the concessions on the side of the Porte, they would evidently have been met by further and still more exorbitant demands on the part of Russia, as the intention of that Power, from the first, was evidently to bring matters to an open rupture. Surely for no other purpose could the ruler of a vast territory have been suddenly called upon, as he had been not long before at five days' notice, to divest himself of all authority over many millions of his subjects, and to admit, in fact, of a partition of his empire. What the precise designs of Russia were, are clearly shown in the following extract of a letter from Prince Lieven to Count Nesselrode:

"Our policy," said he, "must be to maintain a reserved and prudent attitude, until the moment arrives for Russia to vindicate her rights, and for the rapid action which she will be obliged to adopt. *The war ought to take Europe by surprise (!)* Our movements must be prompt, so that the other powers should find it impossible to be prepared for the blow that we are about to strike."

The Cabinets of London and Paris having received early intimation of what was going on, and being well satisfied that the Greek inhabitants of Turkey needed no additional protection, speedily concerted measures for the defence of the Ottoman empire and of their own interests. The political correspondence now became still more involved and prolix; but as more than mere verbal assurances were required to satisfy the Porte of the material support of the two great Western Powers, the combined fleets were directed to anchor in Besika Bay.

On the 4th June, the Sultan, still desirous of avoiding the responsibility of plunging his people into war, addressed to all the governments of Europe a notification of the necessity he felt himself under, of assuming a defensive attitude. This is known as the memorable Hattisheiff of Gulhany, a document drawn up with much ability, evincing considerable firmness and moderation of tone, and reflecting great credit on Abdul-Medjid and his advisers. For several years past, indeed, the Sultan has been quietly but steadily introducing a series of reforms into every department of his government, for which he has received little credit from Europe. The strong instinct of his predecessor, Mahmoud, had already marked out the career to be followed. It was only necessary for Abdul-Medjid to wait till he felt himself sufficiently strong to advance. As soon as he did, he established a sound system of national education, took measures for guaranteeing the security of property, organized an uniform dispensation of justice to all classes, not only at Constantinople, but in the remotest districts, reserving exclusively in his own hands the power of life and death. The taxes, more-

over, were assessed and levied far more equitably than before, and the abuses which had for a long time been accumulating in numerous offices may be now considered to be in process of abolition.

Abdul-Medjid being alive to the importance of his mission as the regenerator of a vast empire, the moment his independence as a sovereign potentate was menaced, he appealed to England and France, assuring them of his readiness for immediate war in the defence of a principle.

The occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia, which took place in the course of the summer, was preceded by a specious proclamation announcing that it was "but a provisional measure, and that the sole object of the Russian government was efficacious protection in consequence of the unforeseen conduct of the Porte, unmindful of the earnest desire for a sincere alliance manifested by the Imperial Court since the treaty of Adrianople, and of its most strenuous efforts to maintain, on the present occasion, the peace of Europe.

This proclamation promptly called forth energetic explanations, both from M. Drouyn de Lhuys and from Lord Clarendon (15th and 16th July, 1853). They both clearly set out the true history of the Czar's aggression, and make no concealment of their resolution to resist it. The invasion of the Sultan's dominions they maintained to be a just cause for the declaration of war; but as the great Powers of the West had already shown the necessity of avoiding bloodshed, unless as a last resource, the Sultan felt bound to transmit to St. Petersburg a simple protest against the insult passed upon him. Russia perhaps mistook this moderation for feebleness.

Late in 1853 came the tedious conference of Vienna, with its notes, its projects of notes, its despatches, its *ultimatums* and its *ultimatissimums*. The result was, the consumption of a vast amount of time, foolscap, post-horses, and government messengers, the concession to Austria of much more importance and consideration than she was in any way entitled to, and the retention at Besika, till the end of November, of the allied fleets, which ought to have passed through the Bosphorus more than four months before,—on the day, indeed, that the Russians crossed the Pruth. The “occupation” which ensued amounted, in fact, to the tyrannical assumption by Russia of the government of two of the finest provinces in Europe, accompanied by such atrocious acts of tyranny, that the English and French consuls found it incumbent upon them at once to withdraw.

Some time after the conclusion of the treaty of Adrianople, in 1828, Count Nesselrode, writing to the Grand Duke Constantine, thus gave expression to the feelings of the government of Russia on this subject:—

“The Turkish monarchy,” said he, “is reduced to such a state as to exist only under the protection of Russia, and must comply in future with her wishes.” Then, adverting to the Principalities, he says, “The possession of these Principalities is of the less importance to us, as without maintaining troops there, which would be attended with considerable expense, we shall dispose of them at our pleasure, as well during peace as in time of war. *We shall hold the keys of a position from which it will be easy to keep the Turkish government in check, and the Sultan will feel that any attempt to brave us again must end in his certain ruin.*”

The protest of the Porte against the invasion of these provinces bears date the 14th July: from that day till the end of September, the conference at Vienna, urged chiefly by Austria, had been making strenuous efforts to induce the Turkish government to yield to the arrogant pretensions of Russia. No enviable position, indeed, was that of the Sultan: "beset on one side by the *friendly* persuasives of Francis Joseph, and on the other by the imperious summons of Nicholas, who was actively intriguing in every direction, through numberless astute emissaries, to give rise to a belief that the presence of his troops in the Principalities was in conformity to the wishes of the population themselves. On the 8th October, the Grand Vizier (Mustapha Pacha) issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Constantinople, highly characteristic of the spirit of tolerance which now animates the people of the Sultan, and indicative of a degree of watchfulness and preparation on the part of the government which could scarcely have been anticipated. This proclamation was hailed with enthusiasm, and the whole nation, animated by one will, were only too eager to be led against their aggressors, or to aid in suppressing all attempts, on the part of the Greek population, to adopt the inflammatory counsels of the paid emissaries of Russia.

Equal praise is due to the priests of the Greek Church, and to the Ulemas, who turned a deaf ear to every attempt made to appeal to the fanaticism of their several congregations. Had they acted differently, the internecine war that would have ensued, must have inundated every threshold with blood.

On the eve of the commencement of hostilities, the effective Turkish forces on the Danube may be computed as follows :

Infantry	103,000
Egyptian contingent	13,000
Regular cavalry	12 regiments
Albanians and other irregulars	20,000
Artillery (guns of different calibre),	40 batteries.

Omâr Pacha, the commander-in-chief, established his head-quarters at Shumla with 50,000 troops. Alim Pacha, at Baba-Dagh, in the Dobruscha, headed 25,000. Mustapha Pacha, with 30,000, guarded the line of country between Sistow and Rustuck; and Ismail Pacha, with a like number, the district between Sistow and Widdin. Thirty-five thousand men, besides, were distributed among the garrisons of Varna, Tirnova, Pravardin, and different small fortresses along the grim range of the Balkan.

A reserve of 50,000 was assigned to Rifaat Pacha, who was stationed at Sophia, an important town in Bulgaria, on the road from Belgrade to Constantinople.

The whole of Europe—and no country more than Russia—had strangely erred in its estimate of the Turkish army. Any man who could have been found rash enough to have hinted at the possibility of the Sultan's troops standing before the "stalwart warriors" from the Don, would have been laughed to scorn: yet almost every engagement has shown them uniformly triumphant.

The Turkish army is divided into sections, commanded by generals of division, each of whom has under his orders three generals of brigade. The division consists of eleven regiments, six of infantry, four of cavalry, and one of artil-

lery. The available force of a division comprises 20,980 men; *i. e.*, 16,800 infantry, 2,880 cavalry, and 1,300 artillery-men. The infantry regiments are divided into battalions, and the battalions into companies. The cavalry regiments are divided into squadrons. The artillery regiments each comprise three horse and nine foot batteries, numbering altogether seventy-two heavy and four "grasshopper guns," about of the same calibre as those used at the battle of Buena Vista by General Taylor.

The Russian army has, for a long time past, been adopting from other powers every improvement that could advantageously be introduced into those docile but stolid ranks, and it was universally supposed to be in the highest state of efficiency. Numerically, it was about equal to the Turkish army immediately opposed to it. At the time to which we allude, Nicholas had, in Georgia and Circassia, at least 148,000 men, commanded by the venerable Prince Woronzow, who does not enjoy a brilliant military reputation, but still is considered an experienced soldier, and one of the few trustworthy men in the Czar's service. Had this large army not been engaged in holding in check the hardy and active hordes of Schamyl, it might possibly have been available to threaten Constantinople; but danger from the quarter we allude to was never very imminent, for the Turks had stationed 148,000 men, in two separate armies, on the Asiatic shore of the Black Sea, to coöperate with Schamyl, and to observe, at the same time, the movements of the enemy. The Turks and the Russians had, consequently, about an equal number of troops, both upon the Danube and in Asia.

The first cartridge burnt in anger, was at the affair of

Issatcha, scarcely more than a skirmish between a handful of Egyptians and Russians, and leading to no important results. The Russian general would fain have confined operations—for a time at least—to such skirmishes, from his unwillingness to risk the prestige with which the Russians had continued hitherto to surround their arms; but this policy accorded not with the views of Omar Pacha, who was anxious to elevate the *morale* of his men, and to prove to them, by the most conclusive of all arguments, their capability to contend with those whom they had been led to regard with so much respect.

CHAPTER IX.

OMER PACHA.

Anecdote—His birth—Reforms—Sultan Mahmurad—Enlistment in the Turkish army—His application—Expeditions among the wild tribes—Appointed Generalissimo—Present high position—Domestic life—Marriage—Personal habits—Kossuth and Hungarian refugees—War on the Danube—Battle of Oltenitza.

THE life of Omer Pacha is connected with perhaps the most important period in the history of Turkey—an epoch of transition from the old state of things to the new.

About twenty-five years ago a young man arrived at Widdin, and asked to see Hussein Pasha, the commander of the place. His personal appearance was unusually prepossessing, being at once handsome and majestic. His complexion was fair and clear, his eyes soft and penetrating, and his limbs pliant and athletic. The Turks, who have a superstitious veneration for a fine physiognomy, and to whom, therefore, good looks are pre-eminently, as Queen Elizabeth said, an excellent letter of recommendation, received him with great cordiality and respect. Hussein was at this time encamped before Widdin, and living in a superb tent, to which the young stranger was directed. He happened unfortunately to get there just as Hussein was waking up in no very good humor.

"What do you want?" said he, impatiently, to the intruder.

"To enter your excellency's service," was the reply.



OMER PACHA.



"I have too many attendants already. Go away."

In Turkey it is allowable for people in the humblest condition to offer presents to a distinguished personage without any offence. Accordingly, the young man pulled a small parcel, carefully done up, out of his pocket, and presented it to the pasha, begging him to accept it.

"What is this?" said the pasha, when he had opened the parcel.

"Gloves, your excellency?"

"And what use are they?"

"When you go out in the sun, they will preserve the color of your hands (the pasha's were very white), and when you are riding, they will prevent them from being blistered by the bridle."

"But how do you put them on?"

The young man answered by putting one on the pasha's hand.

"Now the other."

This also was put on. Hussein then clapped his hands three times, and raised them above his head, just as the officers of his suite were entering the tent. Thanks to this pair of gloves, which were the admiration of the pasha and his staff the stranger was admitted into Hussein's service. Now this stranger was no other than Latkes, now Omer Pasha.

Of his early life but little is known. His origin is Croatian; his native place Vlaski, a village in the district of Ogulini, thirteen leagues from Fiume, on the Adriatic Sea. He was born in 1801; the religion of his forefathers, and of his youthful years, was the Greek united faith, namely, that branch of the Greek worship subject to the

Roman Pontiff. He received a liberal education. His father enjoyed the important charge of Lieutenant-Administrator of the district, and his uncle was invested with ecclesiastical functions. His instruction in mathematics and military engineering he received at the military school of Thurm, near Carlstadt, in Transylvania; and in 1822, when 21 years of age, after having distinguished himself in his studies, he entered the corps of *Ponts et Chaussées* in the Austrian service, with the rank of lieutenant, that body having just been organized by the government.

At twenty nine he left the Austrian service; but the true cause of his taking this step has always remained a mystery. Many attributed it to a family misfortune; some to a quarrel he had with his superiors, followed by acts that would have subjected him to a court-martial.

Having made his escape, he passed into Bosnia in 1830, where he arrived wholly unknown, and it was only with difficulty he was able to engage himself as a servant in Kosrew Pacha's house, who was then at Bosna-Serai.

The *second reforming Sultan* had of late organized his troops on a principle of reform, not only as to discipline, but also as to the mode of equipment. Only a year, the wide and overflowing dress, the majestic turbans, the silken shawls and rich furs had given way to the more simple *fez* and to the European *pantaloon*. He began himself to assume that costume. The Khatti Sherif ordering this change was only promulgated on the 3d of March, 1829, and the sensation which the new dress occasioned among the people did not fail, according to eye-witnesses, to draw forth tears and public mourning.

All the regular troops of the army he had formed abandoned, whether they liked it or not, the picturesque and rich costume, adopted the new uniform, and accepted the command of foreign officers. An indispensable condition to the advancement of a foreigner in the Turkish service was conversion to Islamism, and Latkes became a *Musulman*, under the cognomen of Omer.

Meanwhile Old Turkey was clamorous in its protests against the progress of reform; nor was it long before its indignation broke out into acts of violence and bloodshed. Popular fury was often directed against Europeans, who were regarded as abettors of reform; and in August, 1831, ten thousand houses belonging to Europeans were a prey to the flames.

It was full time that these seditious demonstrations, and the sanguinary scenes enacted under former Sultans, should teach prudence to the fortunate, but daring and impetuous Mahmud. He felt the necessity of surrounding himself with faithful and vigorous-minded friends. He chose men qualified both as intelligent advisers and men of action. He invited to a great banquet in his palace his great state functionaries, the teachers of the law, the professors, the officers, the seven generals of the empire, the magnates of the nation, and the warmest partisans of his reforms. With glowing confidence and enthusiasm he spoke in the name of the national interest and the public cause, and called upon all to sacrifice personal feelings, party spirit, and internal divisions, to the fortune and the destinies of the empire. Mahmud's unusual familiarity astonished the greater number of the bystanders. It was an innovation at variance with the dignity of the "*Shade*

of *Allah on earth*," but all felt themselves individually flattered by it. When the *salams* that Oriental courtesy prescribes had been multiplied to a countless number, at a hint given to the Great Master of the Ceremonies, a large piece of tapestry was raised, a gate was thrown open, and the Sultan invited all to enter. It was a vast hall, magnificently lighted. A large number of splendid ensigns covered a table inlaid with amber, and upon it lay the Prophet's mantle. All prostrated themselves before the holy ensign; and by order of Mahmud, the Grand Seraskier pronounced a formula, and the sovereign, with his own hands, put on his minister's breast the great decoration of the civil and military order. The ceremony was a kind of Masonic inauguration; the ribbons of the several degrees were distributed to all present, who were invited to pledge themselves to the Sultan and to each other. The mystery attending the meeting had given it a more solemn character. All repeated the Grand Seraskier's formula; and the work of the regeneration of the empire had commenced.

This happened in October, 1831.

That Grand Seraskier was Kosrew Pacha, in whose service the Croat fugitive Latkes, now Mussulman Omer, had lived for the last year.

Eight years afterwards, on the 3d of November, 1839, the same hall was opened in broad day, and there, with all the solemnity of a national ceremony, the warmest supporters of Old Turkey, Sheik-ul-Islam, (the chief of the faith,) and the members of the body of Ulemas, who before the same holy shrine were sworn on the hands of the Mufti (ecclesiastical president) to observe the Tanzimat, were

assembled. The ashes of Mahmud were still warm: it was the first act of the reign of Abdul Medjid. The victory had been rapid: Young Turkey had, on that day, triumphed over Old Turkey.

In the gardens called Gul-hane, near the kiosks of the palace, Reschid Pacha proclaimed the new organization of the empire, granting concessions "to all subjects, of whatever sect or religion." That act so celebrated, virtually abolished capital punishment, by reserving the right of pronouncing it to the Sultan alone, who has never had recourse to it. The political, civil, and moral character of the Turks was raised by this memorable charter to a high standard.

Well aware of obstacles which they would have to encounter, Mahmud's friends determined to select the proper moment for action. Kosrew Pacha, who was more earnest than any other in the cause, did not miss the opportunity of availing himself of Omer-Aga, whose ardent and restless character appeared to have no ambition but to have a field open to his energetic activity. In Turkey, nobility is not the result of birth, but mostly the gift of favor, sometimes of riches, seldom of merit. One of the most remarkable examples of ennobled Turks was Kosrew Pacha himself, who had been bought in the slave-bazaar. The manners of the highest personages do not differ from those of the lowest, and their family life is distinguished by great simplicity and benevolence, even towards the slaves. Moreover, the curiosity which a foreigner awakens everywhere, and more than anywhere else in Turkey, made the Pacha desirous of having frequent interviews with the Frank convert, who by his wit,

the originality of his manners, and the singularity of his position, had become the subject of daily talk. The interviews with the Pacha succeeded each other; Omer's military knowledge made itself manifest; his independent character, his talent, his boldness of conception, and power of carrying out his plans, forcibly attracted the attention of the Pacha. Omer made his former position and misfortune known; he interested, he pleased; the Pacha's protection was insured to him, and he enlisted in the army of Turkish Regeneration.

Favored by the protection of Sultan Mahmud, to whom Kosrew Pacha had introduced him, after having been aide-de-camp to the Pacha, then aide-de-camp and interpreter to General Chzarnowsky, lastly an officer of the Imperial Guard; dissatisfied with the slow progress of his party, which was continually thwarted by provincial insurrections, he asked to be permitted to try his fortune in some of the expeditions which were continually being made, and began his military career in 1836. Bosnia, Serbia, and Bulgaria were successively the theatres of his exploits.

From that day he applied himself to improving the efficiency of his army, paying attention not only to the discipline, but also to the education, of the soldier. The Mussulman, good and meek-hearted by nature, never ferocious but in individual cases, was raised by him to the self-consciousness of human dignity, by regulations, ordinances, and laws, calculated to make him cognisant of the rights, and conversant with the duties that belong to every one, in every state of life. Self-esteem—a feeling that, being once awakened from a long lethargy, soon endears itself to every man—discipline, and Omer's benevolent

disposition even towards the lowest of his soldiers, caused him to be loved by them more as a father than as a general.

After Mahmud's decease, his expeditions continued under the new Sultan. In Albania, in Bosnia once more, in Syria, in the Kurdistan, among the wild tribes of the Ravendus, Romelia, in the Moldo-Wallachian Principalities, and in Montenegro, he was distinguished in both a military and civil capacity. Having adopted Turkey as a second country, he loved and loves her, not as a warrior merely, but as the member of a family which powerful enemies are attempting to disorganize and destroy. Before fighting, he always tried to conciliate; compelled to employ force, he never abused victory, to assuage either the resentment or the cupidity of his troops.

In a work so difficult as the regeneration of an entire nation, he had many fellow-laborers. Amongst them the first undoubtedly was an eminent man, whose talents as a diplomatist London and Paris have had occasion to notice, and whom they have since been able to appreciate as a statesman: we mean Reschid Pacha. We call him a companion, and not the chief of the enterprise; for Reschid Pacha, indeed, tried to transplant European civilization to the empire, though by measures which would have had no immediate utility without the activity of Omer Pacha.

In the midst of many labors, he ran through all the degrees of the army, till he obtained the rank of the highest in the Ottoman service. Invested with the great decoration of the Nichani-Iftikhar by Sultan Mahmud;

with that of the Mejidî* by Sultan Abdul Medjid; and, lastly, presented at Shumla with a sword of honor, he could not avoid making bitter enemies. Old Turkey was continually watching him with envious rancor; but he shrewdly flattered its apostles when he thought it proper for his purpose; overpowered them with generosity, when an exchange of hostilities would have injured his cause; and openly set them at defiance when dissembling would have been weakness, and silence an act of cowardice.

At this hour he is the first general of the Ottoman army, and millions of eyes are anxiously turned towards him. If the past may afford a clue to judge of the future, the fortune of Omer Pacha has been constant for so many years as to leave no doubt of his ability. So brilliant, so important and high a position is not reached from the lowest condition, without one's being possessed of merit, and that in an eminent degree.

His domestic life is very far from being tainted with the debauchery that is generally attributed, and often falsely, to the private conduct of the Moslems. He has had no more than two wives; and although he was allowed to have them contemporaneously, he did not marry the second until after his divorce from the former. This was a Turkish woman, daughter of an Aga of the Janissaries, who died in 1828, and was a pupil of his protector, Kosrew Pacha. Emancipated from the severe restraint of the harem to the liberty of European customs, she abused it, and forced her husband to a separation.

* This is a decoration instituted by Abdul-Medjid after his father's example. It is of simple enamelled gold, divided into five classes, and bearing an inscription, engraved in Turkish words—Ghairat, Sadakat, Hamiet (Courage, Fidelity, Zeal).

The second is a European, and was a very young maid, of a mild and virtuous character, when he saw her first, and married her at Bucharest, where she was exercising; at fourteen years of age, the profession of a teacher of the pianoforte. She is from Cronstadt in Transylvania, and her name is Anna Simonich. He has no offspring but a natural daughter, born of an Arabian slave in Syria. A male child, the fruit of his new marriage, died at four months of age, crushed under a carriage upset in the passage from Travnich to Saraievo. He has, therefore, as yet, no probability of being remembered in his adopted country but by his deeds.

In Omer Pacha may be traced many of the essentials of a great general. He takes a warm interest in the welfare of his men, and knows how to earn their goodwill; at the same time that he treats them with a degree of severity bordering upon harshness. Like Buonaparte, he is fond of those short, quick, terse addresses, which, in a moment, electrify an entire army, and is consequently regarded with veneration by his troops, who yield him the most implicit obedience.

His habits are simple and frugal; he is active and indefatigable in business; of an upright, benevolent, and gentle character, with a somewhat nervous and excitable temperament; often generous, sometimes prodigal, always absolute, and little accustomed to being contradicted in his opinions. He is fifty-three years of age; he is tall and thin, has a martial bearing, an expressive and marked physiognomy, a quick and penetrating eye, a nose a little compressed, a thick and grey beard, a large head—a perfectly Croatian type.

Engaged in all the struggles of the two parties during the most important period of their existence, the principal instrument of progress and of Young Turkey, he always regretted the necessity of drawing the sword against his fellow-subjects. It was farthest from his wish to tinge it with blood, even to impose what was, if not the common desire, the common advantage, namely, the improvement of society in all its developments. But of these ill-omened seditions, Turkish subjects were the arms, while the head was invisible, and kept itself in security from his blows, beyond the frontiers.

Often, even far from the noise of arms, he baffled the plots of the insidious enemies of Turkey. The most enviable of his bloodless victories was the cause of Kossuth and the Hungarian refugees, whom he met at Shumla, whither he had purposely repaired. He espoused their cause before the Sultan and the ministers of the Porte. The Sultan's sentiments regarding them were not less noble than his own; but his protection had for its object to neutralize the effect of foreign threats, lest, by the Sultan's yielding to them, the cause of progress should be deprived of the most valuable accession of material and intellectual forces which the new-comers might confer on it. His wishes, owing especially to the intervention of the English fleet, were crowned with success, and he succeeded in taking many of them under his command. The immigration, indeed, of Italians, Hungarians, and Poles, has been no inconsiderable help to the progress of Turkey in late years. The popular sentiment hailed them, because they were the enemies of its enemies; and the accession of elements so free, so ardent, and enthusi-

astic for the cause that drew them to exile, added an immense and rapid impetus to the reform party. They caused no little uneasiness to Russia and Austria, who, in every negotiation with Turkey, even in the last question, always insisted on the banishment of the political refugees to Asia. Russia fears only civilized men, and therefore she must be met by civilization dressed up in its full armor. Turkish civilization would give her the greatest annoyance: not to thwart it by every possible means would be an eternal remorse; and not to succeed in crushing it in the bud would be followed by the bitterest regrets.

The internal contest has now disappeared before the external, and Omer Pacha beholds united under his banner both old and young Turkey.

Long and difficult was the line of country he had to defend along the Danube, but his preparations were well taken, and the Russians could scarcely have crossed at any point without encountering a well-served battery, and, had they even succeeded in penetrating to the Balkan, they would have found every height bristling with fortifications, every defile in the possession of an intrepid foe. The successes of the Russians in 1828-29 depended mainly upon causes which no longer exist. They had then the undisputed mastery of the Black Sea; the Turkish navy had just been annihilated; and the Mussulman army was wholly without organization. The reverse of this was now the case, and the battle of Oltenitza was an earnest of many reverses they were doomed subsequently to sustain.

The Ottoman general, alive to the impolicy of allowing Russian and Austrian intrigue free scope for action during

the winter, and aware that his own men could not but become, to a great extent, demoralized by remaining for five months in sight of an arrogant foe, boldly determined to take the initiative, and to attempt, by force of arms, that which diplomacy had been unable to achieve.

Observing at a glance the immense importance of assuming a strong position before Kalafat (in Lesser Wallachia, opposite Widdin), whence he could effectually exclude the Russians from Servia, he adopted a plan for dividing simultaneously the attention and the forces of his adversary. While, therefore, a hostile division advanced, in Lesser Wallachia, upon Crajowa and Slatina, Omer Pacha prepared to land a large body of troops at Giurgevo, and a still larger detachment at Oltenitza. The attempt on Giurgevo, possibly intended only as a feint, was unsuccessful, but at Oltenitza the manœuvre was brilliantly accomplished.

Early on the morning of the 2d November, 1853, the Turks, to the number of 9000, crossed the Danube, between Turtukai and Oltenitza, a small village occupied by the Russians, who, as soon as they perceived the design of the Mussulmans, made a vigorous but futile resistance. Omer Pacha's troops, eager for the fray, leaped from the boats, long before they touched the bank, fought hand to hand with their antagonists in the water, soon carried the quarantine building, and fortified it with fascines.

The precision with which these various movements were effected, sufficiently attested the presence of the Turkish commander-in-chief.

The Russian General Danenberg, having been informed of this movement by the Turks, arrived, to direct in per

son measures for driving them back into the Danube. Eleven thousand Russians, under the command of Pauloff, were accordingly hastily collected, and, early on the 4th November, they commenced their attack. A brisk cannonade took place for some time on both sides. The Turks, quitting their entrenchments, threw out swarms of sharpshooters, and compelled a hussar regiment to take shelter in the rear of the infantry. The sharpshooters then formed into battalions, made several smart bayonet charges, and reëntered their entrenchments.

General Danenberg, astonished to find that an enemy he had held in such utter contempt should display so much courage and such knowledge of tactics, was desirous of bringing matters to a crisis; but, by an unlucky manœuvre, he got entangled in difficult ground between two fires, which occasioned considerable slaughter among his ranks. After four hours' hard fighting he was compelled to retreat, with the loss of a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and twenty-four other officers, besides 370 rank and file killed, and 857 wounded.

Omer Pacha held the position thus acquired till the 11th of November, when, without any further molestation from the enemy, he voluntarily retired to the right bank of the Danube; the Turks having meanwhile strengthened and fortified their camp at Kalafat.

The affair at Oltenitza produced a surprising effect at Constantinople, and indeed throughout the whole Turkish empire. After a century of reverses, the Turks had achieved a victory over a nation which had long treated them with disdain, and had always ridiculed their achievements in the field. The printing-office of the official

Gazette, and all the streets leading to it, were crowded with eager thousands, anxious to obtain copies of the supplement containing the details of the fight.

By a curious coincidence, on the same day and at the very hour that the battle of Oltenitza was being fought, the Sultan, who had announced his intention of heading the army in the spring, was being invested, at the mosque of the Sultan Mohamed, according to the Turkish ritual, with the title of Ghazi; or warrior, a dignity conferred on those Sultans who go forth for the first time to battle.

At Petersburg the dismay occasioned by the action of Oltenitza was so great, that the Czar gave immediate orders for those measures which resulted in the foul massacre of Sinope, as though he were desirous, by a deeper stain, to efface the dishonor his arms had already incurred.

Some days before the period fixed upon for the commencement of hostilities between Turkey and Russia, the Circassians had already matured their plans, and were prepared to take up arms vigorously against the troops of the Czar. But in Asia the enemies of Russia have scarcely been as successful as might have been anticipated, when their natural prowess, continued exercise in arms, and indomitable character, is taken into account. No deficiency of military ardor can, however, be imputed to men, who for upwards of fifty years have successfully resisted all attempts at subjugation, and have baffled the strategy of Russia's ablest generals. The chief reason why, in the present instance, they have not achieved any very signal success, has been the difficulty they have encountered in communicating with the sea-board, and in obtaining an adequate supply of ammunition and arms.

CHAPTER X.

SCHAMYI, THE PROPHET-WARRIOR OF THE CAUCASUS.

Caucasus—Character of the Tribes—Circassian Slave Trade—Birth of Schamyl—Personal Appearance—Form of Government—His Army and Body-Guard—Financial Rule—Struggles with Russia—Personal Habits—Legend—Circassian Women in Battle—Escape from the Russians.

THE valleys of the Caucasus afford abundance of detached rocks and overhanging cliffs, bathed by the foaming mountain torrents. On these or other almost inaccessible spots, are perched, like eagles' nests, the aouls or villages of the natives. Each consists of a number of saklias—houses built of loose fragments of rocks, without mortar, and arranged in an amphitheatrical form. Those of the chiefs are larger, and are distinguished by the addition of high towers; the last refuge of the inhabitants in case of attack.

The hardy and frugal mountaineers support themselves by pasturage, and by the cultivation of barley, wheat, and maize, making the best of the scanty soil by carefully terracing and irrigating it. In the more favored districts, the vine is grown with success; and cherry, apple, and pear orchards form no inconsiderable part of the wealth of the inhabitants. Some villages are celebrated for the manufacture of weapons and mail-shirts; and throughout the mountains the greatest attention is paid to the breed of the horses, hardy, sure-footed animals,

as much valued by their active enemies, the Cossacks, as by the Caucasians themselves.

The Caucasian character has all the good and all the evil features common among semi-savage mountaineers. Possessed of the most daring courage, and capable of self-devotion to their chiefs altogether without parallel; chivalrous in open warfare, and true to the last to any engagement by which they consider themselves fairly pledged; frugal and temperate in their ordinary habits; honorable and affectionate in their domestic relations; they are, nevertheless, to an enemy, or, indeed, to an outsider of any kind, both ruthless and bloodthirsty, seeming to be actuated by but two motives—love of bloodshed and love of gain. A story of Wagner's well illustrates this. A Tcherkess made his appearance before the commandant of one of the forts on the Black Sea, and stated that, for a consideration, he was willing to give some important information. This turned out to be, that an attack on the fort had been arranged by a large body of his countrymen to take place on an appointed day; and as it was totally unexpected by the Russians, it would probably have resulted in their destruction. The commandant agreed to pay the reward, but detained the Tcherkess until his statements were verified. Sure enough, on the very day a large body of mountaineers attacked the fort, but found their enemies on the alert, and were repulsed with loss. The Tcherkess received his reward the day after, and was dismissed with thanks. Not many yards from the fort, a Russian soldier, unarmed, was busied in some occupation. The Tcherkess could not resist the opportunity, but shot him, and bounded away into the hills!

In mind as in feature, there are considerable differences between the Eastern and Western Caucasians. The Western is distinguished by the beauty of his form and features, the fairness of his complexion, the open, dashing, careless, European cast of his character. The Asiatic element, on the other hand, predominates in the Eastern tribes. Darker in skin, the eagle eye is deeper set, and its uncertain glitter suggests the suspicion that the passions of a fierce fanatic lie beneath the imagination of a mystic.

The well-known Circassian slave-traffic is carried on by the western tribes only; but it is very different from the slave dealing with which England and America have been polluted. Among the Circassians themselves, matrimony is an affair of traffic, and the lover *buys* his wife of her respectable parents. With the Circassian girls, therefore, it is a question whether they are bought to work hard and live miserably at home, or whether they are bought to have an "establishment" at the expense of some Turkish Pasha. They are not sold to slave or to be ill-treated; and it is said that they almost invariably look forward to their Turkish prospects with great delight, and for that end brave the miseries of the Black Sea passage with pleasure.

Schamyl, the devoted Murid, became Imam and Sultan of the Eastern Caucasus, "the second prophet of Allah," in the year 1834, and, from that time till the present, has baffled the whole forces of Russia. Born in 1797, Schamyl grew up amidst all those influences which would best fit him to be the future leader of his people. From his earliest childhood, his silent earnest ways, intense

determination and love of knowledge, distinguished him among his fellows, and Spartan habits and a strong will compensated the natural defects of a delicate physical organization. He is of middle stature, has fair hair, gray eyes overshadowed by thick, well-marked eyebrows, a regular, well-formed nose, and a small mouth. A peculiar fairness and delicacy of skin distinguishes his countenance from that of his fellow-countrymen, and his feet and hands are singularly well shaped. The apparent immovability of his arms in walking indicates the determination of his character. His manner is noble and dignified. Perfectly master of himself, he exercises a silent influence over all who come into contact with him. A stern impassivity, which is undisturbed even in moments of the greatest danger, is his characteristic expression. A condemnation to death falls from his lips with the same calmness as he shows in conferring on a brave Murid the sabre of honor won in some sanguinary fight. With traitors or other offenders, whose death he has once determined upon, he converses without manifesting a shade of angry or vengeful feeling. He regards himself as simply the instrument in the hands of a higher power, and holds that all his thoughts and decisions are the immediate inspiration of God. His eloquence is as fiery and persuasive as his ordinary manner is calm and commanding.

Of a mob of scattered tribes, divided by innumerable feuds, he has made a nation capable of the most complete unity of action, and animated by one faith; and his genius as a lawgiver is as preëminent as his religious enthusiasm. With a strong hand he has swept away all

the old boundaries of race and tribe, however consecrated by tradition, and has completely reorganized the country over which he rules. It is divided into twenty districts, each of which is governed by an officer termed a Naib, whose business it is to preserve order; to superintend the proper raising of taxes and recruits; to limit and control disputes and blood-feuds; and to see that the Scharyat is strictly fulfilled. Every five of these districts, again, are under the superintendence of a Governor, uniting within himself the spiritual and temporal power, and answerable to Schamyl alone, who allows to certain of his favorites only, absolute power over life and death; while the others must refer to himself in such cases. Each Naib has a deputy or coadjutor. In every village there is a Cadi or Elder, whose duty it is to make regular reports to his Naib of all important occurrences, and to carry out the orders which he may receive from him, while the local Mollah has the spiritual care of the village. Every man capable of bearing arms has right of access to his Cadi or Naib at a fixed time of the day, when audiences are held and business transacted. Rapid communication through all parts of the country is insured by a sort of flying post. In each village several swift horses are kept saddled and bridled, and when a state messenger arrives, bearing a passport sealed by the Naib of the district, it is the business of the Cadi to furnish him instantly with a fresh horse and a guide to the next post. In this way Schamyl's messages and orders are transmitted with incredible swiftness.

The standing army of five or six thousand men is thus kept up; every ten houses of a village must maintain a

warrior, one house providing the man, and the other nine his horse, accoutrements, and support. The family to which he belongs is, so long as he is alive, free of all taxes, but he must never be without his arms, and must be ready, day and night, to march at a moment's notice. Furthermore, every male from fifteen to fifty is liable to be called out for the defence of his village, or, in extraordinary cases, to the general army; and in the latter case, each horseman of ten houses commands the men of those houses.

Schamyl's body-guard is composed of a selection from the Murids, and its members are called Murtosigators. Only the hottest enthusiasts among the Murids, men of whose entire devotion Schamyl is well assured, are chosen for this post, which is considered among the Caucasians to be in the highest degree honorable. The prophet puts the most implicit confidence in those whom he has once selected, and they on the other hand renounce every tie, and place their lives in his hand. If unmarried, they must remain so; and if married, they must strictly avoid their families during their period of service. Like Schamyl himself, they must live frugally, and carry out the Schar-yat to the very letter. They wear peculiar insignia, and receive regular pay, with a share of all spoils; there are usually about one thousand of them, five hundred of whom always surround Schamyl's person, access to which is very difficult. In time of peace, the Murtosigators are Schamyl's apostles, and considerable sums are placed at their disposal for the carrying out of their propaganda. At the same time, they form a most efficient body of police, whose accusations might at once destroy the most pow-

erful Naib. In war, they constitute the heart of Schamyl's troops and the terror of the Russians, who have never yet succeeded in taking one alive.

At first, Schamyl had no revenue but what was derived from his razzias; but, at present, all the tribes pay a yearly tithe, and if any slain warrior leaves no direct heir, his property goes to the state.

Schamyl's financial rule is ordinarily distinguished by extreme economy, and he is said to possess large concealed treasures: but if a valorous action is to be rewarded, or a hostile tribe won over, he will expend great sums. He has instituted a regular system of decorations, consisting of medals, epaulettes, and stars; while, on the other hand, his criminal code contains a no less exactly proportioned series of punishments, from the rag tied round the right arm, which is the stigma affixed to the coward—to decapitation, shooting, and stabbing to death. A stern and even-handed justice characterizes all Schamyl's judgments, and he would long since have fallen a victim to the blood-fends thus created against himself, were it not for the watchful devotion of his body-guard, the Murto-sigators, who constantly surround him in public. The Imam gave once in his own person a frightful earnest of his determination to know no distinction of persons among the violators of his laws. Early in his career, he made a solemn vow that he would put to death whoever, under any circumstances, proposed to him submission to the Giaour. The people of Tchetchenia were well acquainted with the Imam's oath; but in 1843, finding themselves threatened on all sides by the Russians, and at the same time left without aid by Schamyl, who was otherwise

occupied, they in despair sent messengers to the latter, begging him either to help them, or to allow them to submit. The office of the envoys was regarded as so hazardous, that their selection was made by the lot. It fell upon four men of the village Gunoi, who accordingly set out upon their mission. Before reaching Dargo, Schamyl's residence, however, the prospect of success appeared so slight, and the consequences of failure so appalling, that they determined to "eke the lion's with the fox's skin," and without making any direct proposition to Schamyl himself, to endeavour to influence him through his aged mother, the Khaness, who was known to possess great influence over her son, and at the same time to be, like all the mountaineers, by no means insensible to money. A large bribe engaged the Khaness to undertake the dangerous task; and in a private interview she opened the matter to the Imam. What occurred between mother and son is unknown, but when the men of Gunoi anxiously inquired the result of the negotiation, the Khaness, pale and trembling, could only tell them that her son had determined to inquire of Allah concerning their request—and even as they spoke, it was proclaimed that the Imam had shut himself in the mosque, and had commanded that all the people should gather about it and remain fasting and praying till he reappeared. Three days and nights, it is said, did Schamyl remain invisible, the prostrate multitude without rising higher and higher in fanatical exaltation, as their bodily frames became exhausted. On the fourth morning, Schamyl appeared on the flat roof of the mosque, surrounded by his Murids. All viewed with dismay his usually impassive countenance, distorted and

changed by the traces of some past inward agony. After an interval of profound silence, he directed the nearest Murids to bring his mother into his presence, and when she had arrived, he thus addressed the people: "The will of the Prophet of Allah be done! People of Dargo, the Tchetchenes have dared to think of yielding to the Giaour, and have even ventured to send messengers, hoping for my consent. The messengers, conscious of their sin, dared not appear before my face, but have tempted the weakness of my unhappy mother to be their mediator. For her sake, I have ventured, aided by your prayers, to ask the will of Mohammed the Prophet of Allah; and that will is, that the first who spoke to me of this matter shall be punished with a hundred blows of the heavy whip. It was my mother!"

With these words, Schamyl signed to his Murids, who seized the venerable old Khaness, and bound her to one of the pillars of the mosque. At the fifth blow, she sank dead. Schamyl, with a wild outburst of grief, threw himself at her feet; but suddenly rising again, cried solemnly—"God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet! he hath heard my prayer, and I may take upon myself the remainder of my mother's expiation!" With that, stripping off his upper garments, he commanded the Murids to inflict the remaining ninety-five blows upon his own back. The punishment fulfilled, Schamyl gave orders that the envoys of the Tchetchenes, terror-stricken witnesses of the preceding scene, should be brought into his presence. The ready Murids half drew their schaskas; but Schamyl, raising the men of Gunoi from the ground on which they had cast themselves in an agony of fear, said only, in his

calm, impassive way, "Go back to your people; and for my answer, tell them what you have seen to-day."

Schamyl is simple and abstemious in life extreme in his personal habits. Contenting himself with a few hours' sleep, he sometimes spends night after night in prayer and watching without showing the least symptoms of weariness. Not yet sixty, he is full of life and vigor; though at present he takes an active share in the war only rarely, and on great occasions. He lives in Dargo, where he has caused the enemy's deserters to build him a two-storied house in the Russian fashion, and is said to have three wives, the chief of whom is an Armenian of great beauty.

Once, or at most twice, in the year, the Imam retires to some remote cave, or shuts himself up in his most private apartments, and a strong cordon of watchful Murtosigators prevents any person whatever from having access to him. In this solitude he spends three weeks—fasting, praying, and reading the Koran. On the evening of the last day of his seclusion, the principal Mollahs and Murids, accompanied by a host of pilgrims, gathered in high expectation about the holy place, are summoned to meet him. He tells them that Mohammed has appeared to him in the form of a dove, revealing the mysteries of the faith, laying upon him such and such commands, and encouraging him to persevere in the holy war. Then showing himself to the throng without, he addresses them with the eloquence for which he is famed, rousing to the highest pitch their religious devotion and their hatred against the Muscovites. The whole assembly now joins in a solemn hymn. The men draw their schaskas, renew their oath to defend the

faith and to destroy the Russians, and then disperse, shouting, "God is great! Mohammed is his first prophet, and Schamyl his second!"

The total population of the Caucasus does not exceed a million and a half, and Schamyl's rule does not extend over more than six hundred thousand souls. The force under his command at any time, even taking the Russian accounts, has never surpassed twenty thousand men.

In the last ten years the Russian army of the Caucasus has consisted of more than one hundred and fifty thousand men, provided with every appliance of modern warfare, flanked right and left by sea-coasts commanded by their own cruisers, and directed by a government utterly regardless of human life. Fevers and Caucasian bullets are said to cost the Russians twenty thousand men yearly; and when the Czar sends a political offender into the ranks of the recruits for the Caucasus, he does not expect to see him again. The Russian ordnance accounts for the year 1840, show an expenditure of 11,344 artillery cartridges, and 1,206,575 musket cartridges!

The people of the Caucasus are said to have a legend that some day a powerful Sultan will arise in the West, and finally deliver them from the hands of the Muscovite padischah.

In 1839, the severest conflicts which had yet occurred between the Caucasians and their enemies the Russians took place. General Grabbe, an active officer, had succeeded to the command of the left flank of the army of the Caucasus, and determining to strike a decisive blow, concentrated a force of nine battalions, with seventeen pieces of artillery, and marched to attack Akhulgo.

The assault took place on the 17th of August, when the Russians succeeded in obtaining possession of the outworks of the fortress. For the ensuing four-days, Akhulgo was a scene of horror. In a succession of attacks, the Russian soldiers displayed that ferocious bravery which they evince whenever sufficient blood has been shed to wash the serf out of their hearts—while the mountaineers, mad with rage and despair, and hopeless of life, made their last aim the destruction of as many as possible of the accursed Muscovites—the very women fighting like tigresses. A Russian eye-witness says:

Shortly before the end of the fight, following Captain (now Colonel) Schultz, the boldest among the brave, at the head of the remains of my battalion, I climbed a steep ascent. The firing from above had ceased; the wind dispersed the dense clouds of smoke which, like a curtain, hung between us and the fortress, and over my head I saw a number of Circassian women standing on a little flat platform in the face of the rock. The closer and closer approach of our troops showed them too surely their fate, but, determined not to fall alive into our hands, they spent their last strength in destroying their enemies. Surrounded by the smoke, which grew clearer as we approached, they looked like avenging spirits born of the clouds, and scattering fear and destruction from the mountain side. In the heat of the fight, they had thrown off their upper garments, and their long thick hair streamed in wild disorder over their half-bared necks and bosoms. With superhuman exertion, four of these women contrived to roll down a vast stone, which came thundering towards us, passing within a few feet of me, and crushing several

of my soldiers. I saw a young woman who till then had been, with fixed eyes, a quiet spectator of the bloody tragedy, suddenly grasp the little child that clung to her garments ; I saw her dash its head to pieces against a projecting rock, and hurling it, with a wild shriek, down the abyss, leap after it. Many of the other women followed her example.

Akhulgo was taken, but Schamyl was not to be found in it, dead or alive. The Russian officers, however, had seen him, surrounded by his Murids, in the thickest of the fight, and knew he must be there. After awhile, intelligence was received that he and two or three of his Murids were concealed in a cave excavated in a face of the cliff overlooking the Koissu, permitting of access only by a ladder, which they had drawn after them. A considerable body of men, horse and foot, was immediately set to watch the mouth of the cave, whence, on the first dark night, the guard observed a small raft of planks being very carefully lowered by a rope into the Koissu ; a Murid followed, who, after appearing to look carefully in all directions, made a signal ; then followed another ; and at last came a third in the white garb of Schamyl. The raft was cut adrift, and the whole party dashed down the stream of the Koissu. In an instant, the Russians, who had carefully watched the whole proceedings, rushed upon them. The infantry fired from the bank, and the Cossack cavalry waded and swam their horses into the Koissu. The little crew of the raft, after defending itself with tenacity, was soon cut and shot down ; but when the Russians examined their corpses, Schamyl was not there. While every one's attention had been drawn from the

cave, he had lowered himself by the rope, and swimming the Koissu, had plunged into the forests of the opposite bank. The devotion of his Murids had saved the life and the cause of the prophet. Fifteen hundred dead lay in the ruins of Akhulgo, and six hundred prisoners, mostly wounded, were taken by the Russians.

The taking of Akhulgo was the crisis of Schamyl's fate. But an event which seemed utterly to annihilate his party, in reality served only to consolidate his power, and to render its foundation secure. The fifteen hundred slain in Akhulgo were the seeds of so many blood-feuds between the Russians and every tribe in the Caucasus—the pledges of an unquenchable personal hatred on the part of the mountaineers to the Muscovites, for ever. The wanton brutality of the soldiers to the inhabitants, in their line of march, disgusted even those tribes who would have been willing to remain friendly; and all learned unmistakably what they had to expect from Russian rule. On the other hand, the skill and courage shown by Schamyl and his followers in the defence, and the severe losses which they inflicted upon the invaders, appealed to the inmost sympathies of the gallant Caucasians; while the escape of the Imam, the details of which he carefully kept secret, appeared, for the third time, to be due to nothing but the miraculous interference of Allah. Schamyl himself, finding that no courage could resist the "Ozar's pistols," as his people called the field-pieces, learned to change his tactics, and henceforward to confine himself to the guerilla warfare for which the country seems made. His wonderful energy soon revived the spirit of his people, and early in 1840, all Tchetchenia was in revolt again.

The storming of Akhulgo, is the last real advantage of which the Russians have to boast. Schamyl, henceforward avoiding fortifications in the European style, set up his head-quarters at Dargo. Here he organized a scheme of government, which converted the whole of Lesghistan and the greater part of Tschetchenia into a vast military colony, and gave him the power of concentrating his forces upon a given point with the utmost ease. His system has been to avoid as much as possible coming into contact with the Russians in open ground. If the Russians make an expedition against him, he never opposes their entrance into the passes—no sign of life is, for the first day or two, to be seen in the mountains; but as the gorges narrow and the ground becomes more difficult, dropping shots from invisible enemies pick off the Russian officers: By degrees the dropping shots increase into a hot fire, and clouds of wild Lesghians and Tschetchenians, agile and surefooted as goats, hover behind trees and stones.

CHAPTER XI.

SINOPE.

Town of Sinope—Osman Pacha—The Mussulmans—The Black Sea Squadron—Exploit of Captain Drummond—Sebastopol Harbor—Achme Pacha—Citade—The Battle—Turkey, as a Military Power—Christian Population—War in Asia—England and France—Declaration of War—Embarkation of Troops.

WE have alluded to the affair of Sinope, but not in terms sufficiently strong to stigmatize its atrocity. The fleet under the command of Osman Pasha was not cruizing in the Black Sea with any intention of provoking hostilities on the part of the Russians: its sole mission was to keep up communication between Constantinople and the army of Anatolia, the Turks, while thus engaged, relying upon the good faith of the Czar, who had undertaken to act only upon the defensive so long as the negotiations with the Western Powers were pending. Nor had Osman Pacha any reason for suspecting that so flagrant a breach of faith would be committed, although three Russian men of war had been observed on the 27th November reconnoitring off the post. Fatal, however, was this reliance on the honor of Nicholas; for, on the 30th November, about mid-day, and under cover of a dense fog, a Russian squadron, consisting of three three-deckers, three two-deckers, two frigates, and three steamers, entered the bay of Sinope, while several frigates

and corvettes cruised at some distance, for the purpose of cutting off all assistance from Constantinople.

Sinope is a town of some little importance, about one hundred miles from the Bosphorus, and nearly facing Sebastopol; its dockyards and arsenal, covering a considerable extent of ground, were ill protected by a few insignificant batteries.

Resistance on the part of the Turks was almost hopeless, as their entire squadron mounted altogether only 406 guns, while the Russian ships carried no less than 760, and those mostly of very heavy calibre. As soon as he had entered the bay, the Russian admiral brought his ships deliberately to an anchor, sending at the same time an officer to demand the unconditional surrender of Osman Pacha's fleet. He scarcely awaited the delivery of this message, but immediately opened fire on the enemy, whose force, if duly estimated, was at least three times greater than his own. So unequal was the contest, that it can only be regarded as a massacre: in three hours and a half the Turkish squadron was annihilated. The courage displayed by the Mussulmans in this affair cannot be too highly lauded. Most of the captains were killed, or blown up with their ships: out of 4,575 men composing their crews, 4,155 were killed in the engagement, 120 were taken prisoners, and 300 were wantonly slaughtered in the conflagration of the defenceless town,—a worthy consummation to this disgraceful act of piracy, the details of which aroused the universal execration of the world.

The Emperor, on the other hand, was unable to dissemble his delight, and readily accepted this massacre as

a glorious set-off against the rout of his troops at Oltenitza. An officer, despatched with the welcome intelligence by Prince Menschikoff to the Czar, appeared in the august presence covered with mud, and so exhausted with fatigue that he actually fell asleep while the Emperor was reading the despatches. The Czar roused him with the announcement that "his horses were ready to convey him to the south," and that, from the rank of captain, he had risen to that of lieutenant-colonel.

The news of the disaster occasioned great consternation at Constantinople. The crews of the allied squadron began naturally enough to inquire among themselves whether they had been summoned to the Bosphorus to be passive spectators of deeds such as we have detailed.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 3d January, 1854, the Anglo-Gallic squadron entered the Black Sea.

The English squadron was composed of nineteen ships, carrying 1,030 guns. The French, fifteen ships and 962 guns. They were accompanied by a few Turkish steamers, each carrying about 1000 troops, and a large supply of ammunition and provisions for the army in Asia.

At this time the Russian force in the Black Sea was composed of six ships each of 120 guns, eight of 80 guns, and eight each of 50 or 60 guns, also three steamers, fifteen corvettes, and a few smaller vessels.

At this conjuncture the representatives of the great Western Powers addressed a letter to the Governor of Sebastopol, announcing that the Anglo-Gallic fleet had been ordered to the Black Sea to protect the shores that fringe the Ottoman territory against any act of aggression: they, moreover, expressed a diplomatic hope that his

Excellency would give such instructions to the Russian admirals as would prevent a hostile collision.

This letter was deficient in one main essential, since it studiously avoided announcing that the combined fleet was engaged in convoying a Turkish squadron, laden with munitions of war, having, moreover, undertaken to defend it against any attack.

There is something in this omission which might be characterized by a stronger designation than excessive caution.

One copy of the epistle, however—such as it was—signed by General Baraguay d'Hilliers, was intrusted to a French officer, commissioned to deliver it to Prince Menschikoff in person. That officer embarked on board H. M. S. *Retribution*, whose captain (Drummond), with the copy bearing Lord Redcliffe's signature, taking advantage of a dense fog, and without any pilot, boldly steamed into the very harbor of Sebastopol. Two shots were fired as a signal to bring to, but they were disregarded; whereupon a Russian officer, in a state of considerable excitement, hailed the frigate from a boat, emphatically announcing that no vessel of war could be permitted to enter the harbor, and that consequently the *Retribution* must forthwith retire. This requisition Captain Drummond refused to comply with until the object of his mission had been accomplished. He was then informed that the Governor was not in Sebastopol. The commander of the *Retribution* inquired for the deputy-governor, to whom he delivered his despatches; and it is said that this unfortunate officer was degraded to the ranks for permitting an English man-of-war to make her way without opposition into a port so jealously guarded.

While the parley between the English commander and the deputy-governor was going on, the officers of the *Retribution*, by the aid of cameras and pencils, took a series of sketches of the works of Sebastopol, and thus made themselves masters of all the information which the Russians had any interest in concealing.

On the 6th January, just as the allied fleets had taken possession of the Black Sea in order to retain a "material guarantee" equivalent to that of the Wallachian provinces, so unwarrantably seized by the Czar, the army of Abdul Medjid on the Danube was preparing to prove itself worthy of the important alliance he had just concluded.

His soldiers had shown well enough at Sinope that they knew how to die: at Citate they satisfied Europe that they knew how to fight.

Though, for the most part, inexperienced levies, they were more than a match for the veterans of the Czar, many of whom had for years past been inured to hard fighting in the Caucasus, while many more had seen something of warfare in the Hungarian campaign.

The Russians having determined to attack Kalafat, where Achmet Pacha had resolved to establish himself in force, began to manœuvre so as to reduce within the narrowest limits the Ottoman position: they threw up also a considerable number of field-works, so as to command almost every approach. Achmet Pacha felt that the moment had arrived when it was incumbent upon him to act with vigor, if he did not wish to break the spirit or lower the *morale* of his men. Till the last moment, however, he divulged his plans to no one; nor did he, till the hour had arrived, intimate his intention of

giving battle at Citate, the nearest point to the enemy's lines.

Citate is little more than a village, situate upon a gradual slope commanding the surrounding plain, which is bounded by two ravines. That on the eastern extremity is steep, abutting upon a lake, to the rear of which is a long level tract, extending to the Danube. The western gully is less abrupt, and inclines gradually towards a hill behind the village. The main road to Kalafat lies in a north-westerly direction between these ravines.

On a height above Citate, and to the left of the road, the Russians had thrown up a redoubt, which subsequently had the effect of preserving them from absolute destruction.

Achmet Pacha selected for this enterprise three regiments of cavalry, thirteen battalions of infantry (altogether 11,000 men), and twenty guns.

At sunset on the evening of the 5th January, the chosen band silently quitted Kalafat, reaching the village of Maglovit at eight o'clock. Some few found shelter in the deserted houses, but the greater part bivouacked without fire and without shelter. The ground was covered with half melted snow: the men were consequently compelled to keep on foot till daybreak, when the bugle summoned them to proceed to the scene of the impending action.

Two Turkish battalions were posted, with two guns, on the road, one in the village of Maglovit, the other in that of Orenja, to keep up the communication with Kalafat. A reserve of seven battalions was stationed at the foot of the hill already alluded to, while the other four battalions, with six guns (under the command of Ismail Pacha, who

led the attack), were posted somewhat in advance. The day dawned fair, the air was clear and calm, and the sky cloudless. Not a Russian sentry was visible, from the Turkish position, along the whole valley of the Danube: from the unbroken silence it might have been imagined that they had evacuated Citate. Six companies of light infantry, headed by Teyfik Bey (the nephew of Omer Pacha), were pushed forward *en tirailleurs*. They were on the point of occupying the hill, when a heavy discharge of grape and canister plainly enough revealed the presence of the enemy, as well as their intention of disputing the position. A well-directed fire of musketry ensued, but the Turkish sharpshooters, supported by four battalions of infantry and a field battery, opened a murderous fire on the Russians, whose artillery was miserably served in comparison with that of their antagonists. They fought, however, with desperation; and as the Turks advanced, carrying house after house at the bayonet's point, the Russians disputed every inch with all the frenzy of despair. Quarter was neither asked nor given. Many of the Russian officers, seeing their men give way, actually threw themselves on the swords of the Mussulmans. The desperate struggle lasted more than four hours, occasioning a heavy loss on both sides.

At noon every dwelling in the village had been captured, and the Russians were retreating in tolerable order along the road; but they there found themselves confronted by two fresh regiments of Turkish cavalry, which had advanced unperceived along the ravine to the right of the village. Thus situated, the Russians had no alternative but to take shelter with their guns behind their re-

doubt. They thus obtained a partial shelter from the Turkish cavalry. At this moment Ismail Pacha, who had had two horses killed under him, and had been badly wounded, yielded the command to Mustapha, and he, with two battalions that had not yet been engaged, and with four field-pieces, hastened to attack the redoubt, in conjunction with four additional battalions, each flanked by five guns. In half an hour more the destruction of the Russians would have been complete; but at this moment the attention of the combatants was arrested by an occurrence in another part of the plain.

As might have been expected, the intelligence of this engagement had already reached the Russians quartered in the surrounding villages, and reinforcements to the extent of 10,000 men and sixteen guns, might be seen rapidly advancing in various directions upon the Turkish reserve, which was well prepared to receive them. The Russians were marching in the direction of Kalafat, so as to place the Turks between two fires. The Mussulman generals, however, though in a critical position, concerted measures well, and at the proper moment, after having again displayed the superiority of their artillery, led their gallant battalions against the enemy, who speedily took to flight, strewing the ground with an immense quantity of arms, accoutrements, and ammunition.

The Turks had now been eight hours under arms, besides having bivouacked, in the depth of winter, without fire, on the muddy ground; but they were still eager to attack the redoubt, where the Russians remained literally penned in like sheep. Achmet Pacha, however, sounded a retreat, which was executed in perfect order. The Turks left 338

killed on this hard fought field, and carried away 700 wounded ; while the Russian loss could not have been less than 1500 killed and 2000 wounded. At nightfall the redoubt was abandoned ; and the Russians, after burying their dead, completely evacuated Citate, and all the other villages which had served them as advanced posts.

We have been thus particular in the details of this action, because it was, in fact, one of the most important of the campaign. The Ottoman troops, elated with so decisive a victory over a detested foe, were now only anxious to be led again to battle. On the 7th, Omer Pacha, who had hastened to the spot on hearing of the achievement of this division of his army, gratified their wishes, and on that and the three following days engagements took place, each terminating in results favorable to the cause of the Sultan.

Turkey thus at once resumed her position as a military power, and gave earnest, that when the ten or twelve millions, constituting her Christian population, shall have accepted the offer of the Sultan to bear arms like their Mahometan fellow-subjects, she will be in a position to protect herself against any aggression. Time of course must elapse before this takes place ; but enough has been done to prove that the protection of England and France need not be always indispensable to the existence of the Turkish empire.

It is unnecessary for our present purpose to follow the hostile armies on the Danube through all their operations. It will be sufficient to observe, that after the various engagements in the neighborhood of Kalafat, Omer Pacha resumed the plan on which he had previously proceeded

at Giurgevo and Oltenitza, the object of which was to constrain the Russians to detach a portion of their army in order to cover Bucharest. He had no desire to attempt any rash enterprise, but prudently kept watch, so as to avail himself of any favorable contingency ; his character presenting a happy combination of daring and prudence.

While the events we have related were proceeding, the war was being carried on with vigor on the frontier of Asia : numerous conflicts took place, attended with much slaughter, but not with any very commensurate results. The most important battle was that of Akhaltzik, claimed by the Russian General, Prince Andronikoff, as a great victory. Like that of Sinope, it was celebrated at Petersburg by a solemn *Te Deum* ; "The most pious Czar," in the words of the Government organ, "thanking the Lord of lords for the success of the Russian arms in the sacred combat for the orthodox faith." (1).

The allied squadron in the Black Sea, after having escorted a Turkish squadron freighted with supplies to Batoum, Trebizonde, and Checkvetil, reconnoitred the Russian fleet in Sebastopol, and returned to the Bosphorus.

England and France having announced to the world their intention of affording to Turkey both moral and material support, but their *moral* aid having failed to avert the invasion of the Danubian provinces, the massacre of Sinope, or the treachery of Austria, masked as it was under the guise of friendship, it became incumbent on the two Western Powers to abandon at once all further discussion, and to appeal to the stern but inevitable arbitrament of the sword.

The Queen's declaration of war appeared in the Gazette

of the 28th of March: on the preceding day, at Paris, the Minister of State read to the Legislative corps a message from the Emperor, announcing "that the last resolution of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg had placed Russia in a state of war with respect to France—a war, the responsibility of which belonged entirely to the Russian Government."

Great now was the activity displayed at the naval port, and arsenals of England and France. From Portsmouth and Southampton regiment after regiment were embarked—ships were commissioned faster almost than they could be got ready for sea—and additional reinforcements were despatched in all haste to Sir Charles Napier's magnificent Baltic fleet, which sailed from Spithead on the 11th of March.

CHAPTER XII.

TREATY OF ALLIANCE.

The Five Articles of the Treaty—War on the Danube—General Luder—The Pestilence—Decree of the Czar—Governor of Moscow—Loss of the Frigate Tiger—Captain Gifford—Black Sea Fleet—Duke of Cambridge—Arrival at Varna—Captain Hall—Admiral Plumridge—General Bodisco—Silistria—The Siege—Mussa Pacha—Evacuation of the Principalities by the Russians.

On the 12th of March, 1854, the treaty of alliance between England, France, and the Porte, was signed by the representatives of those powers.

The treaty consists of five articles. By the first, France and England engage to support Turkey by force of arms until the conclusion of a peace which shall secure independence of the Ottoman empire, and the integrity of the rights of the Sultan. The two protecting Powers undertake not to derive from the actual crisis, or from the negotiations which may terminate it, any exclusive advantage. By the second article the Porte, on its side, pledges itself not to make peace under any circumstances without having previously obtained the consent, and solicited the participation of the two Powers, and also to employ all its resources to carry on the war with vigor. In the third article the two Powers promise to evacuate, immediately after the conclusion of the war, and on the demand of the Porte, all the points of the empire which their troops shall have occupied during the war. By the fourth article the treaty remains open for the signature of the

other Powers of Europe who may wish to become parties to it; and the fifth and last article guarantees to all the subjects of the Porte, without distinction of religion, equality in the eye of the law, and admissibility into all employments. To this treaty are attached, as integral parts of it, several protocols. One relates to the institution of mixed tribunals throughout the whole empire; a second is relative to an advance of 20,000,000fr. jointly by France and England; and a third relates to the collection of the taxes and the suppression of the *haratch* or poll-tax, which, having been considered for a long time past by the Turkish Government as only the purchase of exemption from military service, leads, by its abolition, to the entrance of Christians into the army.

The Russians continued to prosecute the war eagerly on the banks of the Danube, but any temporary success was more than counterbalanced by subsequent and more brilliant Turkish victories.

General Luders, at the head of 50,000 men, succeeded in crossing the Danube, and in occupying the Dobrudscha in force. A fatal step! for a frightful pestilence, arising from the marshes of this unhealthy district, in a few weeks decimated his troops, and the survivors were so debilitated by sickness and scanty fare, that they might have been driven into the river almost without the power of resistance.

On the 5th of May the *Invalide Russe* published the following *veracious* decree of the Emperor of Russia, addressed to General Osten-Sacken:—

“On the day when the inhabitants of Odessa, united in

their orthodox temples, were celebrating the death of the Son of God, crucified for the redemption of mankind, the allies of the enemies of His holy name attempted a crime against that city of peace and commerce, against that city where all Europe, in her years of dearth, has always found open granaries. The fleets of France and England bombarded for twelve hours our batteries and the habitations of our peaceful citizens, as well as the merchant shipping in the harbor. But our brave troops, led by you in person, and penetrated by a profound faith in the supreme Protector of justice, gloriously repelled the attack of the enemy against the soil which, in apostolic times, relieved the saintly precursor of the Christian religion in our holy country.

The heroic firmness and devotion of our troops, inspired by your example, have been crowned with complete success, the city has been saved from destruction, and the enemies' fleets have disappeared. As a worthy recompense for so brilliant an action, we send you the order of St. Andrew."

NICHOLAS.

St. Petersburg, April 21 (May 3).

The governor of Moscow had caused a *Te Deum* to be sung in honor of the victory (?) gained by the Russians at Odessa; the fact being, that in consequence of the atrocious conduct of the military authorities of Odessa, in firing upon an English flag of truce, a division of English and French steam frigates appeared before Odessa. On their arrival the greatest terror pervaded the city. The wealthy hired all the post-horses to remove to the interior, and the inhabitants sought refuge in the neighboring

country; but the English and French steamers having withdrawn, after taking a survey of the roads, the alarm subsided, the population returned, and the shops were reopened. On the 21st of April, however, the appearance of thirty-three sail on the horizon created still greater terror, for it was evident that they were coming to avenge the insult above alluded to, and which, even at Odessa, was the subject of universal reprobation. The next day nothing could exceed the consternation, everybody being in constant apprehension of a catastrophe. The fears redoubled when, after a bombardment of eight hours, the gunpowder magazine blew up, and the military stores were seen on fire. The sight of wounded soldiers brought in from the batteries, and the brutality of the governor and his forces towards the inhabitants, were not calculated to allay their terror. This affair produced great discouragement among the troops, and an excellent effect on the population, who perceived that the Russian army was unable to protect them; and that, if the city were not reduced to ashes, it was solely owing to the generosity of the allied Powers.

The satisfaction derived from the severe punishment thus administered to the Russians was more than counterbalanced by the total loss of an English frigate (the *Tiger*) of 1275 tons, and carrying sixteen guns. This sad disaster occurred near Odessa, on the 12th of May, in consequence of her taking the ground while in chase of two small Russian vessels. The wreck was attended with the death of her gallant captain (Giffard) and a midshipman, and the loss of her crew of 226 men; for, being attacked while lying in an utterly defenceless condition, they had no choice but to surrender.

A division of the Black Sea fleet, consisting of seventeen vessels, continued to watch the harbor of Sebastopol ; while the British cruisers speedily captured every vessel that carried the Russian flag. Another division, composed of nine steamers, was despatched to the Circassian coast, to aid in the destruction of the Russian forts, and to open a communication with Schamyl. Partly in consequence of this movement, the Russians were compelled to evacuate all their positions, from Batoum to Anapa, a distance of 200 leagues, and burning most of their forts, they retired into Kutais. The Circassians thereupon made a descent, and surprised and captured 15,000 prisoners in Sukkum-Kaleh.

On the 18th May, the *Charlemagne*, *Agamemnon*, *Mogador*, *Highflyer*, and *Sampson*, bombarded Redout-Kaleh, sparing only the Custom-house and Quarantine establishment. They then returned to Chouroucksu, and landed 800 troops at Redout-Kaleh. These, supported by 300 English and French, pursued the Russians, in number about 2000, who fell back on Kutais, which was speedily captured.

On the 1st June, Admirals Dundas and Hamelin declared all the mouths of the Danube to be strictly blockaded, in order to cut off all supplies from the Russian army in the Dobrudscha. Shortly after, the English steam-frigates bombarded the forts at Sulina, and captured the commander, with all his men and guns. A sad loss was experienced by the British fleet, on this occasion, in the death of Captain Hyde Parker, of the *Firebrand*, who, while proceeding on an exploring expedition up the Danube, was fired upon from a stockade fort, thought to

have been abandoned. The gallant officer, landing with his men to storm it, fell—shot through the heart by a rifle-ball.

While prize after prize continued to arrive, in rapid succession, at Portsmouth and in the Thames, English troops, of all denominations, were “mustering in hot haste” at Gallipoli, Scutari, and Varna; Lord Raglan, as commander-in-chief, occupying in the first instance, the palace so recently tenanted by the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople.

On the 14th June, the Duke of Cambridge with his staff, the brigade of Guards, and the Highland brigade (42nd, 79th, and 93d regiments), arrived at Varna, where a numerous Anglo-French army was already encamped. It is probable that the unexpected and retrograde movement of the Russians upon the Pruth—intelligence of which reached the allied generals about this time—occasioned a deviation from the plan of operations originally contemplated, as it obviated the necessity of any active co-operation with Omer Pacha’s army on the Danube. An expedition upon a gigantic scale was, however, planned, its destination being the Crimea and Sebastopol. It had been well, for many reasons, that so long a period had not been passed in inactivity at Varna, for sickness was making sad havoc among the officers and in the ranks; and the regiments which left England only a few weeks before in full health and vigor, now presented a pitiable contrast to their former condition. The French had suffered still more; for, besides the loss of *seven thousand* men, during their brief but ill-advised encampment in the Dobrudscha, they were burying, for many weeks, more than 100 daily;

and the effect of this visitation was telling fearfully upon the spirits of the survivors.

Nor had the Baltic fleet, though in a much more temperate climate, escaped the scourge of cholera. We may mention, as a curious fact, that the sailing vessels experienced a happy immunity from the pestilence.

The result of the Baltic operations may be given in a few words. The fleet of the Czar, outnumbered by that of the allied powers, was detained in captivity at Helsingfors and Kronstadt, declining alike every offer of battle, and unable to stay the devastation that was effected along the Finnish shore of the Bothnian Gulf. Scarcely a Russian merchant vessel escaped the vigilance of the cruisers; and the whole line of her coasts, up to the shoals of Kettle Island, were shown to be at the mercy of the allies. In a national point of view, there was not much to boast of in the achievements of so stupendous a fleet. But there were individual acts of valor as bright as any that adorn the pages of naval history. Prominent among these was the exploit of the *Arrogant* and *Hecla*.

While the *Arrogant* was reconnoitring Hango Bay, she was joined by the *Hecla*, six guns, commanded by Captain Hall, so well known for his services in the Chinese war. Early on the morning of the 20th May, they came within range of a battery, against which the *Hecla* opened fire, which was quickly returned. The *Arrogant* aided the *Hecla*, and dispersed the defenders of the fort, blowing gun-carriages to fragments and dismounting the guns. The town of Eckness was descried, and the ships having been joined by the *Dauntless*, the *Arrogant* ran up alongside of a bark, took her in tow, and steamed away with

her. The ships were studded with Minié balls. The *Arrogant* had one man shot through the heart, and another, badly wounded, lived only till next day. The *Hecla* lost one man. Captain Hall landed with his marines, and hoisted an iron gun into his boat, which he placed on board the *Hecla*. They joined the fleet on the 21st. The commander-in-chief telegraphed, "Well done, *Arrogant* and *Hecla*."

But these successes were followed by a reverse sufficient to cast a shade upon their career of triumph.

Admiral Plumridge's flying squadron of paddle steamers, consisting of the *Leopard*, the *Vulture*, the *Odin*, and the *Valorous*, had been up the Gulf of Finland, and had destroyed forty-five vessels, of from 1200 tons to 100 tons, and £300,000 worth of tar, timber, saltpetre, and tallow. On the 7th of June, the *Vulture* and *Odin* were sent to Gamla-Karleby (64.50 north), where they had to anchor five miles from the town. Their boats were sent in under the command of the first lieutenant (Mr. Charles Wise) of the *Vulture*, who was surprised by a large force of regular troops, armed with rifles and field guns, wholly concealed and protected by strong wood stores, so that not a man was seen. The consequence was, a murderous onslaught. The loss from the *Vulture* was one man killed and one wounded, and a paddle-box boat, with one master (Mr. Murphy), twenty-seven men, and the boat's 34-pounder carronade, "missing, captured, or sunk." The loss from the *Odin* was three officers killed and three men. The first-lieutenant, one midshipman, and fifteen men were wounded.

But the most important operation in this quarter was the attack, on the 15th August, upon Bomarsund.

The disembarkation of the troops took place on the morning of the 8th August. The landing-place chosen was a bay about three miles broad, to the south-west of the forts, and at a distance of 2500 yards from the western fort (called Fort Tzee). A Russian earthwork, carrying six guns, had been placed on the eastern promontory of this bay; but this battery was dismounted by the fire of the *Amphion* and *Phlegethon*. Meantime, 11,000 men were landed in the space of three hours and a half. The Russians made no attempt to oppose the operation. The British and French marines, 600 of each flag, were conveyed to the north of the forts, and landed behind them. The next four days were employed in preparing for the attack. The positions of the batteries were selected, sand-bags and gabions were prepared, and the sailors brought up with great labor some long 32-pounders, which were placed 800 yards from the round fort. On the 13th, the fire of the French battery opened on Fort Tzee, and the bombardment was sustained in the most brilliant manner for twenty-six hours. A remarkable fact is, that this French battery consisted of only four '16-pounders and four mortars—a force quite inadequate to breach a granite tower: three of the enemy's guns were dismounted through the embrasures, and the fire of the French rifles on these apertures was so severe, that the Russians had difficulty in loading their guns, and suffered most severely. Eventually this part of the work was taken by the French chasseurs, on the morning of the 14th, by a *coup de main*.

In the fort taken by the French, the Russian loss consisted of fifty killed, twenty wounded, and thirty-five prisoners; on the side of the French, Lieutenant Noulfe

and two chasseurs were killed; 115 Russians were made prisoners. Hon. George Wrottesley, Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers, was killed. Captain Ramsay, of Her Majesty's ship *Hogue*, was slightly wounded. One of the English marines was also killed. Two screw guard-ships, the *Hogue* and the *Edinburgh*, and steamers, bombarded the forts for five hours, throwing their shot with great effect from a distance of 3000 yards.

The large fortress did not surrender till the 16th. General Bodisco and the Vice-Governor Turuhelm, with the whole garrison of 2000 men (the *materiel* and provisions), became prisoners of war, and were sent on board the fleet.

The two forts taken were blown up. The main fortress was much injured. The loss of the allies is put at 120 killed and wounded.

The Russian officials are reported to have taken to flight, pursued by the peasantry. A proclamation was read in eleven parishes, by order of General Baraguay d'Hilliers, freeing the Aland Islands from Russian dominion, and placing them under the protection of the Western Powers.

Our present sketch would be imperfect, did we refrain from alluding to the memorable defence of Silistria, a most brilliant incident of the war.

The town of Silistria is situate on low ground, and is surrounded by a wall, and crowned with forts. In 1828 there was a height which commanded the town, and which rendered its capture much less difficult. The Turks, however, have taken the precaution to construct on it a considerable fortress. As the Russians did not carry on the

siege in a regular manner, they required from 60,000 to 70,000 men to invest it. The attack commenced on the 11th of May. As they held a few small islands in the Danube, and, besides, as the side of the town which looks to the river is the weakest, they succeeded in establishing a bridge, by which they were enabled to throw on the right bank of the river 24,000 men. All their efforts were directed towards the fort Arab-tabia, which they unsuccessfully bombarded for nineteen days. Mussa Pacha, commander-in-chief, made a *sortie*, which completely succeeded, and in which the Russians had a great number of men killed and wounded. The assault was attempted three times, but the Russians were always repulsed with loss. The amount of the killed is not accurately known.

During the attack made on Silistria, on the 29th, the Russians had 180 men killed and 380 wounded. Both parties displayed indescribable animosity. Lieutenant-General Sylvan fell at the head of his troops. Colonel Fostanda and Count Orloff, the son of the Adjutant-General of the Emperor, were wounded. The latter was shot through the eye, and subsequently died.

The Russian General of Infantry, Soltikoff, also died of his wounds; and his aide-de-camp, who was wounded by his side, underwent the amputation of his right arm.

On the evening of the 29th May, at six o'clock, a Russian division made a still more vigorous assault upon the entrenchments.

Three storming parties of 10,000 men each were formed, with a battalion of engineer-sappers, with fascines and scaling ladders, at their head. Before the men set to work

they were addressed by Prince Paskiewitch, who urged them to exertion, "as, if they did not succeed in taking the fortress, he should be obliged to keep back their rations." After this encouragement, two corps proceeded towards the forts of Arab-tabia and Yelanli: the third corps was to act as a reserve. After a terrific cannonade the storming parties advanced, but were received by the Turks with such a well-directed fire, that for a time they made but little progress. The Russians, however, fought bravely, and having managed to scale the breastwork of one of the batteries, a regular hand-to-hand fight took place. At last the Turks were victorious, and the unfortunate besiegers were knocked into the ditch with the butt-ends of the Turkish muskets. The Russians had evidently lost courage, and, when they returned to the attack, it was only because they were forced to do so by their officers. When there was literally no more fight in the men, a retreat was sounded, and the Russians carried off as many of their dead and wounded as they could. The Turks, after their enemies had retired, picked up 1500 dead bodies, a great number of guns, swords, drums, musical instruments, and the colors of a battalion. Hussein Bey, the commander of the two forts, displayed the most daring courage, as did a Prussian and two English officers.

Three mines were sprung before Silistria, without doing any damage to the walls. The Russian storming columns were prepared to mount the expected breach, but were attacked on three sides by the Turks. A fearful slaughter took place, and the Russians fled in terrible disorder. Three Russian Generals, one of whom was General Schil-

ders, were severely wounded, and all the Russian siege works totally destroyed.

The continued bombardment, besides demolishing every house in Silistria, had reduced the fort of Arab-tabia to such a mere heap of ruins, that it could not have held out for four-and-twenty hours longer. Yet so discomfited were the enemy by their last repulse, that on the following day they raised the siege and beat a precipitate retreat. Mussa Pacha, the gallant defender, was unfortunately killed by the fragment of a shell, almost the last that was fired against the devoted town.

This reverse at Silistria, coupled with the adverse issue of negotiations with Vienna, led to the evacuation of the Principalities by the Russian forces, who shortly after hastily abandoned Bucharest, and retreated, exhausted, dispirited, and demoralized, upon the line of the Pruth, retaining, however, the strongholds of Matchin, Isaktchi, and Tultcha.



CRIMEAN EXPEDITION.

The Crimea—The Fleet—Appearance in the Bay of Baltjik—Sail from Varna—Land at Eupatoria—March Inland—Battle of the Alma—Lord Raglan—Appearance of the Troops—Distance from Sebastopol—The Morning of Battle—Advance to the River Alma—Russian Position—The Zouaves—Storming the Heights—March to Sebastopol—Death of Marshal St. Arnaud—General Canrobert.

UNTIL the last twelvemonth opened a new page in history, it could not have been anticipated that the battle-field of Europe would be a little arid peninsula in the remotest corner of the Black Sea, and that the armies of Britain, France, Turkey and Russia would be concentrated in direct strife around a fortress, whose very name was hardly known in this country before the present war broke out.

Connected with the barren steppes of the mainland of Southern Russia only by the narrow strip of flat and sandy land, not five miles across, which constitutes the Isthmus of Perekop, the Crimea stretches out in a nearly northerly direction, in the form of a diamond-shaped peninsula, about one-third the size of Ireland. At its western point is Cape Tarkham; at its eastern, Kirtch and Kaffa, and in the south, the bay, town, and fortress of Sebastopol.

At least one-third of the Crimea consists of vast waterless plains of sandy soil, rising only a few feet above the

level of the sea, and in many places impregnated with salt; but all along the south-eastern side of the peninsula, from Sebastopol to Kertch and Kaffa, there extends a chain of limestone mountains. Beginning at Balaklava, nine miles east of Sebastopol, precipices fringe all this north-eastern coast; but at foot of these limestone precipices extends a narrow strip of ground, seldom half a league in width, intervening between the hills and the shore. It is in this picturesque and delightful region that the Allied army established its base of operations. A luxuriant vegetation descends to the water's edge. Chestnut trees, mulberries, almonds, laurels, olives, and cypresses grow along its whole extent. Numbers of rivulets of the clearest water pour down from the cliffs, which effectually keep off cold and stormy winds. Thickly studded with villages, and adorned with the villas and palaces of the richest Russian nobles, this tract offers a most striking contrast to the remainder of the peninsula, or indeed to any part of Russia.

The possession of the Crimea, and the construction of a maritime fortress of the first order in the magnificent harbour of Akhtiar (for such was the former name of Sebastopol) were prominent parts of that vast scheme of policy, by which the genius of the Czar Peter, and his successors, transformed Muscovy into the Russian Empire.

The ever-memorable expedition of the Allies, designed to wrench this fortress and fleet from the possession of the Czar, set sail from Varna in the first week of September, 1854. No naval expedition ever before equalled it.

In the Bay of Baltjik, where the expedition first rendezvoused, the sea was literally covered for a space of eight

miles long with splendid shipping. Thirty-seven sail of the line—ten English, sixteen French, and eleven Turkish, about a hundred frigates and lesser vessels of war, and nearly two hundred of the finest steam and sailing transports in the world, lay at anchor, in one immense semicircle, nine or ten deep. The great line of battle-ships, with lights gleaming from every port, looked like illuminated towns afloat; while the other vessels, with position-lights hoisted at the main and fore, shed a light upon the sea, twinkling away until lost in the distance. Each division of the army carried lights, corresponding to the number of their division, and at night, when every ship was lighted up, the scene was of the most extraordinary and interesting description. Constantinople, during the feast of Bairam, or the Feast of Lamps, described in Moore's poems, would have been a worthy illustration.

On the 4th September, 1854, six hundred vessels sailed from Varna, bearing the combined army of 60,000 in the direction of Sebastopol: at the same time intelligence was received by the commanders of a signal victory obtained by Schamyl at Tiflis, over the Russians under Prince Bebutoff. They lost on this occasion many men and horses, seven guns, 3000 tents, all their ammunition, baggage, provisions, and retreated in some disorder from Kutais and Kars to Tiflis.

On the 14th September, 58,000 men were landed at Eupatoria, about forty-five miles N.W. of Sebastopol. They subsequently advanced some distance inland without meeting with any opposition.

The place of debarkation had many advantages. It is a small town, containing only 4,000 inhabitants, weakly

defended by a garrison of about 12,000 men, and in no condition to resist an invasion such as this. The commanders had intended, in the first place, to have thrown up entrenchments sufficiently strong to secure the place; but having experienced no resistance, the troops marched at once towards their destination. In this march they proceeded for about eleven miles, along a slip of land, having on the left the salt lake Sasik, and the sea on their right.

The country traversed is fertile, and well supplied with water by three rivers, the Alma, the Katcha, and the Balbek. On the left, or southern bank of the latter stream, the first obstacles encountered were the outworks recently thrown up by the Russians, and an old star fort. Having surmounted these, the Allies found themselves in possession of the high ground commanding the rear of the defences on the northern shore of the inlet, and they were scarcely adapted to resist a strong attack.

As the Black Sea expedition was departing from Varna for the Crimea, the Baltic fleet, or the greater part of it, received orders to "bear up" for England.

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

On the night of the 18th September, 1854, orders were given by Lord Raglan that the troops should strike tents at daybreak. An advance had been determined upon, and it was understood that the Russian light cavalry had

been sweeping the country of all supplies up to a short distance of the outlying pickets.

At three o'clock next morning, the camp was roused by the reveille, and all the 30,000 sleepers woke into active life. Of Turkish infantry, 7,000, under Suleiman Pacha moved along by the sea side; next came the divisions of Generals Bosquet, Canrobert, Forey, and Prince Napoleon. The order of march of the English army was about four miles to the right of their left wing, and as many behind them. The right of the Allied forces was covered by the fleet, which moved along with it in magnificent order, darkening the air with innumerable columns of smoke, ready to shell the enemy should they attack the right, and commanding the land for nearly two miles from the shore.

The troops presented a splendid appearance. The effect of these grand masses of soldiery descending the ridges of the hills, rank after rank, with the sun playing over forests of glittering steel, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Onward the torrent of war swept, wave after wave, huge stately billows of armed men; while the rumbling of the artillery, and tramp of cavalry, accompanied their progress. A halt took place about three o'clock, at a muddy stream, of which the men drank with avidity. At this stage they passed the Imperial post-house, twenty miles from Sebastopol.

Orders were given to halt and bivouac for the night, which was cold and damp, but the men were in excellent spirits, looking forward to the probability of an engagement with the enemy with perfect confidence as to the result.

THE MORNING OF BATTLE.

On the morning of the 20th, ere daybreak, the whole force was under arms. They were marshalled silently; no bugles or drums broke the stillness; but the hum of thousands of voices rose loudly from the ranks, and the watchfires lighted up the lines of the camp as though it were a great town. When dawn broke it was discovered that the Russians had retired from the heights. It was known that the Russians had been busy fortifying the heights over the valley through which runs the little river Alma, and that they had resolved to try their strength with the allied army in a position giving them vast advantages of ground, which they had used every means in their power to improve to the utmost. The advance of the armies this great day was a sight which must ever stand out like the landmark of the spectator's life. Early in the morning, the troops were ordered to get in readiness, and at half-past six o'clock they were in motion. It was a lovely day; the heat of the sun was tempered by a sea breeze. The fleet was visible at a distance of four miles, covering the ocean as it was seen between the hills, and steamers could be seen as close to the shore as possible. The Generals, St. Arnaud, Bosquet, and Forey, attended by their staff, rode along the lines, with Lord Raglan and his Generals at second halt, and were received with tremendous cheering.

The order in which the army advanced was in columns of brigades in deploying distance; the left protected by a line of skirmishers of cavalry and of horse artillery. The advantage of the formation was, that the army, in

case of a strong attack from cavalry and infantry on the left or rear, could assume the form of a hollow square, with the baggage in the centre. The great object was to gain the right of the position, so that the attacking parties could be sheltered by the vertical fire of the fleets. As soon as the position of the allies could be accurately ascertained, the whole line, extending itself across the campaign country for some five or six miles, advanced. At the distance of two miles the English army halted to obtain a little time to gather up the rear; and then the troops steadily advanced in grand lines, like the waves of the ocean.

The French occupied the high road, nearest the beach, with the Turks; and the English marched to the left. At about one o'clock in the afternoon, the Light Division of the French army came in sight of the village of Almatamak, and the British Light Division descried that of Burluk, both situated on the right bank of the river Alma.

At the place where the bulk of the British army crossed, the banks of the Alma are generally at the right side, and vary from two and three to six and eight feet in depth to the water; where the French attacked, the banks are generally formed by the unvaried curve of the river on the left hand side. A village is approached from the north by a road winding through a plain nearly level till it comes near to the village, where the ground dips, so that at the distance of ~~three~~ three hundred yards a man on horseback can hardly see the tops of the nearer and more elevated houses, and can only ascertain the position of the stream by the willows and verdure along its banks. At

the left or south side of the Alma the ground assumes a very different character—smooth where the bank is deep, and greatly elevated where the shelve of the bank occurs, it recedes for a few yards at a moderate height above the stream, pierced here and there by the course of the winter's torrents, so as to form small ravines, commanded, however, by the heights above. It was on these upper heights, and to the sea, that the Russian army, forty-five thousand strong, besides six or eight thousand cavalry, and at least a hundred pieces of artillery, were posted. A remarkable ridge of mountain, varying in height from 500 to 700 feet, runs along the course of the Alma on the left or south side with the course of the stream, and assuming the form of cliffs when close to the sea. At the top of the ridges, between the gullies, the Russians had erected earthwork batteries, mounted with 32lb. and 24lb. brass guns, supported by numerous field pieces and howitzers. These guns enfiladed the tops of the ravines parallel to them, or swept them to the base, while the whole of the sides up which an enemy, unable to stand the direct fire of the batteries, would be forced to ascend, were filled with masses of skirmishers, armed with an excellent two-groove rifle, throwing a large solid conical ball with force at 700 and 800 yards, as the French learnt to their cost. The principal battery consisted of an earthwork of the form of the two sides of a triangle, with the apex pointed towards the bridge, and the sides covering both sides of the stream, corresponding with the bend of the river below it, at the distance of 1000 yards; while, with a fair elevation, the 32-pounders threw, very often, beyond the houses of the village to the distance of 1400

and 1500 yards. This was constructed on the brow of a hill about 600 feet above the river, but the hill rose behind it for another 50 feet before it dipped away towards the road. The ascent of this hill was enfiladed by the fire of three batteries of earthwork on the right, and by another on the left, and these batteries were equally capable of covering the village, the stream, and the slopes which led up the hill to their position. In the first battery were thirteen 32-pounder brass guns of exquisite workmanship, which only told too well. In the other batteries were some twenty-five guns in all.

The force of the British was about 26,000, that of the French about 23,000.

It had not escaped the observation of the Allied Commanders that the Russian General had relied so confidently on the natural strength of his position towards the sea where the cliff rose steep and high above the gardens of an adjacent village, that he had neglected to defend this part of his works by masses of troops or by heavy guns. These military defences were, on the contrary, accumulated on his right and centre. The plan of the battle was therefore formed so as to enable the French, and a Turkish division, in the first instance, to turn the Russian left, and gain the plateau; and, as soon as this operation was accomplished, so as to occupy a portion of the Russian army, the British troops and the French Third Division were to attack the key of the position on the right of the enemy, while the French completed his defeat on the upper ground.

General Bosquet's division crossed the river Alma near the mouth about 11 30; the Turkish battalions crossing at

the same time close to the bar, and within musket-range of the beach. This movement was unopposed; and,



ZOUAVE.

although a crowd of French skirmishers and light-infantry crossed the gardens and brushwood below the hill,

which might easily have been defended, not a shot was fired on them, and not a gun seemed to bear on the line of march they followed. It was afterwards ascertained from the Russian prisoners, that Prince Menschikoff had left this line unguarded, because he regarded it as absolutely impassable even for goats. He did not know the Zouaves. With inconceivable rapidity and agility they swarmed up the cliff, and it was not till they formed on the height, and deployed from behind a mound there, that the Russian batteries opened upon them. The fire was returned with great spirit, and a smart action ensued, during which General Bosquet's division was engaged for some time almost alone, until General Canrobert came to his support. The Turkish division, which presented a very martial appearance, and was eager to fight, formed part of the army under the command of Marshal St. Arnaud; and some regret was felt by these brave troops that they had no active part assigned to them in the struggle.

While the French troops were scaling the heights, the French steamers ran in as close as they could to the bluff of the shore at the south side of the Alma, and commenced shelling the Russians in splendid style; the shells bursting over the enemy's squares and batteries, and finally driving them from their position on the right, within 3000 yards of the sea. The Russians answered the ships from the heights, but without effect.

At 1 50 our line of skirmishers got within range of the battery on the hill, and immediately the Russians opened fire at 1200 yards, with effect, the shot ploughing through open lines of the Riflemen, and falling into the advancing columns behind. Shortly ere this time, dense

volumes of smoke rose from the river, and drifted along to the eastward, interfering with the view of the enemy on the left. The Russians had set the village on fire. It was a fair exercise of military skill—was well executed—took place at the right time, and succeeded in occasioning a good deal of annoyance. It is said the Russians had taken the range of all the principal points in their front, and placed twigs and sticks to mark them. In this they were assisted by the post sign-boards on the road. The Russians opened a furious fire on the whole English line. The round shot whizzed in every direction, dashing up the dirt and sand into the faces of the staff of Lord Raglan. Still he waited patiently for the development of the French attack. At length, an Aide-de-Camp came to him and reported the French had crossed the Alma, but they had not established themselves sufficiently to justify an attack. The infantry were, therefore, ordered to lie down, and the army for a short time was quite passive, only that the artillery poured forth an unceasing fire of shell, rockets, and round shot, which ploughed through the Russians, and caused them great loss. They did not waver, however, and replied to the artillery manfully, their shot falling among the men as they lay, and carrying off legs and arms at every round.

CROSSING THE ALMA.

Lord Raglan at last became weary of this inactivity, and gave orders for the whole line to advance. Up rose

these serried masses, and—passing through a fearful shower of round, case-shot and shell—they dashed into the Alma and “floundered” through its waters, which were literally torn into foam by the deadly hail. At the other side of the river were a number of vineyards, occupied by Russian riflemen. Three of the staff were here shot down; but, led by Lord Raglan in person, they advanced, cheering on the men. And now came the turning point of the battle, in which Lord Raglan, by his sagacity, probably secured the victory at a smaller sacrifice than would have been otherwise the case. He dashed over the bridge, followed by his staff. From the road over it, under the Russian guns, he saw the state of the action. The British line, which he had ordered to advance, was struggling through the river and up the heights in masses, firm indeed, but mowed down by the murderous fire of the batteries; and by grape, round shot, shell, canister, case-shot, and musketry, from some of the guns in the central battery, and from an immense and compact mass of Russian infantry.

Then commenced one of the most bloody and determined struggles in the annals of war. The 2nd Division, led by Sir de Lacy Evans in the most dashing manner, crossed the stream on the right. Brigadier Pennefather (who was in the thickest of the fight, cheering on his men), again and again was checked, but never drew back in his onward progress, which was marked by a fierce roll of Minié musketry; and Brigadier Adams bravely charged up the hill, and aided him in the battle. Sir George Brown, conspicuous on a grey horse, rode in front of his Light Division, urging them with voice and ges-

ture. Gallant fellows! they were worthy of such a gallant chief. Down went Sir George in a cloud of dust in front of the battery. He was soon up, and led them on again; but in the shock produced by the fall of their chief, the gallant regiment suffered terribly while paralysed for a moment. Meantime, the Guards on the right of the Light Division, and the brigade of Highlanders, were storming the heights on the left. Suddenly a tornado of round and grape rushed through from the terrible battery, and a roar of musketry from behind it thinned their front ranks by dozens. It was evident that the troops were just able to contend against the Russians, favored as they were by a great position. At this very time an immense mass of Russian infantry were seen moving down towards the battery. They halted. It was the crisis of the day. Sharp, angular, and solid, they looked as if they were cut out of the solid rock. Lord Raglan saw the difficulties of the situation. He asked if it would be possible to get a couple of guns to bear on these masses. The reply was "Yes;" and an artillery officer brought up two guns to fire on the Russian squares. The first shot missed, but the next, and the next, and the next, cut through the ranks so cleanly, and so keenly, that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. After a few rounds the columns of the square became broken, wavered to and fro, broke, and fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind them six or seven distinct lines of dead, lying as close as possible to each other, marking the passage of the fatal messengers. This act relieved the infantry of a deadly incubus, and they continued their magnificent and fearful progress up the hill.

"Highlanders," said Sir C. Campbell, ere they came to the charge, "don't pull a trigger till you're within a yard of the Russians!" They charged, and well they obeyed their chieftain's wish; Sir Colin had his horse shot under him; but he was up immediately, and at the head of his men. But the Guards pressed on abreast, and claimed, with the 33rd, the honor of capturing a cannon. The Second and Light Division crowned the heights. The French turned the guns on the hill against the flying masses, which the cavalry in vain tried to cover. A few faint struggles from the scattered infantry, a few rounds of cannon and musketry, and the enemy fled to the South-east, leaving three Generals, three guns, 700 prisoners, and 4000 killed and wounded, behind them.

The loss on the part of the British was 2000 killed, wounded, and missing; that of the French, about 1400.

On the night after the battle the allied army bivouacked on the summit of the heights which they had so gloriously won; the French Marshal pitching his tent on the very spot occupied by that of Prince Menschikoff the morning before.

THE MARCH TO SEBASTOPOL

On the 23d the Allied armies left the Alma and proceeded to cross the Katscha; on the 24th they crossed the Belbec, where it had been intended to effect the landing of the siege *materiel* with a view to an attack on the

north side of Sebastopol. It was found, however, that the enemy had placed a fortified work so as to prevent the vessels and transports from approaching this river; and it was determined to advance at once by a flank march round the east of Sebastopol, to cross the valley of the Tchernaya, and seize Balaklava as the future basis of operations against the south side of the harbor at Sebastopol.

On leaving the high road from the Belbec to Sebastopol, the army had to traverse a dense wood, in which there was but one road that led in the direction necessary to take. The march was toilsome, and the troops suffered much from want of water. At length, about mid-day, Lord Raglan and his staff, preceding the light division, arrived at the outskirts of the wood, in the neighbourhood of a place known as Mackenzie's Farm, and, no doubt to the surprise of both parties, found himself on the flank of a Russian division retreating from Sebastopol to Bakshiserai. The Russians only thought of making good their retreat, and before any of the British cavalry and horse artillery could be brought up, they had passed by the critical spot. A few men fell on the side of the Russians, and some were taken prisoners. A vast quantity of ammunition and much valuable baggage, fell into the hands of the British.

After resting for awhile at Mackenzie's Farm, where two wells afforded a scanty supply of water to the thirsty troops, the march was resumed down a steep and difficult defile, leading to the valley of the Tchernaya river, which they succeeded in reaching the same night.

Next morning (the 26th) the army was again on the

march, and a few miles more sufficed to bring them to the end of their journey.

The enemy did not hold Balaklava in any strength. After a few shots the little garrison surrendered, and as Sir E. Lyon's ship, the *Agamemnon*, reached the mouth of the harbour at the very time that the troops appeared on the heights, the British army was once more in full communication with the fleet.

The march of the French army, which followed in the track of the British, was still more prolonged and fatiguing. They did not reach the Tchernaya river until the 26th, having passed the previous night at Mackenzie's Farm. It was on this day that the French marshal, at length succumbing to his fatal malady, issued his last order of the day, in which he took leave formally of his troops, and resigned the command into the hands of General Canrobert. "Soldiers!" said this memorable and touching address, "Providence refuses to your chief the satisfaction of continuing to lead you in the glorious path which is open before you. Overcome by a cruel disease, with which he has vainly struggled, he regards with profound grief, the imperious duty which is imposed upon him by circumstances—that of resigning the command, the weight of which a health for ever destroyed will no longer permit him to bear.

"Soldiers! you will pity me, for the misfortune which falls on me is immense, irreparable, and perhaps unexampled."

Next day (the 27th) the marshal was seen entering Balaklava, indulging, like every one around him, in eating some of the delicious grapes which abound in the vineyards of this country.

It is the last note we have of him ; his task was done ; he could no more lead his army, and he sank at once. He embarked on board ship on the morning of the 29th, and in a few hours afterwards expired, in the midst of the officers who accompanied him.

Thus closed the first part of the expedition.

GENERAL CANROBERT.

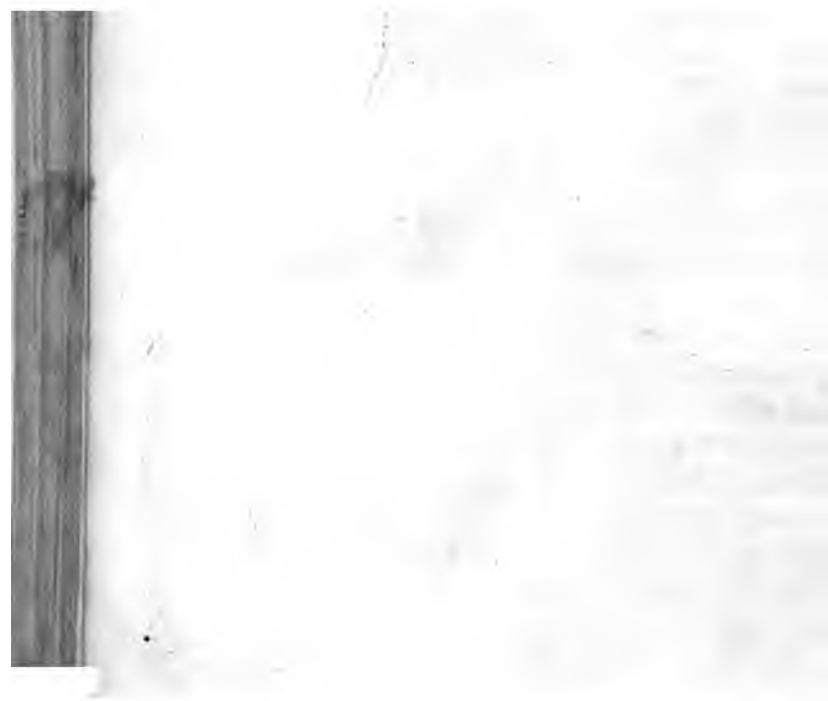
On assuming the command-in-chief of the French troops, addressed them thus :—

“Soldiers of the Army of the East, my comrades.—The melancholy circumstances under which has fallen upon me the high honor of being your commander-in-chief, would increase the weight of that task, if the co-operation of all were not assured to me in the name of the country and of the Emperor. Penetrated as I am with the grandeur of the historical mission which we accomplish on this distant land, you will each of you bring to it, each within your sphere, and with the most absolute devotedness, that active part which is indispensable to enable me to bring it to a successful termination.

“A few days more of sufferings and of trials, and you will have caused to fall at your feet the threatening bulwark of the vast empire which only a little time ago braved Europe. The successes which you have already gained are the guarantees for those which await you ; but do not forget that the intrepid Marshal who was our



GENERAL CANROBERT.



General-in-chief, prepared them by his perseverance in organizing the great operation which we execute, and by the brilliant victory of the Alma."

There is often an epoch in the life of a man when every incident in his career is invested with a novel and extensive interest, when the present reflects a lustre on the past, and recollection gives confidence to hope. So is it with the commander of the French army in the Crimea.

Francis Canrobert was born in 1809, in the department of Lot, some leagues from the village where Murat first saw the light. He entered the school of St. Cyr in the month of November, 1826, and obtained the highest honors in that establishment, after passing two years in laborious study. On the first of October, 1828, he was appointed to the sub-lieutenancy of the 47th regiment of the line, and was made lieutenant on the 20th of June, 1832. In 1835 he embarked for Africa, and arrived in the province of Oran, where the Emir, Abd-el-Kader, had held the French troops for some time in check. Soon after his arrival, he accompanied the expedition to Murcara, when he first distinguished himself. He followed with his regiment the movements of the generals Clausel, D'Arlanges, and Letang, in the province of Oran. The capture of Tlemcen, the expeditions to Chelif and Mina, the battles of Sidi, Yacoub, Tafua, and Sikkah, revealed his brilliant military qualities, and gained him the rank of captain on the 26th April, 1837. Captain Canrobert returned to France in 1839, with the decoration of the Legion of Honor. In 1840 he was on duty at the camp of St. Omer, when he composed, in obedience to the commands of the Duke of Orleans, several chapters of a

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Manual for the use of the light troops. In the month of October he was incorporated into the sixth battalion of *Chasseurs-à-Pied*, and returned to Africa in 1841. In this new campaign he signalised himself on all occasions.

He had been an officer of the Legion of Honor for ten years, when Colonel St. Arnaud, who in the year 1845 succeeded Colonel Cavaignac in the government of Orleansville, made use of his services against Bon Maga. He succeeded with two hundred and fifty bayonets in holding his own against more than three thousand men, who could make no impression on him; consequent upon these transactions followed his appointment to a lieutenant-colonelcy on the 26th of October.

It was in 1848, however, that Colonel Canrobert displayed energies beyond all praise. Cholera was raging in the garrison of Aumale, but the events which were passing at Zaatcha summoned them before the walls of this oasis. What courage and coolness did it require in the commander of the Zouaves to lead his soldiers in this manner through all the perils of an adventurous march; soldiers constantly accompanied by the afflicting spectacle of misery. He, as it were, multiplied himself. He exhorted the sick, devoted himself to them; threw a reinforcement into the town of Bon Sada, the garrison of which was blockaded; deceived the enemy, who opposed his passage, by announcing that he brought pestilence with him, and that he should communicate it to his assailants. On the 26th he led, with wondrous intrepidity, one of the attacking columns—but of four officers and sixteen soldiers who followed him to the breach, sixteen were killed or wounded at his side. In recompense for his con-

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duct he was nominated Commander of the Legion of Honor on the 11th of December, 1849.

Having distinguished himself at the battle of Narah, he was elevated to the rank of general of brigade on the 13th of January, 1852.

He came then to Paris, and took the command of a brigade of infantry, and was attached as aide-de-camp to the Prince President of the Republic.

On the 14th of January, 1853, he was appointed general of division, still preserving his functions as aide-de-camp to the Emperor.

Three months afterwards he was called to the command of a division of infantry at the camp of Helfaut; lastly, being placed at the head of the first division of the army of the East, he has played one of the most active parts since the commencement of the war, both in making preparations for the difficult operation of the debarcation, and in contributing greatly to the success at Alma, where he received a wound.

It is well known that Marshal St. Arnaud, who had learned his value, had absolute confidence in his talents and bravery, and it is certain that the young general had neglected nothing to make him worthy of this confidence. Before his departure he was known to be occupied at the military dépôt in profound studies, having for their object the knowledge of the theatre of war, as if he had a presentiment of his future destiny.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

Bay of Balaklava—Landing of the Siege Guns—Russian Guns—Sebastopol—Its Appearance—Military Harbor—Fortifications—Vessels of War—The Country around Sebastopol—Allies opening Trenches—Message of the Governor to Lord Raglan—Bombardment—Lancaster Guns—Explosion in the French Batteries—Russian Powder Magazine Explodes—The Allied Fleet—The Cannonade—Riflemen—Battle of Balaklava—British and French Position—The Combat—The Turks—The Highlanders—The Russian Cavalry—Captain Nolan—Lord Cardigan.

HAVING swept the enemy from their path by the bloody triumph of Alma, the next step of the Allies was to lay siege to Sebastopol.

The bay of Balaklava, which now became the principal base of their operations, is a place admirably suited for the landing of stores and *matériel*. As a port it is the most perfect of its size in the world. The entrance is between perpendicular cliffs, rising eight hundred feet high on either hand, and is only wide enough to allow the passage of one ship at a time; but once in you find yourself in a land-locked tideless haven, still as a mountain-tarn, three quarters of a mile in length, by two hundred and fifty yards wide, and nowhere less than six fathoms deep, so that every square foot of its surface is available for ships of the greatest burden.

The bay of Balaklava was instantly adopted as the new base of operations of the British army, and never before did its waters mirror so many tall ships on their bosom.

From fifty to a hundred war-ships and transports were constantly at anchor, landing the siege-guns, stores, and provisions of all kinds. The only access to Balaklava from the land side is at the inner end of the bay, through a breach in the surrounding hills, which gradually opens out into an extensive valley, about three miles long by about two broad; it was in this valley that the serious part of the combat of the 25th October took place. Through this valley runs the road to the Tchernaya and Mackenzie's Farm, by which the Allies advanced to Balaklava, and which on the other side of the Tchernaya enters deep gorges in the mountains. On the side next the sea this valley is bounded by a line of hills stretching from Balaklava to Inkerman, and along the summit of which runs the road to Sebastopol. Another road in the opposite direction conducts to the valley of Baider, the most fertile district of the Crimea.

The port of Balaklava having been found barely large enough for the landing of the British stores and guns, the French selected as their base of operations the three deep bays lying between Cape Chersonesus and Sebastopol bay. The country between Balaklava and Sebastopol, upon which the Allied army encamped, is a barren hilly steppe, destitute of water, and covered with no better herbage than thistles. The French took up their position next the sea; the British inland, next the Tchernaya. The front of the besieging force extended in a continuous line from the mouth of the Tchernaya to the sea at Strelitska bay, forming nearly a semicircle around Sebastopol, at a distance of about two miles from the enemy's works. This position was found to be close enough, as the Russian

north side of Sebastopol. It was found, however, that the enemy had placed a fortified work so as to prevent the vessels and transports from approaching this river; and it was determined to advance at once by a flank march round the east of Sebastopol, to cross the valley of the Tchernaya, and seize Balaklava as the future basis of operations against the south side of the harbor at Sebastopol.

On leaving the high road from the Belbec to Sebastopol, the army had to traverse a dense wood, in which there was but one road that led in the direction necessary to take. The march was toilsome, and the troops suffered much from want of water. At length, about mid-day, Lord Raglan and his staff, preceding the light division, arrived at the outskirts of the wood, in the neighbourhood of a place known as Mackenzie's Farm, and, no doubt to the surprise of both parties, found himself on the flank of a Russian division retreating from Sebastopol to Bakshiserai. The Russians only thought of making good their retreat, and before any of the British cavalry and horse artillery could be brought up, they had passed by the critical spot. A few men fell on the side of the Russians, and some were taken prisoners. A vast quantity of ammunition and much valuable baggage, fell into the hands of the British.

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to lie with all their stores on board close to the quays. The small harbor, which contains the naval arsenal and docks, is on the eastern side of the military harbor, near the entrance.

The port is defended to the south by six principal batteries and fortresses, each mounting from 50 to 190 guns; and the north by four, having from 18 to 120 pieces each; and besides these, there are many smaller batteries.

The fortresses are built on the casemate principle, three of them having three tiers of guns, and a fourth two tiers. Fort St. Nicholas is the largest, and mounts about 190 guns. It is built of white limestone; a fine, sound stone, which becomes hard, and is very durable, the same material being used for all the other forts. Between every two casemates are furnaces for heating shot red hot. The calibre of the guns is eight inches, capable of throwing shells or 68-pound solid shot.

Whether all the guns in the fortress are of the same size, it is impossible to say; but the belief is, that most of the fortifications of Sebastopol are heavily armed.

Sebastopol is admirably adapted by nature for a strong position towards the sea, and has been fully taken advantage of to render it one of the most formidably fortified places in that direction which could be imagined.

In speaking of the means of defence at Sebastopol, we have left the Russian fleet out of the question. This, however, is not to be treated either with indifference or contempt.

There were in the military harbor of Sebastopol twelve line-of-battle ships, eight frigates, and seven corvettes,

comprising the Black Sea fleet, independent of steamers.

The town of Sebastopol is situated on the point of land between the commercial and military harbors, which rises gradually from the water's edge to an elevation of 200 feet, and contains 31,500 inhabitants. Including the military and marines, the residents numbered 40,000.

It is more than a mile in length, and its greatest width is about three-quarters of a mile—the streets entering the open steppe on the south.

The streets are built in parallel lines from north to south, are intersected by others from east and west, and the houses, being of limestone, have a substantial appearance. The public buildings are fine. The library erected by the Emperor, for the use of naval and military officers, is of Grecian architecture, and is elegantly fitted up internally. The books are principally confined to naval and military subjects and the sciences connected with them, history, and some light reading.

The club-house is handsome externally, and comfortable within; it contains a large ball-room, which is its most striking feature, and billiard-rooms, which appear to be the great centre of attraction; but one looks in vain for reading-rooms, filled with newspapers and journals.

There are many good churches, and a fine landing-place of stone from the military harbor, approached on the side of the town, beneath an architrave supported by high columns. It also boasts an Italian opera-house.

The eastern side of the town is so steep that the masts of the ships cannot be seen until one gets close to them. Very beautiful views are obtained from some

parts of the place, and it is altogether agreeably situated. A military band plays every Thursday evening in the public gardens, at which time the fashionables assemble in great numbers.

As Sebastopol is held exclusively as a military and naval position, commerce does not exist; the only articles imported by sea being those required for material of war, or as provisions for the inhabitants and garrison.

On the eastern side of the military harbor, opposite to the town, is a line of buildings consisting of barracks, some store-houses, and a large naval hospital.

The country around Sebastopol sinks gradually down, in a succession of ridges from the position occupied by the Allied army to the town; but for nearly a third of a mile, immediately in front of the town, the ground is quite flat, the ridges there having been long ago levelled by the Russians in order to give no cover to an attacking force. We have said that there is a circuit of five or six hundred yards of level ground immediately around the town, and it was beyond this radius that the Russians threw up their new works, erecting strong redoubts on several elevated positions; the Allies had to open their trenches at the distance of a mile from the body of the place, although within one hundred and twenty yards of the Russian batteries. The French were the first to break ground. At nine at night, on the 9th, the trenches were opened by one thousand six hundred workmen, divided into relief parties, and supported to defend the works. A land wind, and an almost entire absence of moonlight, favored the operations, and by break of day 1,014 yards in length

were completed, without interruption from the enemy, of sufficient depth to cover the men.

Next night the British broke ground ; but this time the garrison were on the alert, and kept up a very heavy but ineffectual fire.

The British, who occupied much higher ground than the French, placed their batteries with great skill. The raised mounds or beds of earth, upon which the guns were placed, were erected precisely along the crest of the various ridges on which the batteries were planted, and, when finished, showed only the muzzle of the guns over the brow of the ridge, so as to present little to the direct fire of the enemy.

The besiegers' batteries were now drawing near completion ; and the governor of Sebastopol had sent a request to Lord Raglan, that he would spare the inhabitants by not firing upon the civilian part of the city, to which he replied, that he would grant a safe-conduct to such of the inhabitants as were desirous of leaving, but would promise nothing as to his mode of attack, save that the buildings marked by the yellow flag should be respected as hospitals.

Every means was adopted to keep up the spirits of the garrison, and balls even were given every other night.

THE BOMBARDMENT.

On the 17th of October the dreadful work began, and no one then present will ever forget that memorable

scene. The morning dawned slowly; a thick fog hung over the town, and spread far up the heights. Towards six o'clock the mist began to disperse, and the rich clear October sun every instant made objects more and more visible.

In the Allied lines, all the artillerymen were at their pieces, and as the iron muzzles of the guns became visible through the fog in the now unmasked embrasures, a scattering and fast-increasing fire was opened upon them from the Russian lines. Soon the Russian works, crowded with grey figures, could be seen below, with, in rear, the large handsome white houses and dockyards of Sebastopol itself. Slowly, like the drawing back of a huge curtain, the mist moved off seaward, a cool morning breeze sprang up, and the atmosphere became clear and bright.

Around were the wide-extending lines of the besiegers, sloping down from the elevated ridges held by the British to the low grounds on the coast occupied by the French. Facing them below was the continuous line of Russian intrenchments of earthwork, interspersed with redoubts and stone towers, and loop-holed walls, with the line-of-battle ships showing their heavy broadsides in the harbor; and beyond all, the open sea, bearing on its bosom, like a dark belt, the immense armada of the Allied fleet.

At half-past six, the preconcerted signal of three shells went up, one after another, from a French battery, and the next instant the whole Allied batteries opened simultaneously. On the side of the British, seventy-three, and of the French, fifty-three, in all one hundred and twenty-six guns, one-half of which were of the very heaviest calibre, launched their thunders on the side of

the Allies; while upwards of two hundred replied in one deafening roar from the Russian lines. Two long lines of belching flame and smoke appeared, and through the space between hurtled a shower of shot and shell, while the earth shook with the thunders of the deadly volleys.

Distinctly amidst the din could be heard the immense Lancaster guns, which here, for the first time, gave evidence of their tremendous powers. Their sharp report, heard among the other heavy guns, was like the crack of a rifle among muskets. But the most singular thing was the sound of their ball, which rushed through the air with the noise and regular beat precisely like the passage of a rapid railway train at close distance—a peculiarity which, at first, excited shouts of laughter from the men, who nicknamed it the express-train. The effect of the shot was terrific; from its deafening and peculiar noise, the ball could be distinctly traced by the ear to the spot where it struck, when stone or earth were seen to go down before it.

The first few minutes' firing sufficed to show to each side, what neither had as yet accurately known, the actual strength of its opponents; and it now appeared, that even in the extent of the earthwork batteries thrown up since the siege began, the Russians immensely surpassed their besiegers. Besides their stone forts, and a long line of intrenchments, guns of heavy calibre had been planted on every ridge and height; and as fresh batteries were unmasked one after another, often in places totally unexpected, the Allied generals were completely taken by surprise at the magnitude of the defences.

Opposite to the French lines, the main strength of the

Russians lay in the Flag-staff batteries, erected upon a hill commanding the French works. They consisted of two tiers of intrenchments, each mounting about twenty-five guns, the upper of which tier of cannon was unknown to the besiegers until it opened fire; with several large mortars placed on the summit of the hill. And on the extreme right of the Russian lines was a ten-gun battery, most commandingly placed, so as to enfilade the French lines.

In this quarter the Russians had not only a great advantage in point of position, but also their guns outnumbered those of the French, and it soon became evident that the French were fighting at a disadvantage, and were dreadfully galled in flank by the ten-gun battery.

Suddenly, a little after nine o'clock, there came a loud explosion,—a dense cloud of smoke was seen hanging over one of the French batteries, and the Russians were observed on the parapets of their works cheering vigorously. The flank fire of the ten-gun battery had blown up one of the French magazines, killing or wounding about fifty men, and blowing the earthwork to atoms.

The British batteries were more successful. The principal works opposed to them were on their right front, the Round fort, a Martello tower, which had been faced up with earth. A battery of twenty heavy guns was planted on the top of this tower, and exterior earthwork intrenchments had been thrown up around it, mounted with artillery of heavy calibre.

Next, nearly opposite the British centre, was the three-decker, the Twelve Apostles, placed across the harbor creek; and facing their left was the Redan redoubt, carrying about forty cannon, likewise surrounded by

intrenchments armed with numerous guns. On the British side, the principal redoubts were, the Crown battery, of 27 guns, in the centre, fronting the Twelve Apostles, and the Green-Mound battery, opposite the Redan redoubt.

At half-past three, a red-hot shot from the Russian three-decker, the Twelve Apostles, struck a powder wagon in the Crown battery, which exploded, killing one or two men, but leaving the works of the battery uninjured. The Russians cheered as before, imagining the same injury had been done, as previously to the French.

But while they were still cheering, a shell from the Green Mound battery lodged in the powder magazine of the Redan redoubt, and blew it up with a tremendous explosion. A white livid flame suddenly shot high into the air, followed by a report that made the very earth tremble in the Allied lines, and the next minute its garri-son of hundreds, blown to atoms, were discovered strewing the ground to a distance around. "In the midst of a dense volume of smoke and sparks," says an eye-witness, "which resembled a water-spout ascending to the clouds, were visible to the naked eye, arms, legs, trunks, and heads, of the Russian warriors, mingled with cannons, wheels, and every object of military warfare, and, indeed, every living thing it contained." So powerful was the effect which this explosion produced on the *morale* of the besiegers, which had been somewhat depressed by the misfortunes of the day, that the enthusiasm displayed was almost of a frantic nature. Both the English and French troops, as well as officers, doffed their caps, and threw them high into the air, at the same time giving a shout which might have been heard at Balaklava, a league off.

The Russians, however, were nowise daunted, and resumed their fire with undiminished energy.

While this terrific cannonade was going on by land, the Allied fleets were seen bearing down upon the strong forts which defend the mouth of the harbor. It had been arranged between the Admirals and Generals, that as soon as the attention of the Russians had been attracted to the landward attack, the fleets should move forward and take part in a general assault. The French took the Quarantine fort, and other works on the south side of the entrance to Sebastopol bay, and the British took Fort Constantine and the works on the north side.

By half-past one o'clock, the action was fairly commenced, and the conjoined roar from the guns of the fleet and in the forts, echoed by the thunders of the rival batteries on shore, baffled the imagination. Never before in the world's history was such a cannonade witnessed—even the tremendous cannonade of Leipsic and Trafalgar fades into insignificance before so gigantic a strife. The fleets advanced to the attack in two lines—the British from the north, the French from the south.

Directly the vessels came within 2,000 yards, the forts opened fire, which the Allies never attempted to reply to until they took up their positions. The cannonade of the French was terrific and continuous; enveloped in smoke, they kept up whole salvos, which was terrific, the smoke being lit up by the volleys of flashes, and the roar of cannon continuous. The Turks followed the French in this, sometimes in whole broadsides, again their fire running continuously along the line. There was less of this

with the English ships, whose style of firing appeared less awful, but more business-like. The Russians used red-hot shot, rockets, combustible shell, and bar-shot ; and the terrible effects of these soon made themselves apparent. The bar-shot cut the masts, spars, and rigging to pieces, and the rockets and red-hot shot raised conflagrations in many of the attacking vessels.

The allied vessels met with but little success, and towards night stood out to sea, the Russians cheering vociferously, and redoubling their fire.

Such were the incidents of this memorable opening day of the bombardment.

On the 18th, the fleet did not renew the attack ; and as the French batteries were wholly silenced for the time, the enemy were enabled to concentrate a terrific fire upon the British trenches. During the previous day's firing, the Russians had discovered the weak points of their opponents, as well as their own, and before morning, had erected, with sand-bags, batteries on new and commanding positions.

During the night of the 18th, the French worked incessantly, repaired all their batteries, and again opened fire on the morning of the 19th. Still they were unfortunate. About eleven o'clock a shell from the Russian ten-gun battery once more blew up one of their magazines, killing most of the men in the battery, and dismounting most of the guns ; thus most of the French works were again silenced before two o'clock.

The British lines kept up a hot fire throughout the whole day ; but though at times nearly one hundred shot and shell were thrown per minute, little or no effect was

produced upon the Russian intrenchments. The enemy were provided with a perfectly inexhaustible supply of all the material requisite for a desperate defence. The instant a shot or shell struck their works the hole was filled up with sand-bags; so that the besieged built up as fast as the besiegers knocked down.

The French had repaired their injuries during the night, and resumed their fire; but they were still terribly overmatched; and, for the third time, one of their magazines was blown up, doing much damage.

During the following night the French not only repaired their works, but in order to fire with more destructive effect, advanced one strong battery about two hundred yards nearer the enemy. This new advanced battery not only enabled them to maintain their ground, but even to destroy and silence their inveterate assailant, the Russian ten-gun battery.

During the 22d the cannonade from the French lines was incessant, and told with great effect; but early in the day the British batteries received orders to fire only once in eight minutes—occasioned by a deficiency of ammunition. The Russians worked their guns with great energy and precision, even under the hottest fire, standing to their pieces as boldly as on the first day of the siege; and they continued to repair each night the injury done to their works in the previous day. The loss of the Allies up to this point of the siege was about twelve hundred men.

One feature in the memorable siege was the great use made of riflemen by the besieging force, and the extreme gallantry displayed by these men when at work.

Every day parties of skirmishers went out from the Allied lines, and lay under cover among the loose large stones about one thousand yards in advance of the batteries, and within two hundred yards of the Russian defences.

This compelled the enemy to send out parties to dislodge them, and these, as they advanced for that purpose across the open ground, became exposed to the fire both of the skirmishers and of the trenches, and usually suffered severely.

On one occasion a private in the British lines who had fired his last cartridge, was crouching along the ground to join the nearest covering-party, when two Russians suddenly sprang from behind a rock, and seizing him by the collar, dragged him off towards Sebastopol.

The Russian who escorted him on the left side held in his right hand his own firelock, and in his left the captured Miniè; with a sudden spring the British soldier seized the Russian's firelock, shot its owner, clubbed his companion, and then, picking up his own Miniè, made off in safety to his own lines. Another of these fellows resolved to do more work on his own account, got away from his company, and crawled up close to a battery under shelter of a bridge. There he lay on his back, and loaded, turning over to fire; until, after killing eleven men, a party of Russians rushed out and he took to his heels; but a volley fired after him levelled him with the earth, and his body was subsequently picked up by his comrades riddled with balls.

Probably 100,000 shot and shell a-day, exclusive of night-firing, was the average amount of projectiles discharged by both parties in the extraordinary siege.

The darkness of night was constantly interrupted by the bursting of shell or rockets.

The passage of the shells through the air, thrown to an amazing height from the mortars, appeared like that of meteors. To the eye, the shell seems to rise and fall almost perpendicularly; sometimes burning, as it turns on its axis, and the fuse disappears in the rotation, with an interrupted pale light; sometimes with a steady light, not unlike the calm luminosity of a planet. As it travels it can be heard, amid the general stillness, uttering in the distance its peculiar sound, like the cry of the curlew. The blue light in a battery announces the starting of a rocket, which pursues its more horizontal course, followed by a fiery train, and rushes through the air with a loud whizzing noise that gives an idea of irresistible energy. So went on, day and night, ceaselessly, this unparalleled bombardment—a cataract of war, a Niagara of all dread sounds, whose ceaseless booming was heard for long miles around. Ship after ship, nearing the Crimean shores, heard from afar that dull, heavy sound, and all eyes were strained to catch sight of the dread scene, of that valley where the battle of Europe was being fought, where the cannon were ever sounding, and “the fire was not quenched.”

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BATTLE OF BALAKLAVA.

While the operations were being carried on around the walls of Sebastopol, events of, if possible, still greater

importance were taking place a few miles off, upon the flanks and rear of the investing force. In truth, the Allies were as much besieged as besiegers. For about a fortnight after the affair at Mackenzie's Farm, on the 25th of September, nothing had been seen of the enemy, who had retired towards Bakshi-serai to await reinforcements. It was towards the end of the first week of October that the Russians began to assume the offensive. The Allies at first seem to have regarded their position as unassailable; but the enemy, thoroughly acquainted with every foot of the country, and consequently able to advance in the dark, soon showed them their mistake.

At daybreak on the 6th, the Russians made an advance in force, for the purpose of reconnoitring, from the Tchernaya into the valley or plain in rear of the heights occupied by the Allies; and, after surprising, in the grey of the morning, a picket of the Fourth Dragoons, drew off again, having accomplished their object. During the following night, a most daring reconnoissance was made, by a French officer and ten men, who, on their return to camp, reported that they had gone as far as the river Belbec, and had only seen the bivouac of the Russian troops who had made the reconnoissance the preceding day. In order to check further surprises from this quarter, parties of Zouaves and Foot Chasseurs were placed in ambuscade as outposts; every evening at six o'clock four companies of them concealing themselves in a ravine through which the Russians would advance, and remaining there until daybreak next morning.

The enemy, however, forsaking the line of attack by the road from Mackenzie's Farm, now began to appear

among the mountains directly in rear of the Allied lines, and also close to Balaklava, advancing by a road from Kansara, through the hills, which was at first deemed by the Allied generals impracticable for artillery, and, consequently, along which no serious attack was anticipated. One day, however, a force of 2000 Russian cavalry, and 8000 infantry, with nine or ten guns, made its appearance in this quarter, but withdrew without showing fight.

As soon as it became evident that the principal attacks of the Russian relieving army would be directed against Balaklava, means were taken to put that place in a state of defence. One of the first, was to turn out the Greek and Russian inhabitants. The little bay, so narrow at its entrance that only one ship could get out at a time, was crowded with upwards of a hundred transports, in which, besides other stores, as well as in the buildings on shore, were large magazines of gunpowder; and as it was reported that the Greek population, besides acting as spies, had actually concerted to aid the Russian attack by simultaneously setting fire to the town, Lord Raglan ordered every one of them to be ejected from the place. At the same time, a redoubt, armed with heavy guns and manned with 1200 marines from the fleet, was constructed upon the summit of a conical hill, on the further side of the bay, about 1000 feet high, and commanding the coast road approaching Balaklava from the east. Other redoubts were so placed as to command the road from the Tchernaya, and also from Kamara, through the mountains.

Balaklava does not fall within the natural line of defence for besieging Sebastopol. It is held as a separate

post, three miles in advance of Sebastopol heights, which form the main position of the besieging force.

The British occupied a convex line of heights, stretching from the Tchernaya, near its mouth, to the sea-coast, midway between Cape Chersonese and Balaklava. On the north-east is a valley or plain, not level, but broken by little eminences, about three miles long by two in width.

Towards the Tchernaya this valley is swallowed up in a mountain gorge and deep ravines, above which rise tier after tier of desolate whitish rocks. At its other extremity the valley in a similar manner contracts into a gorge, through which the high road passes, leading down to Balaklava.

On the crest of the Allied line of heights, overlooking this plain, the French had constructed very formidable intrenchments, mounted with a few guns and lined by Zouaves and artillerymen.

Intersecting the plains, about two miles and a half from Balaklava, is a series of conical heights, the highest and farthest off of which joins the mountain range on the opposite side of the valley, while the nearest one was commanded by the French intrenchments. On these eminences earth-work redoubts had been constructed, each mounted with two or three pieces of heavy ship guns, and manned by 250 Turks.

At the end of the plain next Balaklava, and stationed at the mouth of the gorge leading down to it, were the 93d Highlanders.

In the plain, about ten miles from Balaklava, were picketed the cavalry, commanded in chief by the Earl of

Lucan, consisting of the Light Brigade, 607 strong, and the Heavy Brigade, mustering 1000 sabres.

Such was the position of the rearward forces of the Allies on the morning of the 25th October, 1854, when the Russians, under General Liprandi, starting from Kamara about five o'clock, advanced to attack them. The cavalry pickets, riding in haste, soon brought intelligence of the attack to the Allied head-quarters, and measures were instantly taken to forward all the troops that could be spared from before Sebastopol to the menaced point.

The Duke of Cambridge and Sir George Cathcart were ordered to advance with the 1st and 4th divisions with all speed, while Bosquet's French division received similar orders from General Canrobert.

Soon after eight o'clock, Lord Raglan and his staff turned out, and cantered towards the rear. The booming of artillery, the spattering roll of musketry, were heard rising from the valley, drowning the roar of the siege guns in front before Sebastopol. General Bosquet, a stout, soldier-like looking man, followed with his staff and a small escort of hussars at a gallop.

From their position on the summit of the heights, forming the rear of the British position, and overlooking the plain of Balaklava, the Allied generals beheld the aspect of the combat. Immediately below, in the plain, the British cavalry, under Lord Lucan, were seen rapidly forming into glittering masses, while the 93d Highlanders, under Sir Colin Campbell, drew up in line in front of the gorge leading to Balaklava.

The main body of the Russians was by this time visible about two and a half miles off, advancing up the narrow

valley leading from the Yaeta pass. A mile in front of them were two batteries of light artillery, playing vigorously on the Turkish redoubts, and escorted by a cloud of mounted skirmishers, "wheeling and whirling like autumn leaves before the wind;" following those were large, compact squares of cavalry; and in rear of all came solid masses of infantry, with twenty pieces of artillery in row before them. The enemy rapidly advanced his cavalry and horse-artillery, so as to overpower the detached corps of Turks before any troops could be moved forward from the main body to support them. In this he perfectly succeeded, and the second redoubt was abandoned, as the first had been—its defenders being severely cut up in their flight by the Cossack horse. They ran in scattered groups across towards the next redoubt, and towards Balaklava, but the horse-hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced, they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed, and in excellent order; the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley, like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little pelotons in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubts, and the guns of the second redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of the third. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarm over the earthworks, and run in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run.

Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a long spray of skirmishers. It overlaps the flying Turks, steel-flashes in the air, and down goes the poor Moslem, quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt. There is no support for them. The remnant of the Turks, flying towards Balaklava, took refuge behind the ranks of the 93d Highlanders, and were formed into line on the wings of the regiment. The Russians by this time had turned the guns of the captured redoubt against the Allied front, but with little effect, as Sir Colin withdrew his Highlanders out of range, and the British Cavalry were hid from view by an undulating swell of the plain.

Encouraged by this retiring movement, the whole mass of Russian cavalry, about 4,000 strong, now came sweeping into the plain, with the obvious intention of breaking through the Allied line before reinforcements could arrive from before Sebastopol. This was the crisis of the day, as the slightest reverse to the Allies in this quarter would have been attended with serious consequences.

On came the foe in brilliant masses, pouring down at a canter into the plain and on to the high road. Here one body of horse, 1,500 strong, rapidly wheeling to their left, charged down the road towards Balaklava, against the single Highland regiment which there barred the way, and which awaited their approach in a line two deep. At 800 yards the Turks, drawn up on the wings of the regiment, discharged their muskets, and fled.

"Highlanders!" exclaimed Sir Colin Campbell, as he saw his men wavering on being thus deserted, "if you don't stand firm, not a man of you will be left alive."

At 600 yards the regiment fired, but with little effect, upon the Russian squadrons now advancing at a gallop. The anxiety of the onlookers grew intense as they beheld that immense body of charging cavalry within 150 yards of their Highland line, when down again went the level line of Miniè rifles, a steady volley rang out, and the next instant the attacking squadrons were seen wheeling off to the right and left in retreat.

Meanwhile the main body of the Russian cavalry swept on straight across the plain, apparently with the design of carrying the thinly-defended heights at a gallop. But a foe intervened of which they did not make sufficient account. The instant they topped the little eminence in front of the British cavalry, the trumpets of the Heavy Brigade sounded the charge, and away went the brigade in two lines, the Scots Greys and Enniskillens in front, led on by Brigadier-General Scarlett. The Russians were likewise in two lines, and more than twice as deep. The shock was terrific, but lasted only for a moment. The handful of red-coats broke through the enemy, scattering the first line right and left, and then charged the second line, which came spurring up to the rescue. It was a fight of heroes. The position of the Greys and Enniskilleners quickly became one of imminent danger; for while cutting their way in splendid style through their foes, the Russian first line rallied again, and bore down upon their rear. God help them, they are lost! burst from the Allied generals and on-lookers: when, like a thunder-bolt, the 1st Royals and 4th and 5th Dragoon Guards, forming the British second line, broke with one terrible assault upon the foe, cutting through the line of rallying Rus-

sians as if it were pasteboard, and then, falling upon the flank of the Russian line, disordered by the terrible assault, put it to utter rout. A cheer burst from every lip, and, in the enthusiasm, officers and men on the heights took off their caps and shouted with delight. The loss to the British in this splendid charge was very trifling. All danger to the Allied position was now past. The enemy had made their rush, and failed. The British and French divisions, arriving from before Sebastopol, began to take up a position in the plain, and the Russians drawing back and concentrating their forces, relinquished all the captured redoubts save one. The fight seemed over; when an unlucky mistake, the precise origin of which is still shrouded in mystery, gave rise to a most brilliant but disastrous feat of arms.

The British cavalry had been advanced to the edge of the plain next the enemy, who were now slowly retiring up the narrow valley leading to the Yaeta Pass, from which they had debouched in the morning. In a gorge of this narrow valley, at about a mile and a half distant from the British horse, a battery of nine heavy Russian guns was posted, with infantry and a body of 2,000 cavalry in rear. Captain Nolan, of the Light Brigade, one of the best swordsmen and cavalry tacticians in the army, now came galloping up with an order from the Commander-in-chief to Lord Lucan to advance with the light cavalry, and, if possible, prevent the enemy from carrying off the guns which they had captured in the redoubts. The moment the Russians beheld the squadrons advancing, they covered the slopes of the valley with Miniè riflemen, and quickly planted two batteries on the

heights; one on either side of the gorge. Formed in two lines, the British light cavalry advanced rapidly into the valley of death—not a man flinching, and Lord Cardigan leading on with a coolness and contempt of danger that was magnificent. When they arrived at about 1,200 yards from the enemy, thirty Russian cannons simultaneously opened fire upon them, knocking over men and horses in numbers, and wounded or riderless steeds were seen flying over the field. Galloping on, they advanced up the valley, through this terrific cross-fire, towards the battery directly in front. The first line is broken, it is joined by the second, they never halt or check their speed an instant; with diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries, but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses. Lord Cardigan was almost unhorsed by a 32-pounder exploding within a foot of his charger, and a shell bursting at his side, struck Captain Nolan in the breast, and with an involuntary shriek, the gallant officer fell dead from his saddle. The Russian gunners stood to their pieces till the dragoons were within ten yards of them, and were sabred to a man. Without drawing bridle, the British horse next charged the mass of cavalry in front of them, routed it, and pursued it pell-mell. Whilst the pursuit was at its height, suddenly the order was shouted "Wheel about!" The enemy, instead of being broken by their own men flying, formed up four deep in front of the charging horse,

while a mass of lancers descended into their rear. But, nothing daunted, the heroic light horse, facing about, charged again through the gathering forces of the enemy, repassed the guns, and closed in desperate contest with the Russian lancers.

At this moment the Russian artillerymen, returning to the guns behind, sent a deadly shower of grape into the fighting mass of horsemen, indiscriminately at friend and foe. The charge lasted barely half-an-hour, and but 198 out of 800 returned to the British lines.

Whilst the batteries were firing upon the retiring cavalry, a body of French chasseurs d'Afrique charged at the guns erected on the left of the valley, and forced them to retire. After sabering amongst the Russian skirmishers, the chasseurs retired.

This closed the operations of the day. The Russians withdrew their forces from the heights, and did not carry out their menaced attack on Balaklava.

The bombardment of the forts before Sebastopol continued without cessation all day.

Elated by their success against the Turks, and the capture of the guns of the redoubts, the Russians attempted a sortie from Sebastopol on the following day, the 26th October, whose strength exceeded 9000 infantry, with a numerous artillery; but no sooner had they entered within range of the Allies' guns, which, eighteen in number, had taken up their position, than the word, "fire," was given, and a volley of shell tore open the ranks of the Russians, and checked their advance. The guns being reloaded, a second discharge, no less severe in its execution, caused the enemy to wheel round and retire.

A few rockets, dexterously discharged, transferred this retreat into a rout. Upwards of 200 Russians were killed, and a large quantity of muskets and sabres taken.

After this unsuccessful *sortie* of the Russians, the siege continued without any incident of particular interest to November 5th.

SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

Lord Raglan—His Life—Battle of Inkerman—Morning of Battle—Sons of Emperor Nicholas—The Attack—Troops Engaged—Fierce Encounters—Sir George Cathcart—His Death—Russian Cruelty—French Infantry—The Zouaves—Chasseurs—Russians Retire—Renewed Attack—Repulsed by the French—Defeat—Sorties—Night after Battle—Treaty with Austria of 2d Dec.—Negotiations for Peace—The Four Points—Landing of Omer Pacha at Eupatoria.

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD RAGLAN.

LORD RAGLAN, Commander-in-Chief of the English army, is a descendant of the Somersets, the youngest son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort. He was born in Sept. 1788, and christened Fitzroy James Henry Somerset. He was a cornet in the 4th light dragoons at sixteen, and rose in military rank as the boyish sons of Dukes do rise, over the heads of their seniors. He was a captain at twenty. He went with the troops to Portugal, and fought in the first great battle—that of Talavera, in which the French and English armies fairly and singly tried their strength against each other.

Lord Fitzroy Somerset was then under one-and-twenty, and it was not the first battle he had seen since he landed in the Peninsula. He learned much of his military science within the lines of Torres Vedras, and was severely wounded at the battle of Busaco.

By this time, the young soldier had won the notice and strong regard of Wellington, who had made him, first, his aide-de-camp, and then his military secretary, a singular honor for a man under two-and-twenty. The duties



LORD RAGLAN.

of his various functions kept him diligently occupied during the whole of the Peninsular War. He was present and active in every one of the great Peninsular battles, and was, in the intervals, the medium of the Duke's commands and arrangements. The Duke's avowed opinion was, that the successes of that seven years' war were due, next to himself, to his military secretary. He became Major in 1811, and Lieutenant-Colonel the year after. He returned to England after Bonaparte's abdication, in 1814.

Lord Fitzroy Somerset married in the August of that year the second daughter of Lord Mornington, and thus became the nephew, by marriage, of the Duke of Wellington. None then dreamed what misfortune awaited the young bridegroom within the first year of his marriage. On Napoleon's return from Elba, the Secretary went out with the Commander-in-Chief, and as his aide, he was on the field during the three days of June, which ended the war.

The Duke was wont to offer to bear the responsibility of an omission in the Battle of Waterloo—the neglecting to break an entrance in the back wall of the farmstead of La Haye Sainte, whereby the British occupants might have been reinforced and supplied with ammunition. It was the want of ammunition which gave the French temporary possession of the place, and that temporary possession cost many lives, and Lord Fitzroy Somerset his right arm.

He came home to his bride thus maimed before he was twenty-seven, but with whatever compensation an abundance of honor could afford. For nearly forty years

afterwards it was supposed by himself and the world, that his wars were ended, and he devoted himself to official service at home.

He entered Parliament in 1818. He was always in request for secretaryships at the Ordnance and to the Commander-in-Chief. He rose in military rank at intervals, and became a Lieutenant-General in the year 1838.

When the Duke of Wellington died, and Lord Hardinge was made Commander-in-Chief, Lord Fitzroy Somerset became Master-General of the Ordnance, and was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Raglan.

It presently appeared that his wars were not over. During the long interval he had sent out his eldest son in the service of his country, and lost him in the field at Ferozeshah in 1845. Nine years after this bereavement, the father went out himself once more, and this time in full command.

When war with Russia was determined on, with Lord Raglan dwelt the traditions of the Iron Duke, and no one was so thoroughly versed in the wisdom which had for seven long and hard years won the successes of the Peninsular war. No one seemed so well to know the army and its administration, and no one else so effectually combined the military and practical official characters, a combination which, if always necessary to make a good general, is most emphatically so in the country which is the scene of the present war. To Turkey, therefore, he went, and after the battles of Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, was raised to the rank of Field-Marshal.

Public opinion is divided in this country as to his merits as a general; but the sequel will show, should the

war be continued, whether he is capable of occupying the place inherited from Wellington.

BATTLE OF INKERMÁN.

On Sunday, the 5th of November, 1854, one of the most sanguinary battles ever fought within the memory of man, took place on the heights of Inkerman, under the walls of Sebastopol.

It is a difficult task, in a few lines of prose, to render justice to a bravery which excels that sung by the blind and immortal bard of Greece. We might devote page after page to individual feats of heroic daring in this fearful struggle, when 8,000 British troops and 6,000 Frenchmen defeated an army of 60,000 Russians, who left more killed and wounded upon the battle-field than the whole force the Allies brought against them.

From the preceding pages, the position of the besieging forces is already familiar to our readers. On referring to the map of the Crimea, may be seen a road connecting Balaklava and Sebastopol. From this road to the heights which crown the valley of the Tchernaya, extended the British lines. These heights form a right angle nearly opposite the ruins of Inkerman, and there run parallel with the river from which the valley has derived its name. On the other side of the Tchernaya rise a succession of hills above the ruins of Inkerman, where the Russians had established themselves.

The night between the 4th and 5th November was passed without apprehension by the allied troops. It had rained almost incessantly, and the early morning gave no promise of any cessation of the heavy showers which had fallen for the previous four-and-twenty hours. Towards dawn a heavy fog settled down on the heights, and on the valley of the Inkerman. The fog, and vapors of drifting rain were so thick as morning broke, that one could scarcely see ten yards before him.

At four o'clock the bells of the churches in Sebastopol were heard ringing drearily through the cold night air; but the occurrence had been so usual that it excited no particular attention.

No one suspected for a moment that enormous masses of Russians were creeping up the rugged sides of the heights over the valley of Inkerman, on the undefended flank of the Second Division. There all was security and repose. Little did the slumbering troops in camp imagine that a subtle and indefatigable enemy were bringing into position an overwhelming artillery, ready to play upon their tents at the first glimpse of daylight.

Yet such was the case. The arrival of the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, sons of the Emperor, with large reinforcements, determined Prince Menschikoff to make the attempt to annihilate the besieging forces, and raise the siege.

At daybreak (that is, at six o'clock), the alarm was given in the British camp that the Russians had surprised the advanced picquets, and were already in possession of all the heights commanding their position. The whole army stood to arms without delay. Presently a Russian

battery appeared upon the crest of the height known as Shell-hill, near Careening Bay, whilst columns of infantry were descried already descending the hills, or marching up the ravines, which faced the front of the British position. The most serious attack of the Russians was, however, directed against the flank of the British army, along the heights running parallel to the valley of the Tchernaya.

The entire force which the British mustered to defend their vast front and flank lines, was confined to the following. The remainder of the army were in the trenches, prepared to oppose any attack upon the siege batteries:

Guards, about	-	-	-	-	1,000
Second Division	-	-	-	-	2,500
Light Division	-	-	-	-	1,000
Fourth Division	-	-	-	-	2,200
Third Division	-	-	-	-	1,000
					<hr/>
					7,700

The odds were therefore, frightful, and it was only three hours later that General Bosquet opportunely arrived with his splendid division, six thousand strong, the same which had fought at the Alma.

The Russians in the front had now advanced to within five hundred yards of the encampment, and the action commenced. The musketry fire was awful, and the enemy, who had now guns upon every favorable position, hurled shell and round shot at the advancing lines.

The enemy's columns continued to push forward, trying to overwhelm the British regiments with their superior numbers. "And now (to quote the words of an eye-witness of the battle) commenced the bloodiest struggle ever witnessed since war cursed the earth. It has been doubted by military historians if any enemy have ever stood a charge with the bayonet, but here the bayonet was often the only weapon employed in conflicts of the most obstinate and deadly character. Not only did the English charge in vain, not only were desperate encounters between masses of men maintained with the bayonet alone, but they were obliged to resist bayonet to bayonet, with the Russian infantry again and again, as they charged the British with incredible fury and determination."

The battle of Inkerman admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful deeds of daring, of sanguinary hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults, in glens and valleys, in brushwood glades and remote dells, hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued, only to engage fresh foes.

It was essentially a struggle between pluck and confidence, against fearful odds and obstinate courage.

No one, however placed, could have witnessed even a small portion of the doings of this eventful day, for the vapors, fog, and drizzling mist, obscured the ground where the struggle took place to such an extent, as to render it impossible to see what was going on at the distance of fifty yards. Besides this, the irregular nature of the ground, the rapid fall of the hill towards Inkerman, where

the deadliest fight took place, would have prevented one, under the most favorable circumstances, seeing more than a very insignificant and detailed piece of the terrible work below.

It was six o'clock when all the Head-quarter camp was roused by roll after roll of musketry on the right, and by the sharp report of field-guns.

Lord Raglan was informed that the enemy were advancing in force, and soon after seven o'clock he rode towards the scene of action, followed by his staff, and accompanied by Sir John Burgoyne, Brigadier General Strangways, and several aides-de-camp.

As they approached the volume of sound, the steady unceasing thunder of gun, and rifle, and musket, told that the engagement was at its height. The shell of the Russians, thrown with great precision, burst so thickly among the troops that the noise resembled continuous discharges of cannon, and the massive fragments inflicted death on every side.

Colonel Gambier was at once ordered to get up two heavy guns (eighteen pounders) on the rising ground, and to reply to a fire which the light guns were utterly inadequate to meet. As he was engaged in this duty he was severely wounded, and obliged to retire. His place was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Dickson, who, in directing the fire of these two pieces, which had the most marked effect in deciding the fate of the day, elicited the admiration of the army.

But long ere these guns had been brought up, there had been a great slaughter of the enemy, and a heavy

loss of the British. The generals could not see where to go. They could not tell where the enemy were—from what side they were coming, or where going. In darkness, gloom, and rain, they led the lines through thick scrubby bushes and thorny brakes, which broke the ranks, and irritated the men, while every place was marked by a corpse or man wounded from an enemy whose position was only indicated by the rattle of musketry, and the rush of ball and shell.

Sir George Cathcart, seeing his men disordered by the fire of a large column of Russian infantry, which was outflanking them, while portions of the various regiments composing his division were maintaining an unequal struggle with an overwhelming force, went down into a ravine in which they were engaged to rally them. He rode at their head encouraging them, and when a cry arose that the ammunition was failing, he said coolly, "Have you not got your bayonets?" As he led on his men, it was observed that another body of men had gained the top of the hill behind them on the right, but it was impossible to tell whether they were friends or foes. A deadly volley was poured into the scattered British regiments. Sir George cheered them, and led them back up the hill, but a flight of bullets passed where he rode, and he fell from his horse close to the Russian columns. His body was recovered mutilated with bayonet wounds.

When he fell, Colonel Seymour, who was with him, instantly dismounted, and was endeavoring to raise the body, when he himself received a ball which fractured his leg. He fell to the ground beside his general, and a Russian officer and five or six men running in, bayo-

neted him, and cut him to pieces as he lay helpless. The Russians bayoneted the wounded in every part of the field, giving no quarter, and apparently determined to exterminate the Allies, or drive them into the sea.

The conflict on the right was equally uncertain and equally bloody. To the extreme right a contest, the like of which, perhaps, never took place before, was going on between the guards and dense columns of Russian infantry of five times their number. The guards had charged them and driven them back, when they perceived that the Russians had outflanked them. They were out of ammunition, too, and were uncertain whether there were friends or foes in the rear. They had no support, no reserve, were fighting with the bayonet against an enemy who stoutly contested every inch of ground, when the corps of another Russian column appeared on their right far to their rear. Then a fearful *mitraille* was poured into them, and volleys of rifle and musketry.

The guards were broken ; they had lost twelve officers dead on the field ; they had left one-half of their number dead on the ground ; and they retired along the lower road of the valley ; but they were soon reinforced, and speedily avenged their loss.

The French advance, about ten o'clock, turned the flank of the enemy.

When the body of French infantry appeared on the right of the British position, it was a joyful sight to the struggling regiments. The 3d regiment of Zouaves, under the chiefs of battalion, supported in the most striking manner the ancient reputation of that force. The French artillery had already begun to play with



ZOUAVE CHIEF.

deadly effect on the right wing of the Russians, when three battalions of chasseurs d'Orleans rushed by, the light of battle on their faces. They were accompanied by a battalion of chasseurs Indigènes—the Arab Sepoys of Algiers. Their trumpets sounded above the din of battle. Assailed in front, broken in several places by the impetuosity of the charge, renewed again and again, attacked by the French infantry on the right, and by artillery all along the line, the Russians began to retire, and at twelve o'clock they were driven pell-mell down the hill towards the valley, where pursuit would have been madness, as the roads were covered by their artillery. They left mounds of dead behind them. At twelve o'clock the battle of Inkerman seemed to have been won; but the day, which had cleared up for an hour previously, again became obscured. Rain and fog set in; and as the Allies could not pursue the Russians, who were retiring under the shelter of their artillery, they had formed in front of the lines, and were holding the battle-field so stoutly contested, when the enemy, taking advantage of the Allies' quietude, again advanced, while their guns pushed forward and opened a tremendous fire.

General Canrobert, who never quitted Lord Raglan for much of the early part of the day, at once directed the French to advance and outflank the enemy. In his efforts he was most nobly seconded by General Bosquet. General Canrobert was slightly wounded, and his immediate attendants suffered severely.

The renewed assault was so admirably managed that the Russians sullenly retired, still protected by their crushing artillery.

The loss sustained by the English army was 2,400 killed or wounded: of the French, 1,726. The Russians, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 15,000.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE

An eye-witness thus describes the night after the battle:

“On the evening of the battle I went over the field. All the wounded had been removed. There is nothing so awful as the spectacle of the bodies of those who have been struck down by round shot or shell. Some had their heads taken off by the neck, as with an axe; others, their legs gone from their hips; others their arms; and others again, who were hit in the chest or stomach, were literally as mashed as if they had been crushed in a machine. Passing up to Sebastopol, over heaps of Russian dead, I came to the spot where the Guards had been compelled to retire from the defence of the wall above Inkerman valley. Here the dead of the Allies were nearly as numerous as the enemy's. Beyond this the Russian Guardsmen and line regiments lay as thick as leaves; intermixed with dead and wounded horses. The path lay through thick brushwood, but it was slippery with blood, and the brushwood was broken down and encumbered with the dead. The scene from the battery was awful beyond description. I stood upon its parapet at about nine at night, and felt my heart sink as I gazed upon the scene of carnage around.”

"The moon was at its full, and showed every object as if by the light of day. Facing me was the valley of Inkerman, with the Tchernaya, like a band of silver, flowing gracefully between the hills, which, for varied and picturesque beauty, might vie with any part of the world.

Yet I shall never recall the memory of Inkerman valley with any but feelings of horror; for round the spot from which I surveyed the scene lay upwards of five thousand bodies.

Some lay as if prepared for burial, and as though the hands of relatives had arranged their mangled limbs; while others again were in almost startling positions, half standing or kneeling, clutching their weapons or drawing a cartridge.

Many lay with both their hands extended towards the sky, as if to avert a blow or utter a prayer; while others had a malignant scowl of fear and hatred. The moonlight imparted an aspect of unnatural paleness to their forms, and as the cold, damp wind swept round the hills and waved the boughs above their upturned faces, the shadows gave a horrible appearance of vitality; and it seemed as if the dead were laughing, and about to rise. This was not the case on one spot, but all over the bloody field."

The whole of the 6th (the day after the battle) was devoted to the sorry task of burying the dead. A council of war was held, presided over by Lord Raglan, at which it was determined to winter in the Crimea, and orders were issued accordingly.

Large reinforcements were demanded both by Lord

Raglan and General Canrobert, which, with considerable promptitude, have been despatched by their respective governments, and many of them are already on the spot.

In the period which has elapsed since the battle of Inkerman no battle has been fought. The usual routine of siege operations has gone on; sorties have taken place from the besieged city, both upon the French and English lines, which have, in every instance, been victoriously repulsed. But a more formidable enemy than the Czar of all the Russias has taken the field against the Allies. Winter, with his chilling aspect and freezing breath, accompanied by his suite of sleet and storm, and hurricane and snow, has made his appearance more terrible than for many a year past. At times all operations have been suspended; the trenches filled with water, and many a shivering form has laid itself down without even the comfort of a plank between it and the dripping earth to dream of home and to die. The sufferings of such are known only to Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

On the 14th November, one of the fiercest storms known within the memory of man burst over the Black Sea. Off Balaklava, where the cliffs are steep and abrupt, eight transports became total wrecks, and every soul on board but 30 perished.

A magnificent new steamer, the "Prince," of 3,000 tons burden, having arrived but a few days previously from England, and landed in safety the 46th regiment, was obliged to anchor outside in consequence of the crowded state of the harbor. The hurricane took her

unawares, and was so severe that her cables parted ; the roaring surf tossed her like an egg-shell upon the rocks, and the next instant nothing but a wreathing mist could be seen hanging over the spot where her noble timbers lay buried. Out of 150 souls on-board, but six were saved. Her cargo was invaluable at that particular time, and consisted of a great portion of the winter clothing for the troops, including 40,000 suits of clothes, and large quantities of shot, shell, and medical stores. Altogether, 18 British and 12 French ships were lost at Balaklava.

Off the Katscha, five English and eight French ships were cast ashore.

At Eupatoria, the *Henri IV.*, a French ship of the line, the French war-steamer, *Pluton*, seven French and five English transports, and a Turkish line-of-battle ship, were driven on shore.

During the confusion of the storm, an attack was made on the town of Eupatoria by 4,000 Russian cavalry, with 14 pieces of artillery, but was gallantly repulsed by the cannon and rockets of the garrison.

The continuance of unfavorable weather has rendered the camps almost untenable, and the roads impassable. The British government, to obviate the difficulty, have sent out all the materials necessary for the construction of a railroad from Balaklava to Sebastopol heights, with a sufficient number of navvies (or laborers) to complete the same at an early day.

On the 2nd of December, a change took place in the views of the Austrian cabinet, which was interpreted as favorable to the Western Powers.

A treaty was signed at Vienna by the Earl of West-

moreland, the Baron de Bourgueney, and Count Buol, as representatives of their respective governments, of which the following are the principal conditions:—The high contracting parties engage not to enter into any engagement with Russia without deliberating in common. The Emperor of Austria engages to defend the Principalities against any attack by the Russians, and that nothing shall be done by his troops to interfere with the free action of the Allies against the Russian frontier. A commission, to consist of a plenipotentiary from each government, with the addition of a Turkish commissioner, is to sit at Vienna, to decide all questions arising out of the occupation. In case of hostilities arising between Austria and Russia, an offensive and defensive alliance is to be *de facto* established between the former and the Western Powers, and no suspension of hostilities will be concluded without the agreement of all the three Powers.

The ratifications of this treaty were exchanged on the 14th.

The King of Prussia had played so vacillating a part that the influence of that cabinet had ceased to be felt, and she was neither consulted nor regarded.

Negotiations for peace have been set on foot, with some hope of success, but as a basis for negotiation, Great Britain, France, and Austria, unanimously determined to insist upon, and abide by, the following four points:

1st. *The abolition of the Protectorate over the Danubian Principalities, and the privileges of those provinces placed under the collective guarantee of the contracting powers.*

2d. The free navigation of the mouths of the Danube secured according to the principles established by the Congress of Vienna.

3d. The revision of the Treaty of 13th July, 1841, in the interest of the balance of power in Europe.

4th. The abandonment, by Russia, of her claim to exercise an official protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Porte (to whatever rite they might belong) in consideration of the Powers giving their mutual assistance to obtain from the Sultan a confirmation and observance of the religious privileges of all Christian communities.

A period of fourteen days was given Prince Gortschakoff in which to communicate with his Imperial master.

In less than eight days, instead of the fourteen allowed him, the Plenipotentiary of the Czar was instructed to negotiate a peace on the minimum proposed.

No cessation of hostilities has taken place; no armistice will be listened to, and the siege goes on. Enormous preparations have been made both by the French and English, for continuing their operations with increased vigor as soon as the weather will permit. Omer Pacha has been ordered, with his army of forty thousand men, to proceed to Eupatoria, where he has landed, and will be able to operate on the rear of the Russians, while the British and French attack in front, and if kept well supplied both with men and means, we may expect something brilliant from his well-earned prowess and reputation.

Whether we are approaching the close of the war, or the beginning of it, is a question which no human foresight can, at the present moment, determine.

The question is one of deep importance to the world generally, for war brings so many evils in its train, is so exhausting in blood and treasure, interrupts the commercial transactions of nations so painfully, and retards civilization so seriously, that we cannot but hope that the year which thus commences with slaughter may close in peace.

A winter campaign under the most favorable circumstances is rife with suffering and death ; but much can be done to mitigate these evils by a system of thorough discipline on the part of those in command.

Every arrival, however, from the Crimea, brings tales of woe and misery coupled with additional confirmation of the gross mismanagement which has characterized the conduct of the British army since its first arrival in the East. In battle, British officers and soldiers have proved themselves heroes, yet in the organization of the different departments, in everything which contributes to the comfort and health both of officers and men, as well as in the commissariat, they have proved themselves lamentably deficient.

In contrast with the admirable organization of the French army under similar circumstances, it would seem difficult to account for the comparative comfort in the one case, and the miserable lack of it in the other ; but upon a careful analysis of the two systems, the cause becomes at once apparent. The French army is essentially a democratic institution, in which promotion depends entirely upon individual merit. Vigilance, activity, and energy is the price of position, and with a possibility of attaining

a higher rank, the common soldier as well as the officer, has an incentive for extra exertion, and something to hope for in the future.

But with the British it is quite the reverse. Once in the ranks the soldier hopes for no higher position, because it is unattainable. Their officers are selected, not on the ground of merit, but because by chance born a "Somerset" or in the shadow of a title. By education well fitted to shine at court, or amid the butterflies of fashion, practical knowledge and business capacity are things of which they have never dreamed, and which so savors of the plebeian that they are led to believe themselves degraded by giving attention to details, or in the exhibition of that energy which is the secret of success in every calling.

While the execution of these minor details renders the French comparatively comfortable on the heights of Sebastopol, the British, for lack of them, are undergoing the horrors of the campaign of Moscow.

With a superabundance of everything on board ship; with cargoes of furs and warm clothing at Balaklava, the soldiers on half rations are suffering famine, and in summer garments are shivering and dying in the cold blasts of a Crimean winter. By the humanity of their allies, some have been protected from freezing by donations of the well known Algerine caban (heavy cloaks with hoods), from the French; and the British army presents the strange and humiliating spectacle of appearing in French habiliments and sacrificing its identity. If the present disasters in the Crimea shall have the effect to cause a breaking down of that Feudal system in England, which recognises

one man as entitled to all privileges, and his neighbor to none; which, regardless of capacity, places *names* rather than men in command of armies, and in cabinets: if this change shall be effected, then will more good have been accomplished than would result from the subjugation of Russia and downfall of Sebastopol.





NICHOLAS, LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

CHAPTER XVI.

SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

Siege of Sebastopol continues—Sardinia joins the Western Alliance—Battle of Eupatoria—Sudden death of Emperor Nicholas—His love and pride for his Army—His last Words—Alexander II. ascends the Throne—His Manifesto to his Subjects—A Sketch of him—Recall of Prince Menschikoff from command in the Crimea—His abilities and failings—His Successors—Gortschakoff's Military Career.

THE conference at Vienna not having arrived at any definite terms of adjustment for Peace, the siege of Sebastopol was continued, although the severity of the weather would not admit of active operations from the besiegers or the besieged; the Allies were busied in drawing their lines closer to the walls, which provoked occasional sorties from the Russians, of small detachments of troops, which were quickly repulsed.

The King of Sardinia notified France and England of his decision to join the Allied Powers, and placed at their disposal 10,000 troops, with transports and munitions of war. On the 17th of February, 1855, 25,000 Russians, with 80 pieces of artillery, under orders from Gen. Osten Sacken, commanded by Gen. Korff, attacked the town of Eupatoria, on the east side. The combat lasted from half-past five o'clock until ten o'clock in the morning; under cover of a heavy fire from their artillery, the Russians made two or three attempts to carry the town by storm, but they were vigorously repulsed, and after a loss of 500 killed and 1300 wounded, retired towards Simpheropol.

The steamers at anchor in the roadstead contributed energetically to the defence of the town, throwing shot and shells into the ranks of the enemy. The Turks had 88 killed and 250 wounded. Selim Pasha, General of the Egyptian Division, and Colonel Rustem Bey, were killed. Eighteen French were killed or wounded on shipboard.

On the 2d of March, 1855, an event transpired which convulsed the public mind throughout Europe and the world, causing the reflection that all are in the immediate power of that Supreme Being who is King of Kings and Emperors, and that he it is who holds the destinies of nations in his hands. Emperor Nicholas of Russia, who had been indisposed for some time from an attack of influenza, but had neglected to take proper care, or to spare himself from his customary fatiguing duties in the inspection of his troops, grew alarmingly ill, and pulmonary apoplexy supervening, mortal aid was unavailing, and at one o'clock on the morning of the 2d he breathed his last. His last words were truly significant of the "ruling passion strong in death," *his love and devotedness to his army*—with whose unwavering support, his towering ambition led him to believe, the world might be conquered:—"I thank the glorious loyal Guards who, in 1825, saved Russia; and I also thank the brave army and fleet; I pray God to maintain, however, the courage and spirit by which they have distinguished themselves under me. So long as this spirit remains upheld, Russia's tranquillity is secured both within and without. Then woe to her enemies! I loved them as my own children, and strove as much as I could to improve their condition. If I was





ALEXANDER II., EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

not entirely successful in that respect, it was from no want of will, but because I was unable to devise anything better, or to do more." Nicholas was born on the 7th of July, 1796, having succeeded his brother Alexander on the 1st Dec., 1825, was sixty years of age at the time of his death, having spent one half of his life on the throne.

A few hours after the death of the Czar Nicholas, his son, heir, and successor, Alexander II., ascended the throne and the officers of the imperial house took the oaths of allegiance. The new Emperor in his manifesto to his subjects says—as his father devoted himself incessantly for the welfare of his Empire, “so do we also on ascending the throne of Russia, and of Poland and Finland, inseparable from it, take a solemn oath before God to regard the welfare of our Empire as our only object. May Providence, which has selected us for so high a calling, be our guide and protector, that we may maintain Russia on the highest standard of power and glory, and in our person accomplish the incessant wishes and views of Peter, of Catharine, of Alexander, and of our father. May the zeal of our subjects assist us therein. We invoke and command the oath of allegiance to us, and to the heir to the throne, our son Nicholas Alexandrowitsch.” The new Sovereign of Russia is thirty-seven years of age, his figure tall and commanding, his features fine, with a Grecian profile, an expression of kindness, a step light and gracefully noble. Previous to his accession, he held the posts of Commander-in-Chief of the Corps de la Garde, and of the Grenadiers; presided over the Military School, and was Curator-in-Chief of the

Military Hospital of Tcheshmé, and holds the command of the Lancers, the Carabiniers of Erivan, &c.

He was initiated, at an early age, into the affairs of the Empire by the Emperor his father ; he was present at all the councils ; he was invested with situations which gave him frequent opportunities of rendering himself useful to the army, and pleasing to the youth of the schools. Whenever the Emperor Nicholas quitted the capital, he left the supreme direction of the Government to his son ; in short, he had taken the utmost pains to prepare him to become his successor. The new Emperor is very popular in Russia—he is beloved and esteemed by the people. He will not exercise the great authority of his father, for he does not inherit either his hauteur or his inflexibility. He will rather please, as the Emperor Alexander I. did, by his mildness and his affability ; and between the uncle and the nephew there is a very great similarity of character in numerous ways. The new Empress is also highly spoken of, and her elevated judgment and her conciliating manners are much extolled. It is thought she will exercise a salutary influence over the Emperor.

One of the last acts of the late Emperor of Russia was the recalling of Prince Menschikoff from the command he has held in the Crimea since the commencement of hostilities. He was chosen by the late Emperor as one of the principal members of the old Muscovite party in the state to proceed on the mission to the Porte, which gave the signal of the contest. He performed the mission with arrogance—unconciliating, and even uncouth in his manners—unacquainted with the forms of diplomatic intercourse or the political dangers he called into life—

Prince Menschikoff succeeded in nothing but in rousing the spirit of the Divan to all the ardor of resistance, and in enlisting the sympathy of Europe on the side of his victim. In his capacity of Admiral, Head of the Fleet, and Minister of Marine, he continued with great energy to face the storm he had drawn down upon his country; and it must be acknowledged that he showed great energy and inexhaustible resource in the defence of Sebastopol. There is no example in history of defences and works of to extensive a character thrown up by a besieged garrison in presence of a powerful enemy; and the highest compliment which can be offered to Prince Menschikoff is the simple statement of fact, that on the 26th of September the place was almost open, and only defended by the vessels in the harbor; but that five months later, and in spite of continued attacks, the town was supposed by many persons impregnable to any direct assault.

Prince Gortschakoff, who was in command of the Russian forces in the Principalities, was appointed to take command in the Crimea, and Gen. Osten Sacken was appointed second in command.

Prince Gortschakoff is one of those who has attained his present eminent position by ascending, spoke by spoke, the "ladder of fame."

The first that was known of him as a military man was his serving in a subordinate rank in the Artillery of the Imperial Guards. This was in the year 1828, he being then about thirty years of age. In 1829 he formed one of the staff of the Kratsowski Corps, and served with them in Silistria and at Shumla—he took part, together with Gen. Krassoffsky, in artillery operations connected with

the beleaguering of Silistria. After a siege of six weeks the garrison surrendered as prisoners of war. In 1831 Gortschakoff was required to take part in the war in Poland; and for his services in the campaign he was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

At Grochow, the Russians, under the command of Count Pahlen, had been compelled to retreat before the Poles, when, by the concentration of the artillery force under the command of Gortschakoff, the battle was turned in favor of the Russians. At Ostrolenka, also, he greatly distinguished himself. The Poles, after an obstinate resistance, were compelled to abandon the place. In September, 1831, the capital, Warsaw, capitulated. In 1843 he was promoted to the rank of General of Artillery. In 1846 he was appointed Military Governor of Warsaw. He took an important part in the Hungarian war of 1849. As soon as the occupation of the Danubian provinces was determined upon, the Prince was appointed to the chief command of the Imperial forces. When he entered Wallachia, he published a proclamation, to the effect that the Czar, his master, had no design of conquest, and that the independence of the inhabitants would, in every way, be protected. This promise was not fulfilled. Shortly after this, he issued the celebrated appeal to the fanaticism of the Russians, ending with the words—"Mort aux Pagans" (death to the infidels). As has been stated, the Prince has gradually attained his present high rank.

He is now Aide-de-Camp General, General of Artillery, and Chef d'Etat Major of the active army, and privileged to take part in the deliberations of the Councils of the

Empire. He is also Military Governor of Warsaw, and the chief member of the Council of Administration of the Kingdom of Poland.

The diplomatic achievements of the Prince are numerous, but they are more characteristic than great. He is said to be more of a bully than a diplomatist, doubles his fists too often to wear the "white glove" well—he being one of the most petulant and factious of mankind, and at the same time one of the most obstinate and overbearing.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

It is nearly a year since we were first startled by the announcement that Sebastopol had fallen. But that news proved false, and ever since the public ear has been opened to catch the announcement of the news of the great feat which two of the mightiest nations of the Old World had combined their utmost power to accomplish. It has come at last ; superior power and skill have carried the day, as we have never doubted they would, and Sebastopol has fallen.

The contest on which the eyes of Europe have been turned so long is nearly decided—the event on which the hopes of so many mighty empires depended is all but determined. And one more great act of carnage has been added to the tremendous, but glorious tragedy, of which the whole world, from the most civilized nations down to the most barbarous hordes of the East, has been the anxious and excited audience.

At dawn on the morning of the 5th of September, 1855, the expected bombardment commenced on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. The last and decisive cannonade was begun on Wednesday by the French, who exploded three fougasses to blow in the counterscarp, and to serve as a signal to their men. Instantly from the sea to the Dockyard creek there was seen to run a stream of fire, and fleecy, curling, rich white smoke, as though the earth had suddenly been rent in the throes of an earthquake, and was vomiting forth the material of her volcanoes. The lines of the French trenches were at once covered as though the very clouds of heaven had settled down upon them and were whirled about in spiral jets, in festoons, in clustering bunches, in columns and in sheets, all commingled, involved together by the vehement flames beneath.

After two hours and a half of furious fire, the artillerymen suddenly ceased, in order to let their guns cool and to rest themselves. The Russians crept out to repair the damages to their works, and shook sandbags full of earth from the parquette over the outside of their parapets.

At 10 o'clock, however, the French reopened a fire, if possible, more rapid and tremendous than their first, and continued to keep it up with the utmost vigor till 12 o'clock at noon, by which time the Russians had only a few guns in the Flagstaff road and Garden Batteries in a position to reply. From 12 to 5 o'clock P. M., the firing was slack; the French then resumed their cannonade with the same astounding vigor as at dawn and at 10 o'clock, and never ceased their volleys of shot and

shell against the place till 7 1-2, when darkness set in, and all the mortars and heavy guns, English as well as French, opened with shell against the whole line of defences.

A description of this scene is impossible. There was not one instant in which the shells did not whistle through the air—not a moment in which the sky was not seamed by their fiery curves or illuminated by their explosion.

THE SECOND DAY'S BOMBARDMENT.

Sept. 6—A steady fire was kept up along the front, to prevent the Russians repairing damages. At 5 1-2 o'clock the whole of the batteries from Quarantine to Inkermann opened with a grand crash. The Russians were silent as before. The cannonade was maintained as it was the day before. There were three breaks or lulls in the tempest; from 8 1-2 till 10 o'clock, from 12 till 5, and from 6 1-2 till 7 o'clock the fire was comparatively slack.

THIRD DAY'S BOMBARDMENT.

Sept. 7—The cannonade was resumed at daybreak, the Inkermann batteries firing briskly. A counsel of generals was held at headquarters: The firing was tremendous all day, but clouds of dust which a high wind from the north drifted, rendered a view of the place impossible.

At 12 o'clock on Saturday the 8th, within a few days of the anniversary of the landing of the allied forces in the Crimea, and 316 days after the opening of the besieging batteries against Sebastopol, on the 17th of October, 1854, a final and victorious assault was made. The morning was bitterly cold.

THE ASSAULT.

Sept. 8—A biting wind from the north side of Sebastopol blew intolerable clouds of harsh dust. The sun was obscured ; the sky was of a leaden , wintry grey.

Early in the morning a strong force of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Hodge, was moved up to the front, and formed a chain of sentries in front of Cathcart's hill and all along the lines.

General Pelissier during the night collected about 30,000 men in and about the Mamelon to form the storming columns for Malakoff and Little Redan, and to provide the necessary reserves. The French were reinforced by 5,000 Sardinians, who marched up from the Tchernaya the night previous. It was arranged that the French were to attack the Malakoff at noon, and as soon as their attack began that the English were to assault the Redan.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock, the French, like a swarm of bees, issued forth from their trenches close to the doomed Malakoff, swarmed up its face, and were through its embrasures in the twinkling of an eye. They crossed the ground which separated them from the enemy at a few bounds—they drifted as lightly and quickly as autumn leaves before the wind, battalion after battalion, into the embrasures, and in a minute or two after the head of their column issued from the ditch, the tricolor was floating over the Korniloff bastion. The musketry was very feeble at first—indeed they took the Russians quite by surprise, and very few of the latter were in the Malakoff ; but they soon recovered themselves, and from

12 o'clock till past 7 in the evening, the French had to meet and defeat the repeated attempts of the enemy to begin the work, and the little Redan, when weary of the fearful slaughter of his men who lay in thousands over the exterior of the works, the Muscovite general, despairing of success, withdrew his exhausted legions, and prepared, with admirable skill, to evacuate the place.

The English attacked the Redan with two divisions. The struggle that took place was desperate and bloody. The soldiers, taken at every disadvantage, met the enemy with the bayonet, and isolated combats took place, in which the brave fellows who stood their ground had to defend themselves against three or four adversaries at once. In this *mêlée* the officers, armed only with their swords, had little chance: nor had those who carried pistols much opportunity of using them in such a rapid contest. They fell like heroes, and many a gallant soldier with them. The bodies of English and Russians inside the Redan, locked in an embrace which death could not relax, but had rather cemented all the closer, lay next day inside the Redan as evidences of the terrible animosity of the struggle. But the solid weight of the advancing mass, urged on and fed each moment from the rear, by company after company, and battalion after battalion, prevailed at last against the isolated and disjointed band, who had abandoned the protection of unanimity of courage and had lost the advantage of discipline and obedience. As though some giant rock had advanced into the sea and forced back the waters that had buffeted it, so did the Russian columns press down against the spray of soldiery which fretted their edge with fire and steel, and contended in vain against their weight. The

struggling band was forced back by the enemy, who moved on, crushing friend and foe beneath their solid tramp, and, bleeding, panting and exhausted, the Englishmen lay in heaps in the ditch beneath the parapet, sheltered themselves behind stones and in bomb-craters in the slope of the work, or tried to pass back to the advanced parallel and sap, and had to run the gauntlet of a tremendous fire. Many of them lost their lives, or were seriously wounded in the attempt.

Upon the final establishment of General Bosquet's division of the French army in the Malakoff, Prince Gortschakoff instantly proceeded to execute a prearranged plan for the destruction and evacuation of the town. All that night the harbor was illuminated by the lurid glare of burning ships, and from time to time the explosion of vast magazines rent asunder enormous piles of masonry, while an all-devouring conflagration swept like the scourge of Heaven over the devastated city. Sebastopol perished, like Moscow, by the hands of her defenders, while her successful assailants witnessed the awful spectacle unscathed. Means of retreat had been secured by a long bridge of rafts across the great harbor, and for many hours large masses of troops were removed by this passage to the northern side of the town ; but at eight o'clock in the morning of the 9th, this communication was stopped—the whole of the works and town had been evacuated.

The loss of life was fearful, upwards of 30,000 men being killed or wounded.

Four thousand cannon, fifty thousand balls, and immense stores of gunpowder were taken possession of by the allies.



"When men by Christ-are free
They do not look so sad
Nor will they when you read,
Appear to be so sad."



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